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ADDRESSES AND REPRINTS

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MONCURE D. CONWAY

ADDRESSES AND REPRINTS
1850–1907

Published and unpublished work representing the literary and philosophical life of the author

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INTRODUCTION

MONCURE D. CONWAY was born in Stafford County, Virginia, March 17, 1832, of an old settled Virginia family, owners of some land and some slaves, and at that time much bound up in Methodism.

He died in Paris, November 15, 1907, being then almost the only survior of the leading abolitionists in America and of the Free Religious movement in England.

In the course of this pilgrimage (as he called it) Mr. Conway passed through many phases of thought, and lived in many places abroad and in America. There has seldom, if ever, lived a man who had such affectionate personal friendships, in so many parts of the world, among cultivated men and women of every religion and of every rank.

In addition, he was well acquainted with most of the eminent men and women of his time. Many of these were his friends; others he met for literary or scientific purposes — for interviewing, if you like, — during the exciting and historic period in which he played a part. Some memorials of his literature will therefore not be without interest to the casual reader.

To his friends and followers this was a great man, one who exercised great influence on their lives, and some volume has been desired to partially embody their memories. It is judged that such a volume's most acceptable form will be to republish some of Mr. Conway's work, now out of print, and also some of his later discussions and addresses, never published for general circulation.

Mr. Conway's life may be roughly divided into four periods.

First. His apprenticeship, when he was writing for local newspapers in Virginia (especially the "Richmond Examiner") and for the "Literary Messenger"; at this time he was a Methodist circuit rider.

A pamphlet of his printed in 1850, advocating free schools for the whites in Virginia, was his first separate publication. It is reprinted here. It created considerable stir, locally, and when it was ascertained that Mr. Conway, then a lad of eighteen, was the author, it got him into some trouble.

Second. Mr. Conway's religious and slavery views having changed, he went North to Harvard Divinity School, and after graduating in 1853 became the Unitarian minister at Washington, D. C., and an anti-slavery speaker and worker.

At this time the period of the martyrdom of the earliest abolitionists was about over. Though much social obloquy and personal disadvantage accompanied the public expression of such views, the thinking men in the North were beginning at least to appreciate that there was a moral issue involved.

In 1860 Lincoln was elected President, and it was from that time, perhaps, that the Republican party more and more absorbed those of anti-slavery belief. As the politics of the cause appeared and prospered, political success and, later, military fame, were to be found in that party. Little has been written of this intervening period, say from 1851 to 1862, when many enthusiastic and brilliant men, serving under the old leaders, spent their lives in arousing the conscience and the heart of the North against slavery, without hope of any reward, social, pecuniary, or political.

Among these none worked with greater devotion, nor with greater effect, than Mr. Conway.

We remember the pioneers and martyrs of the early period and the successful soldiers and statesmen of the later times, but have largely forgotten the abolitionists of this middle period.

Of the very popular sermons and books published by Mr. Conway at this time, "The Golden Hour" is reprinted. It is a product of moral and religious enthusiasm and fervor, that had its effect on its readers from President to soldiers in the ranks, and cannot be read without interest, whether as documentary evidence of the conditions of that period or as recalling early memories to old friends and personal characteristics to younger ones.

Except in his crusade against slavery, Mr. Conway cared little about the political issues of the day; perhaps even sympathized somewhat with the Southern people.

The most appreciative and affectionate, yet keen and discerning, tribute to Mr. Conway, by Edward Emerson, refers to his outlander feeling in the North at that time:

> But this loyal man, in spite of hospitalities, had the feelings of an exile. The scorn felt by his new friends for those who were making him so — though he never posed as a martyr — could not but have a bitter taste. He loved his people, knew their goodness and the wretchedness of their inheritance of slavery and its attendant ills, and, as for his family, knew that the separation was to them a sacred duty, — the very sacrifice of Isaac. . . . The old "Virginia Valour" was in Mr. Conway and ruled his life. He followed where it led, risking, without hesitation but with perfect frankness and good temper, the places of usefulness which he was happily filling, and often losing, though later his lost flocks often came to his position.

But he wore his Southern valour "with a difference," for all war, public or private, was to him abhorrent, and this feeling he held to and bravely presented, even when the war-spirit was strongest. Yet his personal courage and utter disregard of exposure and of danger of violence in the looking up his father's scattered slaves and carryiug them, spite of indifference and malignity, through army lines and border cities to Ohio homes, is a gallant tale.

Indeed, Virginia was the only territory that he really loved. He loved London and Paris and New York, because of the life he found there or of his friends who lived there. But his affection for the rivers and fields of Virginia, the "sacred soil" and its fruits, alone prevented him from being a true cosmopolitan.

Third. Mr. Conway was sent to England in 1862 by the Abolition Society to aid in arousing public sentiment there on the side of the North. In 1863 he became the pastor of South Place Chapel, Finsbury, in London, a Unitarian chapel somewhat out of the fold by reason of the advanced doctrines of W. J. Fox, M. P., its then just retired minister. Here Mr. Conway entered on the third stage of his career.

At this time Lord John Russell and Mr. Gladstone were in office, to be succeeded next year by Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli. Carlyle and Tennyson were the literary stars. Herbert Spencer had just issued the prospectus of his "Principles of Sociology." Darwin and Huxley had published purely scientific works. Matthew Arnold and Swinburne were new sensations in London drawing-rooms.

It is to be doubted if, at that time, any of the men of science, poets, authors, or artists in England cared or thought about the opinions or beliefs of the great middle class of England; much less of the low.

On the other hand, the radicals of those days were a

militant body, fighting established privilege both in Church and State; although mostly dissenters, there were among them many unbelievers.

Their disbeliefs were, however, largely political, and based on the controversial writings of Paine, Hume, Bentham, and others. There was almost enmity to all the arts and graces, the poetry and romance of life, as there had been among the early Puritans in their struggles.

Professor Huxley in the prologue to the reprint of some of his later controversial writings, says: —

> Of polemical writing, as of other kinds of warfare, I think it may be said, that it is often useful, sometimes necessary, and always more or less an evil. . . . It is an evil, in so far as controversy always tends to degenerate into quarrelling, to swerve from the great issue of what is right and what is wrong to the very small question of who is right and who is wrong.

It was to men and women brought up in the radical and polemical schools, strong, fine characters, full of controversial zeal and ardor for reforms, that there entered the young Southerner; a student, not only of the English literature of that age, but of much curious and to them unknown learning, both from the far East and the far West; as full of enthusiasm for reforms as they, but with a hatred for polemics as for warfare. He assumed as a matter of course that his audiences were anxious to be taught the romances and legends of the past, and to hear of the great truths underlying the teachings of their own established church, of the Roman Catholic Church, and of every other church. From the science, art, poetry, and the drama, of the past and of the day, he drew his lessons.

He in no way concealed his radical, and, as the English term was, rationalist, religious views and his hatred of

theological systems; on the contrary, none was braver in taking his post by the side of any attacked as agnostics or atheists, or by any other name, for their religious or other opinions.

But, on the other hand, he from the first recognized and felt the love of the human heart for old myths and superstitions and their underlying meanings,—the need he felt for himself and others of appealing to the emotions as well as to the brain.

He had the instinct of an artist for this work: ardent and enthusiastic in his study and belief in the new scientific and sociological discoveries, it was his province as a preacher and writer to transmute these into, not statements nor descriptions, but lessons and sermons appealing to the moral and religious senses of his public, just as he did with a great picture or a great drama; and he believed in bringing these direct to the people and not limiting them to the salon of the wealthy or the hall of the learned man of science, as had been the English habit.

Matthew Arnold writes, somewhere, what almost seems to describe Mr Conway's work: —

> The great men of culture are those who have had a passion for diffusing, for making prevail, for carrying from one end of society to the other, the best knowledge, the best ideas of their time; who have laboured to divest knowledge of all that was harsh, uncouth, difficult, abstract, professional, exclusive; to humanize it, to make it efficient outside the clique of the cultivated and learned.

In this work lay Mr. Conway's great ability, if not genius. All that was needed by every one in the world, according to his view, was absolute liberty (within the bounds of justice to others) to enjoy the beautiful things of life.

The value of liberty was being taught by Mill and others,

but the teaching how to enjoy the pleasures of knowledge and life in a scientific and religious way was something new to the average British citizen.

In the course of twenty years note the change: Herbert Spencer issuing popular editions; Huxley engaging in almost a propaganda of agnosticism in newspapers and magazines; Darwin's later works so direct and forceful in their application to popular notions of theology as to arouse a tempest; Tyndall, Clifford, and many other scientific men engaged in popular expositions of their beliefs; art galleries, settlements, and institutes for general culture springing up everywhere. What is referred to as the "New Reformation" was well on its way.

Without claiming that this was due to Mr. Conway's work, it is to be said that much more of the credit is due to him for these results than he has yet received. His work was appreciated in England at the time; his London congregation became very large and influential; the effects of his work were felt far and wide. In this country the letters and papers of the "American Minister in London" had a wide following of readers. There is reprinted of his writings during this period the vital part of his "Earthward Pilgrimage," a book that had a very large sale, and represented his attitude towards the problems of life at that time. Some of the chapters devoted to local and more transient subjects are omitted for want of space.

Fourth. In 1897 Mrs. Ellen Dana Conway, his wife, died. The tribute Mr. Conway sent to their friends is included in this volume, though with some hesitation. It makes a record of the fact that it was largely owing to her influence and capacity and devotion that the enthusiasm and imagination of her husband were rendered effective and practical.

At the commencement of her fatal illness Mr. Conway retired from all active labors and returned to a permanent residence in New York, only varied by visits to England and the Continent, especially to Paris. During this period of dignified age he was constantly occupied with historical studies, always fascinating to him, especially when engaged in rendering historical justice to some public man unjustly treated. His lives of Thomas Paine and Edmund Randolph are models of vindicatory biography, and he was engaged in studies for a life of John Calvin at the time of his death.

During this period he gave several addresses, and kept up an interest in public affairs. The judicious writer of a memorial in the "Springfield Republican" draws attention to the beauty of the literary style he had acquired. As representing this period we reprint two addresses at Dickinson College on William Penn and on Public Service; also an address at a Peace Conference at Paris, and an address on Dogma and Science given at Rome.

A gentle philosopher who would be amazed to know of his own great fame with posterity writes:—

> Whoever will consider, with just measure and proportion, of what kind of man, and of what sort of action the glory maintains itself in the memory of books, will find that there are very few actions and very few persons of our times, who can there pretend any right. . . . The sages propose to themselves a nobler and more just end in so important an enterprise: "The reward of a thing well done is to have done it: the fruit of a good office is the office itself."

> Posterity commends thee: happy thou!
> But will thy manes such a gift bestow
> As to make violets from thy ashes grow.

In his last public speech, at a gathering of his old congregation and their children in London, in September, 1907, Mr. Conway's closing words are —

Let us give ourselves up to this fine ideal of our thought, and seek to spread happiness. To make beautiful homes and a beautiful life is more difficult than to paint a beautiful picture. To give happiness to a single heart now is better than all that can be done for unborn generations in unknowable ages beyond.

In memory of one who certainly fulfilled his offices according to these tests, this collection is made from the enormous mass of his writings, in order, as before suggested, to combine some interest for the reader in famous men and doings of the last generation, with the preservation to his friends of some of his work in suitable form.

FREE SCHOOLS IN VIRGINIA

A PLEA OF EDUCATION, VIRTUE, AND THRIFT vs. IGNORANCE, VICE, AND POVERTY

Let there be Light. — [THE BIBLE]

BY MONCURE DANIEL CONWAY

RECORDER PRINT
FREDERICKSBURG, VIRGINIA
OCTOBER, 1850

TO THE STATE CONVENTION OF 1850

GENTLEMEN: TRUSTFUL THAT YOU WILL "HEAR ME FOR MY CAUSE," WHICH IS THAT OF OUR STATE AND OF HUMANITY, ACCORDING TO MY EARNEST CONVICTION, I DEDICATE THESE PAGES TO YOU "WITH WHOM IS ALL OUR HOPE."

THE WRITER.

WARRENTON, VA., October, 1850.

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

FREE SCHOOLS IN VIRGINIA

I. THE GENERAL PRINCIPLE DISCUSSED

THE highest and most forceful Law is where duty and policy unite to confirm what has been taught by nature. In all the relations of life men recognize none more obligatory. This, then, will indicate our plan in the consideration of a subject which, we are profoundly convinced, is more intimately connected with our happiness and prosperity as a community than any other.

1. *Education is the injunction of Nature.*—We doubt if in the noon of the Nineteenth Century this will be anywhere questioned. Man is born in a state of normal ignorance and with a normal tendency to knowledge and repulsion to the first condition. The plant which is left in a dark room, save for a small orifice admitting a beam of light, has a propension only for *that;* and if there be *no* gleam of light, will die. The bird that wings its way solely under the shades of night has an eye so constructed as to appropriate every possible ray that may be lurking in the absence of the source of light. The Phenomena with these lower orders of intelligences sufficiently indicate the central principle of mental structure. But these are not so much as a thousandth proportion of nature's analogies, which teach us that man's attribute is intellectual culture. Everything with nature has susceptibility for improvement, and this can only be effected by cultivation. The Peach, so useful and pleasant a fruit with us, was once a small almond, noted only for an exceedingly bitter kernel

which contained some mild portion of poison. The Melon was formerly a long, pithy, and tasteless sort of gourd, running to waste in the regions of Capricorn; it is now thought a healthy and delicious addition to our luxuries. *Cultivation*, simply, has wrought these changes in these vegetables, as in many others, and is daily effecting what, if rightly noted and compared, would seem miracles.

Man would never have been endowed with such capacity for improvement as we find in him, nor with such aspirations, had he not been created for such designs. The Greeks had the right idea of him, when they called him *Anthropos*. He alone lifts his eye and aspires to the fullest tension of his nature. Probably the sole distinction of his from the brute is that man has the means of gratifying this principle, which is inherent with all life.

Nature acts by mediators. The parent must minister to the physical comfort of the child; and its moral and intellectual nurture is given in charge to no other. As with individuals, so the wave widens to communities. One generation makes the path for another; and the fashions, the laws, and the social contracts of the next century, are partially moulding in the mind of to-day. We are appointed, then, mediators to those who come after us. When Hector was parting with Andromache, taking in his arms his infant boy Astyanax, he prayed to the Gods that all should cry out, "But this one is much greater than his father Hector!" May we not offer that prayer and strive in so far as is given us to bring it about.

Very few will deny this statement if it is made in respect of the physical cares of children; and the principle that the mind is also as well committed to us as the bodily health is more acted on than admitted. We are ready to admit that it is ours to say what Railroads, what Canals

our posterity shall have; but when it is declared that we are now forming the condition of morals, enlightenment, and religious opinions which shall give tone to Virginia in A. D. 2000, why, many will shake their heads distrustfully. Yet, let one of these Didymuses have his word called in question by his son of tender years, and ten to one he will punish him severely; and it will be on this very principle.

This, then, is the relation which has been determined by *Nature*, between the penultimate and last layers of the generations of men.

2. *This law of nature is a Duty.* — With a greater proportion the fact that it is a Law of Nature would imply its being a moral obligation. But there are some who reason differently, although, it may be happily said, there are very few such in this age. They tell us that nature teaches us to live by means of the cruel destruction of life, and such like twaddle, which needs no notice here. But there are very many who will assail the position that it is a demand of nature, by questioning the happiness which it brings, or if it brings any. However incredible it may seem, there have arisen men, even in these last days, who have maintained that ignorance alone is bliss. Such have been the words of some who, by these sentiments, have proven themselves apostates to the highest gift of Heaven to earth. Such men as Wordsworth have joined with Jesuits, albeit from far different motives, in the advocacy of them; and, we blush as Americans at the fact, our own brightest star, Emerson, has artfully taught the same inhuman, undignified, and contemptible heresy. It may be, seemingly, poetical enough to talk of savage health and simplicity, etc., but it is but half of the truth; and with them it is wilful suppression. To instance: let us

read the subjoined extract from Ralph Waldo Emerson's wonderful Essays, which speaks succinctly the ideas of all who think with him.

All men plume themselves on the improvement of society, and no man improves. Society never advances. It recedes as fast on one side as it gains on the other. It undergoes continual changes; it is barbarous, it is civilized, it is christianized, it is rich, it is scientific; but this is not amelioration. For everything that is given, something is taken. Society acquires new arts and loses old impulses. What a contrast between the well-clad, reading, writing, thinking American, with a watch, a pencil, and a bill of exchange in his pocket, and the naked New Zealander, whose property is a club, a spear, a mat, and an undivided twentieth of a shed to sleep under. But compare the health of the two men, and you shall see that his aboriginal strength the white man has lost. If the traveller tells us truly, strike the savage with a broad axe, and in a day or two the flesh shall unite and heal as if you struck the blow into soft pitch, and the same blow shall send the white to his grave. The civilized man has built a coach, but has lost the use of his feet. He is supported on crutches, but loses so much support of muscle. He has got a fine Geneva watch, but he has lost the skill to tell the hour by the sun. A Greenwich nautical almanac he has, and so being sure of the information when he wants it, the man in the street does not know a star in the sky. The solstice he does not observe; the equinox he knows as little, and the whole bright calendar of the year is without a dial in his mind. His note-books impair his memory; his libraries overload his wit; the insurance office increases the number of accidents; it may be a question whether machinery does not encumber; — whether we have not lost by refinement some energy, by a christianity (intrenched in establishment and forms) some vigor of wild virtue. *For every stoic was a stoic; but in christendom where is the christian?*

Now all this is eloquent and even nobly expressed; yet it is ignoble, for it is a *suppressio veri*. Take it, however,

with all faith and with its own extent, and it proves merely that by gaining what is the noblest and the divinest, man loses that which pertains to the lower part of his structure, — health of body. And this last must be preferred to the former! This is a narrow creed, and one which the philanthropist with his three-score years does not hold; we doubt if Emerson does. No, let us know the largest and most spiritual life, even though we live but a brief while; there is some truth in the apothegm of the ancient writer, that "whom the gods love die young!" It is a great antithetical truth where that life has been soon yielded by reason of their service.

We gladly turn from such narrow sentiments as those we have cited above — for narrow we must call them, however much we admire the writer of them — to those which follow. They are from a pen as vigorous as the spirit which prompts them is noble.

Why was it that men learned the courses of the stars, and the revolution of the planets, before they found out how to make a good wagon-wheel? Why did they construct the Roman aqueducts before they constructed a sawmill? Or why did they achieve the noblest models in poetry, in eloquence and in the drama, before they invented movable types? I think we can unriddle this enigma. The labor of the world has been performed by ignorant men!

To move a block of granite weighing 1080 pounds, along the rough floor of the quarry, requires a force equal to 748 pounds, or the strength of several men. To draw it over planks requires 652 pounds. Place the block on a platform of wood, and you can draw it with 606 pounds. Soap the two surfaces of the wood, and 182 pounds would suffice. Use rollers three inches in diameter and 84 pounds would draw it over a stone floor, and 28 over a wooden, whilst on a wooden platform only 22 pounds would be required, which lastly would be reduced to three or four pounds with a railroad. And thus the amount of force

necessary to accomplish the purpose is reduced about 200 times, *intelligence* being necessary at each step to *apply*, and much more to *invent*, the next successive facility.

If a savage will learn to swim, he can transport a dozen pounds on his back across a narrow body of water. If he will *invent* an axe, he can use a tree as a float and one of its limbs as a paddle, and can thus transport many times the former weight, many times the former distance. Hollowing out his log, he will increase its capacity still farther. Fastening several trees together, he makes a raft. Turning up the ends of small poles, and grooving them together, or filling the interstices between so as to make them watertight, he brings his rude craft, literally, somewhat into *ship-shape*. Improving upon hull below and rigging above, he makes a proud ship to be wafted by the winds from continent to continent. But even this does not content our adventurous naval architect. He frames iron arms for his ship; and, for oars, affixes iron wheels capable of swift motion, and stronger than the strong sea. Into iron-walled cavities in her bosom he puts iron organs of massive structure and strength, and of cohesion insoluble by fire. Within these he kindles a small volcano; and then, like a sentient and rational existence, this wonderful creation of his hands cleaves oceans, breasts tides, defies tempests, and bears its living freight triumphant round the globe. Now, take away *intelligence* from the shipbuilder, and the steamship — that miracle of human art — falls back into a floating log; — the log itself is lost; and the savage swimmer, bearing his dozen pounds on his back, alone remains.

On the recognized principle, then, that we should feel ourselves morally concerned to prepare our children for the happiest and most useful sphere of action, to thoroughly educate them is our *Duty*.

3. *It is a community's best Policy.* — Society is a bundle of relations: whatsoever, whether remotely or otherwise, affects one atom of the system, disturbs the whole mass. I put my hand in this lamp beside me, and it is not only my hand that suffers; every nerve of the system is shocked.

Why does society punish the criminal? It is because the security of every other individual is concerned in the crime that has been committed. Society thus in reprobation, acknowledging the existence of these relations in its contract, must recognize them in whatever is promotive of its welfare. The grand proposition here comes up that has been so often reiterated by human lips from the inculcations of God: *That it is the interest of every member of a Community that every other member thereof should be educated!*

Amongst the very many things wherewith history will delight to honor Massachusetts by the mention of, there will be none greater than the noble, beautiful regard of this in her Constitution. In Chapter V, Sec. I, Art. I, of that instrument, this paragraph is found: "And whereas the encouragement of arts and sciences, and all good literature, tends to the honor of God, the advantage of the Christian religion, (☞) *and the great benefit of this and the other United States of America, it is declared*," etc., etc. There is no public paper containing any sublimer passage than that on earth. The farthest that any other of the State Constitutions go is to say that the diffusion of enlightenment amongst its citizens should be encouraged, etc., because of its benefit to their State; very few go even this far; but old Massachusetts comes forth and puts herself in the position of an individual of a society numbering thirty or more. And when it is recollected that the representatives of the people of Massachusetts Bay adopted their Constitution, containing this sentiment, even so far back as 1780, who wonders that she has gained the title of the "Model State" over the world?

First, then, in this connection we remark that it is the

policy of a community because it makes more upright and responsible citizens. This hardly needs proof in this day. Why have Churches all over the world taken education as handmaid to their religions? Why have some nations united Church and State, thereby still retaining otherwise defective governments? Why do men day by day send their offspring to seminaries of learning? But one answer may be rendered to all these questions. Even in the Augustan age a heathen poet said, —

> Fideliter didicisse ingenuas artes
> Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.[1]

There was no occasion to test Horace's couplet *then*, but men look on it as akin to prophecy now. It increases our security as a political Confederacy. It is public spirit which upholds law, and that alone *can*. But if that mind is not enlightened as to what the law *is*, its benefits, its authority; why, what sort of support can it give, but that which is most unreliable? The ignorant look only to the apparent oppressiveness of the law. They only think of the taxation system as it lightens their present purse; they neither see nor enjoy its effects. We have amongst us a race who are prohibited education by law—I mean the free negroes. Of course it is thought best; but I would ask any one who knows anything about the statistics of crime in Virginia, if the largest proportion of it is not from them? There is no more lawless set in the Commonwealth.

Where there is defective education, there is room for

[1] Mr. Hazlitt makes an invidious remark on this thought, that "the same maxim does not establish purity of morals that infers their mildness." Taking it, then, that they are equally pure in both states, which is more than we ought to allow, why is not a *mild* exertion of impure principle better than a *ferocious* ?

the reception of principles the most hostile and pernicious. The fact has been more than once used to our prejudice, that the only diffusion of knowledge amongst us is through the medium of a somewhat exceptionable newspaper press.[1] Our governmental tendencies must be provincial so long as this is true.

But in the second place, if something more substantial is required in confirming the opinion of its policy, we aver that it develops more than anything else the sources of production and wealth in a nation or state. Necessity is the mother of invention, and education creates more wants and larger influences. It raises the standard of expenditure, and this calls for a higher standard of supply. The wealthiest and most industrious communities are the best educated, and from these, if there be confidence in history and daily experience, spring the novel and marvellous discoveries that follow each other so swiftly in this age. All occupations are now closely united with information and experiment. Science and labour are Siamese twins. The subsequent extract is from the pen of one of the most patriotic and gifted sons of Virginia.

[1] The French Moderates have been chiefly eager to exaggerate this, in some degree, just condition of ours. With the assistance of this and other appliances, they have succeeded in suppressing, by a recent enactment, that which is most of all needed in that country now, the freedom of the Press. Early in this year M. Thiers, in commenting on the bill for Popular Instruction, gave utterance to this, which had its effect:—

"Look at the tendency of heads of families wanting their children to learn everything in a short time. Parents educated their children above their station, giving them Latin and Greek, and other things connected with the learned professions, all so slightly that they were for the most part mere sciolists, knowing a little of everything, and nothing well. This state of things was destructive to the grandeur of the country, and, if persisted in, would lead France at last *to the situation of the American nation, who gained their knowledge from the newspapers.* It was evident that a social change ought to be effected in this respect." [Cries of Yes, yes, on the right.]

The persons employed in working the lead-mines of Wisconsin were accustomed for many years to throw away the richest and most profitable ores, because they were ignorant of the simplest elements of mineralogy. A year's judicious instruction to the working miners would have been worth hundreds of thousands of dollars to those concerned.

But it must not be supposed that agricultural labourers are not benefited by a general diffusion of intelligence. They work with the powers of nature, to be sure. The sunshine and the shower are their co-labourers; but how graciously does Nature lend herself to be moulded to all the forms of loveliness and utility by Art! How bounteously does she lavish the kindly fruits of the earth, in return for the care which skilful intelligence bestows! A *book-farmer* is the subject of frequent, and sometimes not unmerited, ridicule; but it is because he is a *mere* book-farmer. When to his book-knowledge he adds equal experience and industry, he is almost uniformly superior to his brethren who are not possessed, by means of books, of other men's observations as well as their own; and not seldom he develops truths which add important elements even to *national* wealth. How much does English agriculture owe to the educated intelligence of Sinclair, and Young, and Coke! whilst that of America is not less indebted to Skinner, and Buel, and Ruffin. To the latter's shrewd observations upon marl, and other calcareous manures, Eastern Virginia must attribute her prospective regeneration. And, in our own community, are not the most successful cultivators of the soil men whose native understandings are improved by more or less education? Do you find amongst them any of those seven hundred adults unable to read and write, whom the census of 1840 ascertained to be in the county?

But Universal Education not only brings into requisition and use new sources of wealth and enjoyment, but it renders them of far greater value after they have been discovered. This is getting to be more and more realized everywhere.

We say *realized*, because the truth of the statement is acknowledged by every one in every-day dealing. Who would not give more for an estate situate in a moral and enlightened and wealthy community than one notedly otherwise? Who would not rather ask of a landed property, the purchase of which he had in contemplation, "What sort of society is about it?" than as to its productiveness and present condition as to cultivation. This he may amend, but that is an extrinsic affection of his property, both regarding its healthfulness and value.

The history of Massachusetts as told by the successive valuations of her property is a remarkable and convincing illustration of this. The increase of the price of land has been in almost exact ratio with the increase of the number and extent of schools! The latest report exhibits an increase of property valuation of almost one half since the year 1831 more than previously; and the increase from that date is from $207,000,000 to $300,000,000! Even since the adoption of the Free School system in some of the municipalities of New Orleans in 1846, the value of the situations in those districts have been enhanced nearly five per cent! And the returns from most of the counties which have adopted this policy confirm this experience.

Our proposition is further true because it gives us health to obtain as well as to enjoy property or wealth. Ignorance cannot either prevent or cure disease. We have had sufficient proof of this in the ravages of the cholera. How can men who know not how to read either know the precautions or learn the approach of plague? There are also innumerable hereditary diseases which information might check from further visitation. How much of physical misery, then, might universal knowledge prevent, as

well as crime? The following is an extract from a circular we have just received from Hon. Horace Mann: —

In regard to the first topic, it is well known that physical qualities are hereditary. Disease and weakness descend from parent to offspring by a law of nature, as names descend by a law custom. God still ordains that the bodily iniquities of the fathers shall be visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generation. When we look backward and see how the number of our ancestors is doubled at each remove in the ascending scale, it affrights us to reflect how many confluent streams from vicious fountains may have been poured into the physical system of a single individual. Where, for many generations, this horrid entailment of maladies has not been broken by a single obedient and virtuous life, who can conceive of the animal debasements and depravities that may centre in a single person. At every descent, the worst may become more worse, and the possible series of determination is infinite. Before the human race, or any part of it, becomes more diseased, or physically more vile, is it not time to arrest and restore? This can only be done through education, or through miracles; and it would require more than three hundred and sixty-five miracles each year to preserve health and strength under our present vicious social habits. Those who do not expect the intervention of miracles are false to their families, to the community, and to God, if they do not urge forward the work of Physical Education as the only means of rescuing the race from an infinity of sicknesses, weaknesses, and pains. Public Schools are the only instrumentality for inculcating upon the community at large a knowledge of the great laws of Health and Life.

Mr. Leroi Edwards, President of the Board of School Commissioners of Norfolk (which adopted this policy under Act of Assembly, February 25, 1850), speaks thus in a private letter to a friend in Albemarle: —

Our *experience* proves what you say to be true, — that a public free school system is cheaper than the old sys-

tem in the aggregate, and consequently to the majority; that it educates, at a less aggregate cost, many more children; that the schools are or may be made better; that, by diffusing education more universally, it diffuses good morals and regularity of life, and so makes society more peaceful and happy; that it enlarges the intellectual capital of a community, and so augments its productive powers, and consequently its wealth; and, lastly, that by making men more happy, virtuous, and intelligent, it rescues property from possible encroachment and *difficulty, and sensibly enhances its market value.*

The improved state of our society, and the increased value of our *lands*, since the establishment of our free schools, exceed greatly what the most sanguine advocates of the system anticipated. And if the system were now to be suddenly abandoned (of which there is not the slightest danger), an amount of good has been already accomplished which will tell and be felt through many generations, and perhaps through all time and eternity, — good, too, which could not have been otherwise effected; and what makes it still more delightful to contemplate, *not one single evil, arising from the same source can be pointed to as an offset.*

I wish that I might persuade my fellow citizens of the mountains to adopt a similar system. I would refer the people of Albemarle, particularly, to the opinions of their own Jefferson, who believed that *the continuance of our Republican form of Government was absolutely dependent on public education.*

II. THE PRINCIPLE TO BE APPLIED. — HOW?

If, then, intellectual culture is the best minister and physician, the question arises, how may a State best diffuse intelligence? Every thinking man admits that public authority must render *some* sort of aid to Education. People, as a general proposition, must be instructed in order to attain high or worthy achievement in life. How often, to the burning disgrace of humanity, do those who would have

been shining lights under other auspices go down to the grave "unwept, unhonoured, and unsung?" — How few are the souls that can overtop these social barriers which hem in those who are born in their pale, as the Indians tie their offspring to boards? Our Rittenhouses and Franklins are few indeed; their growth and luxuriance are abnormal; they are like those trees of the East which have something intrinsic with the germ which causes them to rise up and flourish in beauty despite the barren sands.

There can be but four forms of the relation of Government to Education. We have arranged them as follows, with examples of the countries wherein each form exists, with their respective results: —

Nation or State.	Method of Education.	Results of the System.
(1) United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.	No interference of Government institutions established by Churches, benevolent Societies, etc., about £500,000 expended in Charity Schools.	1,500,000 children of school age completely ignorant in England. To every 10 in the Isles taught, there are 3 who are not.
(2) Virginia.	Provisions solely for the indigent.[1]	1 adult in 13 unable to read or write — 50,000 adults and children of school age in ignorance.
(3) New York.[2]	Some appropriation for all, and a partial expense for all.	1 Adult to every 53 that cannot read nor write.
(4) Massachusetts.	Indiscriminate instruction of all classes by support of taxation, or Free School system.	Only 1 adult ignorant, to every 189.[3]

Now from a right and thoughtful notice of this table, which we have made from the best and most accurate sources, to what conclusion *can* every intelligent mind

[1] This exclusive of nine tenths of our labourers — the blacks.

[2] About to change.

[3] This the possible working of the system; in reality an adult cannot be found there sane and unable to read and write.

come, but that the most *infinitely superior mode of Education is the Free School System!* — And if there be any faith in the indications of human experience this is *true.* It is not only the most superior in that it is the cheapest and justest, but it is the *only* plan of thorough universal instruction that has been devised. What way experience of states confirms our position we will try and present as concisely as we can, from a brief notice of the above four systems in connection with countries which represent them.

Reflection will make manifest that the first and third of these systems are germane, *comparatively*, and also the second and fourth; we will, therefore, to be succinct in our review, consider these under their two natural divisions. We will introduce what we have to say first, with the ensuing extract from Art. 5 of the "Westminster Review" (No. CV, July, 1850), which is before us.[1]

There is a growing feeling among thoughtful men that some alteration is needed in our system of education. A rumbling sound of dissatisfaction at what is going on under the name of education in all our establishments, from the Universities down to the Village Schools, has been long making itself heard. At the present moment the call for more education is almost universal, but here and there, besides it, is to be met with an observing, cautious inquirer who wishes to learn something more about this education, the increase of which is so urgently called for; who asks, what is it or what has it been hitherto? What has it done for us thus far? What may be expected from it in future, if only increased in quantity, without being altered in quality?

Under-currents such as these have been for some time forcing their way among European communities. They are now coming to the surface, and are beginning to disturb the upper stream of thoughts and convictions, and

[1] From a Review of Works of MM. Low and Baptist.

threatening the stability of long-established systems, and of institutions deemed perfect.

There is enough in all this to fix attention, and to arouse an anxious spirit of inquiry as to what can have brought about such a state of things. One of the most hopeful signs of our times is the increasing readiness to search for causes, — for the causes of evil to be averted, of good to be secured. Moving in this direction, who can escape being forced upon the consideration of what education has done, is doing, and is likely to do?

Now *our* question is *also* for causes, and we ask the cause of this perturbation? Why should England, whose outlay for education is as large as that of any other Sixteen Millions sublunary, be convulsed by these trembling heavings that predict the event of an earthquake not afar off. Why this discontent with the glorious University system made venerable by the persistence of two hundred years, and which, when established, was thought the ideal keystone of the educational arch that spanned christendom? Why? Let us search for causes!

The Constitution of England is silent on popular Education and noisy on Religion. It is known that the greater portion of crime is perpetrated by youth; and that the two thirds of hardened criminals commence at the precocious age of fifteen.

Now, in such an assemblage of phlegmatic people as the English, this is eminently the case. In the year 1846 it was ascertained that one fourth of the criminals in London was of the youth between fifteen and seventeen, and that that class was one tenth of the population. The following has been compiled showing the proportion of crimes to the various ages, taking the whole of the threescore years of active life as unity. The table is warranted by Redgrave's Report on Crime for 1846; and some reports of the London City Mission.

Under 15	15 to 20	20 to 25	25 to 30	30 to 35	35 to 40	40 to 50	50 to 60
0.1805	2.4747	2.4002	1.8250	1.2248	0.8750	0.5312	0.2500

A late Edinburgh writer says: "The roots of criminality shoot, however, deep into childhood. They live in the preceding period, from ten to fifteen, the school-life of a child. If, then, the influence which men have been accustomed to ascribe to education be not a dream, it offers a key to the whole position of crime."

How, then, in the name of Heaven, can such a state of things coexist in any country with good order and fealty. And this is the worse as the people are getting to think it, as it *is*, the legitimate deduction of their laws to have their cities filled with pickpockets and assassins. Hence the large and agitated meetings on the education question held of late at Manchester, Leeds, Derby, York, and other places; and the result of these movements is the excited debate, in the last House of Commons, on Mr. Fox's Bill for Instruction. For our part, however, we may suggest, although it seems irrelevant, that in our judgment England can no more institute common education and keep her present Constitution, than she can denude herself of the moral scrofula she has without the same. But it is cried, "Where on earth *is* there *such* an educated class as that of England!" Well, it bears the same relation to the *un*-educated class as the false-fire to the marsh, which is bright in proportion to the putrescence of the latter. Just to think! that the 8,000,000 souls of Ireland are as the barbarians beneath the car of the Juggernaut, which is glorified as those destroyed are more numerous![1]

The aristocracy, finding no provisions for their education

[1] Good Juggernaut, forgive me!

by the Government, made up their Colleges and Academies; the Church found that it might as well be in the coral beds of the North Sea as without education, and so it numbered its Seminaries along with its Doric Palisades. The English workmen then receded into a *degraded, ignorant, and therefore vicious* class. A total revolution is requisite for any effectual measures to educate *them*.

Yet, how vainly is the English Government spending millions of pounds for education! Since 1839 (according to the Minutes of '48–'49–'50) 3782 schoolhouses have been built at an expense (they only) of £470,854. We close our remarks on England with the following enumeration, showing the enormous (and yet futile) and partial expenditure on education.

Denomination of Schools.	Number of Schools.	Number of Certificated Teachers.	Number of Apprentices.			Amount conditionally awarded for Year ending 31 Oct. 1850.
			Boys.	Girls.	Total.	
						£ s. d.
National or Church of England Schools . .	973	432	1,638	910	2,593	49,472 10 0
British, Wesleyan, and other Protestant Schools, not connected with the Church of England	181	69	434	459	593	10,356 10 0
Roman Catholic Schools	32	10	46	33	79	1,323 10 0
Schools in Scotland, connected with the Established Church . . .	82	39	161	28	189	3,492 0 0
Schools in Scotland not connected with the Established Church.	93	81	100	27	127	3,467 0 0
Total	1,361	681	2,424	1,157	3,581	68,111 10 0[1]

[1] It is within the recollection of many living how the small State of Servia, in Europe, was noted for the retention of its heathenism. More witches were burned and vampires laid there than in any other. By some strange fortuity a school system germane to the district form has fallen

Now the provisions of that system of which New York is type *must lead to the same results*. The provisions which are made are nearly as much disregarded by the poor as the rich. But we need not speak of this method, for between the German strikes and some strong philanthropists they are about to adopt the Free School system, in the rightful meaning of that term.[1] A large portion of the State has even now done so; the rest will follow soon. And when New York has Free Schools, we may look for a State such as the world has never seen before; at any rate, their system is far better than ours, which in connection with the best we now proceed to notice.

A contrast between Virginia and Massachusetts is painful; it would be crushing were we not hopeful of better things.

The Pilgrim Fathers landed in Massachusetts Bay, in 1620. They were men of energy and of forethought, whatever just censure may be heaped upon them for their religious intolerance. They had not builded houses and planted farms, and, in short, established the rudiments of economy, before they became convinced that the perpetuity of all they might effect depended on the instruction of their children. That was not a puritan move, however much they may have thought it one. Education does away with intolerance, superstition, and fanaticism.

Fifteen years after they had set foot on Plymouth Rock, they took action on education. Here is the entry: —

"13th day of April, 1635: Likewise it was then generally agreed upon, that our brother Philemon Purmont shall be

there; and the result is that its influence has not only renervated Servia, but has widened to the neighbouring States. Wallachia, where in 1620, the great witch-massacre took place, will soon follow her torch.

[1] By an act of the last Legislature of New York, the question of Free Schools is submitted to the popular ballot this year.

intreated to become schole-master for the teaching and nourtering [1] of children with us." Brother Purmont was remunerated by thirty acres of good land on "Muddy River," which, it seems, was about the readiest currency to pay non-productive labourers; for we read in the same Record-book that there was given "a garden plot to Mr. Daniel Maude schoolmaster, upon the condition of building thereon, if neede be."

The next step was in 1642; the General Court at that time enacting instructions to the municipal authorities that they should "have a vigilant eye over their brethren and neighbours—to see first that none of them shall suffer so much barbarism (!) in any of their families, as not to endeavour to teach, by themselves or others, their children and apprentices, so much learning as may enable them perfectly to read the English tongue, and (obtain a) knowledge of the capital laws, upon penalty of thirty shillings, for each neglect therein."

It may be remarked that Massachusetts went about its system of education in a strangely different style from that which has been pursued by other communities. They made it binding on *all* to educate those of whom they had charge, before they made it free to all!

The same statute provided "that all parents and masters do breed and bring up their children and apprentices

[1] "If, as is supposed, this word, now obsolete in this connection, implied the disposition and power, on the part of the teacher, as far as such an object can be accomplished by human instrumentality, to warm into birth, to foster into strength, and to advance into precedence and predominance, all elevated thoughts respecting the duties and the destiny of life, and a supreme reverence for the character and attributes of the Creator, then how many teachers have since been employed, who have not *nourished* the children committed to their care!"—*Eleventh Report of First Secretary of Massachusetts Board*, 1849.

in some honest, lawful calling, labour, or employment either in husbandry or some other trade, profitable for themselves and the Commonwealth."

Who can wonder at the success of Massachusetts, starting forth with such a statute as this, wherein were "recognized and embodied," in the words of Mr. Mann, "the highest principles of Political Economy and of social well-being, — the universal education of children and the prevention of drones or non-producers among men!"

In the year of our Lord 1647, twenty-one thousand souls who had rested from religious persecution about thirty years adopted the present *model Free School system of their State!* History will love to enroll this bold stride along with the story of the Reformation and of the American Revolution.

But alas! what was the course of those who landed at Jamestown thirteen years before. Darkness lived long with them; and, in truth, their children have scarcely seen any dawn.

How they could best eradicate the Indians, instead of seeking to improve and civilize them; how they could multiply their stock and their barns; how they might adroitly obtain the largest grants of land of the King or the Governor, — these occupied *their* thoughts.[1] They gloried in

[1] In 1642 Jacob Stover, a loyal son of Tell, applied to the Governor of Virginia for a grant of a large and fertile tract of land on the Sherandah (Shenandoah), several miles above Winchester; but his claim was overruled, because there were not enough in his family for the requisitions of the law. Stover, nowise abashed, went over to England and submitted his petition to the King. On being questioned as to the number of settlers, he encited a sufficient list with the help of his *Live-Stock*, to each of which he had given a human name for the occasion! His Majesty Charles I, ignorant that the Williams, Georges, and Susans, seeking royal consideration, were some squeaking in pig-pens and others braying in the luxuriant meadows of the Valley, was "done for" and issued the grant!

the absence of education; each said in heart with the Lord Douglas in Marmion: —

> Thanks to St. Bothan, son of mine
> Could never pen a written line!

What was thought of Education may be best understood from the subjoined question and answer, taken from an antique paper of Inquiries to the Governor of Virginia, submitted by the Lords Commissioners of Foreign Plantations, with the Governor's answers to each distinct head. They will be found in full in Henning's "Statutes at Large," vol. ii, p. 511, with this note prefixed: —

These inquiries were propounded in the year 1670, and received their answers in 1671, while Sir William Berkeley was Governor of Virginia. A more correct statistical account of Virginia at that period cannot, perhaps, anywhere be found. The answers appear to have been given with great candour, and were from a man well versed in everything relating to the country, having been for many years Governor.

[After questions and answers about the "Courts of judicature"—"castles and fforts"—"boundaries and contents of the land"—"planters, servants, and slaves"—"duties" and "revenues to his My."—the Question 23d runs thus:]

"What course is taken about the instructing the people within your government in the Christian religion; and what provision is there made for the paying of your ministry?"

"*Answer.* — The same course that is taken in England out of towns; every man according to his ability instructing his children. We have fforty-eight parishes, and our ministers are well paid and by my consent should be better *if they would pray oftener and preach less.* But of all other commodities, so of this, *the worst are sent us*, and we had

few that we could boast of, since the persecution in *Cromwell's* tyranny drove divers worthy men hither. But, I thank God, *there are no free schools* nor *printing*, and I hope we shall not have these hundred years; for learning has brought disobedience, and heresy, and sects into the world, and *printing* has divulged them, and libels against the best government. God keep us from both!"

Mr. Henning has the following note on this paper which is interesting:—

Nothing can display in stronger colours the execrable policy of the British Government, in relation to the colonies, than the sentiments uttered by Sir William Berkeley, in his answer to the last interrogatory. These were doubtless his genuine sentiments, which recommended him so highly to the favour of the crown that he was continued governor of Virginia from 1641 to 1677, a period of *thirty-six* years, if we except the short interval of the Commonwealth, and a few occasional times of absence from his government, on visits to England. The more profoundly ignorant the colonists could be kept the better subjects they were for slavery. None but tyrants dread the diffusion of knowledge and the liberty of the Press.

The same hostility to the introduction of *printing* which was manifested by Sir William Berkeley was shown by Lord Culpeper, who was Governor of Virginia in 1682, only *eleven years* after these principles were avowed by Sir William Berkeley. It will be seen by the following extract, which is from a MS. of unquestionable authority, that at the last-mentioned date a printer had actually commenced his business in Virginia, but was prohibited by the Governor and Council from *printing anything*, till the King's pleasure should be known, which, it may be presumed, was very tardily communicated, as the first evidence of printing thereafter in Virginia was on the revised laws contained in the edition of 1733.

February 21, 1682, John Buckner called before the Lord Culpeper and his council for printing the laws of 1680 without his excellency's likeness, and he the printer ordered to enter into bond in £100 not to print anything thereafter, until his majesty's pleasure should be known. — [Bland MS. p. 498.]

How different this given us by Mr. Henning from the following memorandum in Governor Winthrop's Journal in Massachusetts, under date of 1645, about forty years previous: —

Divers free schools were erected, as at Roxbury (for maintenance, whereof every inhabitant bound some house or land for a yearly allowance forever) and at Boston, where they made an order to allow £50 to the master and an house, and £30 to an usher, who should also teach to read and write and cypher, and *Indians' children were to be taught* freely, and the charge to be made by yearly contribution, either by voluntary allowance or by rate of such as refused, &c., and this order was confirmed by the General Court. Other towns did the like, providing maintenance by several means. — Savage's Edition, *History of New England*, vol. ii, p. 215.

Now these are humiliating comparisons; and when we look at the comparative progress of the two States in importance, since those old days where we had the superior chance, what else *can* we ascribe to it but this? The conclusion is that the Free School system is the very best promotion for the State's prosperity.

I know it is urged at the North that the reason of our being as Joshua's sun amongst the motions of other planets is because of Slavery. But what can we give in answer to this, save that denial which a practice of this system will give. We are aware, too, that it is urged by them that we can *not* have Free Schools in this State, because of that

Institution. The following is from the New York "Tribune" of September 7, 1850: —

Free Schools — Slavery. — A Virginia friend, writing to controvert a remark in our letter of last June from Virginia, that Slavery was the cause of her declining power and thrift, insists that the true cause of her retrograde career is as follows: —

"Let me whisper that something — no, proclaim it! It is *Universal Education.* Free Schools — mental cultivation of all the men, women, especially the children, more than the cultivation of Gold and Iron mines or Tobacco fields — *this* is what we want. Oh, how badly do we want them! It is more than a want — it is a *sine qua non* for the Commonwealth of Virginia."

"Here is a distinction without a difference. Free Schools, or Common Schools of any kind, cannot flourish with Slavery. You may have them in cities and large villages, but not throughout a State like Virginia. The farms are too large, the wastes too extensive, the (white) children too widely scattered. Besides, the Poor lack the consideration and the spirit, the ambition and the energy, which is requisite to a general maintenance of, and attendance upon, Common Schools. Never will Virginia's White children be generally schooled until her Black ones shall cease to be sold. Our friend may be sure of this.

Men of Virginia! are you dumb to such words as these? Yes. But this is not the truth in the matter; we *can* have Common Schools, and that, too, coexistent with Slavery. Read the reports from our counties which *have* adopted Free Schools and successfully, Mr. Greeley! To save you and others trouble, we will cite some materials of fact here. The following is an abstract of the School Commissioners' Reports, condensing the operations of the system in those counties which have adopted them during the year ending 30th September, 1848. Let any one carefully consider this and the excerpts from the several Reports which we shall give presently, and then say why Free Schools cannot subsist in Virginia!

Counties and Corporations.	Number of districts.	Number of schools.	Average salaries of teachers per annum.	Whole number of children in all the districts.	Whole number of children at school during the year.	Average cost per annum of each child at school.	Aggregate number of days' attendance at school.	Whole number of indigent children at school.	Local funds derived from taxes, contributions, etc.	Amount applied out of the school quotas.	Total cost of teachers' salaries and all other expenses, as reported.
Henry County, under act of February 25, 1846, ch. 42 . . .	23	51	104.50	1,870	1,480	3.61¾	96,953	-	4,975.78	400.85	5,354.45
Jefferson County, under acts of February 25, 1846, ch. 42, and March 20, 1847, ch. 32	27	23	279.56	-	1,100	4.82¼	-	-	6,733.84	1,142.72	5,868.25
Kanawha County, under act of February 25, 1846, ch. 42 .	64	22	-	2,489	-	-	-	-	-	-	1,948.74
King George will probably be in operation in 1850.											
Northampton County, under act of March 5, 1846, ch. 41 .	5	11	208.02	728	517	4.42¾	36,400	-	5,483.26	406.14	5,879.25
Norfolk County, under act of February 17, 1845, ch. 27 . .	-	26	300.00	-	1,306	6.12½	-	-	7,416.83	583.17	8,000.00
Princess Anne — in operation in 1849.											
Town of Portsmouth, under act of February 17, 1845, ch. 27	-	8	321.25	-	792	4.21	144,936	108	2,947.87	288.70	3,332.05
Ohio County, under act of March 5, 1846, ch. 41	34	16	269.56	3,945	893	2.22¼	73,630	-	10,229.27	612.04	12,073.64
Southampton County, under act of February 25, 1829, ch. 14	4	1	69.10	-	28	4.64¼	-	13	-	69.10	69.10
Washington County, under act of February 25, 1829, ch. 14	64	32	128.53	-	1,294	4.79¾	-	366	4,593.00	369.28	6,193.00
	211	190	1,735.52	9,032	7,449	-	353,919	487	42,402.85	4,464.00	47,606.48

The actual payments made by School Commissioners to teachers, etc., **in the town** of *Portsmouth* and Counties of *Southampton* and *Washington* **(from which alone the** numbers of poor children at school are reported), **being** $1377.06, and the number of poor children at school being 487, **the actual cost of tuition** of each poor child, for the portions of the year for **which such** payments were made averages $2.70. Average cost of the **whole number of all classes** attending for the year, in the seven counties, **etc., from** which said whole numbers are reported, $6.40.

How cheering amongst the doleful records from other counties, to meet such hopeful items as these.

From the Report from *Henry County*:—

The salutary effects of the system are beginning to manifest themselves in a manner that promises great good at no distant day. Already has the dissemination of knowledge been so great and diffusive, that the board believes it hazards nothing in saying that it would be difficult to find a youth in the county, of ten years of age, who cannot read and write, unless he be an idiot, or from physical deformity or imbecility has been unable to attend school. Out of a white population of only 4243 souls, 1480, or full one third, have been instructed during the year.

The following is from the Report of *Jefferson County*:

At the organization of the system, strong opposition was manifested by some of the citizens of the county. It was denounced as an innovation, as onerous to the tax-payer, as favouring one class of the community at the expense of another, as cumbrous and inoperative in the community for which it was designed. In various forms this dissatisfaction manifested itself. The board are, however, pleased to be able to state that, instead of a disposition to oppose being indulged, there is every reason to believe that there is a willingness to give the system a fair trial. Men formerly opposed to the system have consented to be elected commissioners, and now actively coöperate with its first friends in carrying it on. Others, its former opponents, aid in other ways the commissioners and the first friends of the system in the performance of their labours in establishing the system.

Such have been the proceedings of the board.

This statement is submitted to the president and directors of the Literary Fund, with the assurance of the board that the system has been advantageous; and though the expenditure of money has been considerable, the beneficial results following the establishment and prosperous conduct of the system will fully compensate for such ex-

penditure by the blessings attendant upon an educated community.

Kanawha.— We will merely add that the system thus far has met the expectations of its friends and advocates. To put the system fully in operation in a county so extensive and so sparsely populated as this must be a work of time; and it affords us much pleasure to state that almost all the districts now have good houses and schools a good portion of the year in operation, and a considerable number of schools where none ever before existed. A spirit of education is gradually spreading among the people, and the benefits of the system are beginning to be understood and properly appreciated.

Northampton.—The school commissioners report that, since the first arrangement of their districts, it has been found necessary to rearrange them so as to make thirteen instead of eleven, and there are now in operation thirteen schools in the county, which, it is believed, will cost $4200 per annum. The branches of education taught in these schools are such as are usual in the best English school, and but little difficulty has been found in securing the services of competent and exemplary teachers for most of the schools. Under the present system we find many a youth at school, and deriving incalculable advantage thereat, who under the old system would, in all probability, scarcely ever have seen a schoolhouse. Reports have been received from several of the teachers, as well as from the trustees, setting forth the great improvements which have been made with the scholars, even in the short time embraced in this report. Although taxation is high, there are comparatively few complaints with the people, believing no doubt, as do the commissioners, that if the present system of district public schools be diligently and efficiently carried out, the benefit to be derived therefrom by their children, and for ages yet to come, will be almost beyond conception.

The official report for 1847, from the county of *Norfolk*, says: —

One of the best recommendations of our system with the people is that it is supported by a tax levied on both

person and property, in the proportion of about one third to the former, to two thirds to the latter. . . . The schools are, therefore, received as public property, in which every person has an interest. They are not regarded as charity schools, nor as places set apart for the instruction of the indigent, discriminating between wealth and poverty, and extinguishing forever, in the infant bosom, the first spark of honest pride. . . . The operation of the system, thus far has equalled the expectations of its most sanguine friends. . . . When we recur to the fact that, prior to the establishment of this system, there were less than 200 children in regular attendance, from the same neighbourhood and county which now send over 1200, the conclusion is irresistible that *the plan works well.* It would be difficult to estimate its value. In whatever aspect it is viewed, its benefits are incalculable. Among the children, it has excited a laudable spirit of emulation, and will, doubtless, pave the way, and open the portals of learning and science to many a genius who had else been doomed to obscurity. Among parents, it excites a lively interest in the destiny of their children. Its moral effects are visible to the ordinary observer.

PORTSMOUTH, November 28, 1848.

SIR, — The accompanying tabular statement of the condition, etc., of the public schools of Portsmouth, from Oct. 1st, 1847, to Oct. 1st, 1848, will make a sufficient exhibit, without any detailed statements here. As that statement, properly understood, will exhibit, so I take occasion to say here, the system is decidedly successful. Our highest expectations have been more than realized. We trust the schools are now firmly established, and will continue to meet the wants of the community.

I am yours respectfully,

To J. BROWN, JR., Esq., 2d Auditor, etc.

T. HUME,
Chairman Board Sch. Comm'rs.

Some of the counties have been so long reaping the golden fruits of the system that it has become a part of their personality; in the reports from them we find no

enthusiastic rejoicings, but simply the *facts*, showing the regular and perfect workings of the machine there. Such counties are Washington and Southampton, which have adopted the district system since 1829.

Now, along with these cheering readings I would like to cite some of the reports of other counties — nevertheless, for the pain they must inflict on every lover of his State. Who can read their dismal accounts in the Second Auditor's annual statement, or their significant "No remarks," without at once feeling that this system is the one thing needful with us? And that its absence is the only thing that is weighing us down beneath the level of other States? Like men with nightmare we are striving to rise or go on, or avoid some indefinite evil; if some hand do not awake us, we die.

III. OBJECTIONS TO THE SUPERIORITY OF THE DISTRICT SYSTEM

But just here I hear the hideous screamings of a hundred olden hoot-owls (it is to be hoped, no more), which gloat on Night, Night, dark Night. They love not the light, especially, if it brings to view the promotive of their objections.

These are of two kinds, Sumptuary and Moral; for although the objections sneak about us under a Protean state of being, yet we will not be far wrong in regarding these as the grand types, at least, of them all.

Objector No. 1 comes forth with his purse hermetically sealed: —

What! will you dare rob me of my property for this doubtful enterprise? Will you double my taxes and make me pay for John Snooks' snub-noses to go and fight away their time at school? I have no children, and yet I'm to

pay just the same as if I *had;* and if I had any, do you think I'd send them to that miserable hive, where all the lowest grog-swigs send theirs! It's shameful to think of such robbery; no Cromwell could attempt such an usurpation!

Come, now, my pinched proprietor! let us reason together, if you know what that means. When did you get that estate of yours? — how? — whence? — and how long do you expect to hold it in fee simple? That which you call your own is *not*, for you cannot hold it more than somewhere about three-score and ten years, at farthest. It did not belong to your father, else how is it yours; nor will it be otherwise with you and your children. Think you that the riches of your farm were created by God for any individual or individual generation! No. Men are at best but overseers, "clothed with a little brief authority."

This great principle of natural law may be illustrated by a reference to some of the unstable elements, in regard to which each individual's right of *property* is strongly qualified in relation to his contemporaries, even while he has acknowledged the right of *possession*. Take the streams of water, or the wind, for an example. A stream, as it descends from its sources to its mouth, is successively the property of all those through whose land it passes. My neighbour, who lives above me, owned it yesterday, while it was passing through his lands; I own it to-day, while it is descending through mine; and the contiguous proprietor below will own it to-morrow, while it is flowing through his, as it passes onward to the next. But the rights of these successive owners are not absolute and unqualified. They are limited by the rights of those who are entitled to the subsequent possession and use. While a stream is passing through my lands I may not corrupt it,

so that it shall be offensive or valueless to the adjoining proprietor below. I may not stop it in its downward course, nor divert it into another direction, so that it shall leave his channel dry. I may lawfully use it for various purposes, — for agriculture, as in irrigating lands or watering cattle; for manufactures, as in turning wheels, etc.; but in all my uses of it I must pay regard to the rights of my neighbours lower down. So no two proprietors, nor any half-dozen proprietors, by conspiring together, can deprive an owner, who lives below them all, of the ultimate right which he has to the use of the stream in its descending course. We see here, therefore, that a man has certain qualified rights — rights of which he cannot lawfully be divested without his own consent — in a stream of water, before it reaches the limits of his own estate; at which latter point he may, somewhat more emphatically, call it his own. And in this sense a man who lives at the outlet of a river, on the margin of the ocean, has certain incipient rights in those fountain-sources that well up from the earth at the distance of thousands of miles.[1]

The question then is, how to improve and use that possession whereof man is temporary tenant, at most, for the best interest of those who come after him. But you have "no children!" Yet there will be some one who will be your assign, whether you will or not. Your duty then is, that *whoever it is that fills your place* when you lie mouldering six feet in the ground, shall receive also his proportion of your present means in the best form. If you have not this as an object, you'd far better sink your gold in the nearest tarn.

How then can a State — for that individual represents a State — best transmit its wealth to future generations,

[1] Horace Mann.

to whose charge for all time are committed its lands and its resources of wealth? This is the most momentous of questions, but, for all that, is easily answered. *It should be left in that form which will tend to multiply its possessions.* This is the object of all Political Economy; there can be no greater.

What form can be better, then, for making over to our children that which we hold in trust for them than education? "Let the purse be emptied into the head, and there need be no fear of bankruptcy," said Ben. Franklin, who although he reached the topmost point by means of his own power, knew all the better how hard a path that was, and how few there would be who would travel it like him. The man builds houses and barns and ploughs the soil for those who shall follow him; the State is now piercing our mountains and valleys with internal improvements, but it is also for those who come after her present inhabitants, and who also will, in their time, do for their descendants what seemeth most prosperous. But may not one, and the best, way of improving this property for them be to convert it into education. Depend on it, no suits will ever be able to take away *that* reversion; and it will be confirmed on your heirs and assigns *forever*, for no educated man is so blind to his relations or interests as not to educate his children.

"But I have no children, and wherefore should I be taxed for the education of others," etc. —that's the way of the objector's twaddle. Now the thing is all as long as broad: You have a farm here that consists of 800 acres, say, which is appreciated by you at about $20 per acre. Your county adopts Free Schools, and your tax on that land is increased ten per cent, making somewhere about $16 more for your pay on it per annum. Now as true as

you own it, the establishment of Free Schools in your vicinage will increase that land in value in course of time to $50. Of course, this is conjecture as to definiteness, but not as to principle. During the struggle for Free Schools in New Haven, Connecticut, "there was a wealthy man there," says Mr. Mandeville, "to whom the friends of the measure applied, and he heartily coöperated with them. He was seen on this and that corner of the street, talking earnestly to a group of the people, and he made this reply to those who objected to the right of compelling the rich to contribute to the education of the poor: "My property at Worcester, Massachusetts, has increased in value fifteen per cent by the Free School system; that is the way I was ruined there, and I wish to be ruined in the same manner here!" But even suppose that no such miraculous metamorphosis will take place in the intrinsic value of your 800 acres of land. You now pay largely for an overseer of your domains not less cost than a dollar to every acre! Now you will be able to give over this, in so far as guarding your premises from encroachment is concerned. Mr. May tells us the following anecdote of General Harrison, late President of the United States. His gardener requested him to purchase a watch-dog, to keep the boys from stealing all his fruit. The old hero answered with wisdom: "Get a schoolmaster and you will save the boys and the grapes, too!" The tax for supporting prisoners in your county jail will also fall short. So it is your interest, although childless, to pay these taxes.

But objector No. 2 here puts in, "I tell you I look on this education of your wishing as dubious! I doubt if it's going to keep our penitentiary empty; it did n't keep Dr. Webster from swinging, at any events. You'll have to say to religion, 'Get thee behind me!' for so sure as you

introduce a word of it in the schoolroom, you'll make it a conclave of hornets. And then, again, about health, I question if it would n't be all the better if there were less education; the savage is far stronger than we. And then, furthermore, I have some cavil with the association of sexes," etc., etc.

Now, my friend (for I have far more patience with you than with our first objector), just let us consider your objections. Have you ever duly investigated the relation of crime to popular education? Read this which we copy from the file of the New York "Tribune" of some forgotten date ultimo.

To the Editor of the "Tribune,"—It has been frequently alleged of late, on the part of opponents of Universal Education through schools free to all, that the progress of Crime in our own and other lands has kept pace with the advancement and diffusion of Knowledge, and that the records of our prisons and penitentiaries, if carefully examined, would show that a large proportion of their inmates were from the educated classes. I have recently investigated the Official Returns made to the Secretary of State by the Sheriffs of the several Counties of the convictions had in the several Courts of Record throughout the State, and in the Courts of Special Sessions in the respective cities, from the years 1840 to 1848, both inclusive, comprising a period of nine years, and find the following result:—

The whole number of persons returned as having been convicted of crimes in the several counties and cities of the State, during the period referred to, was 27,949; of these 1182 were returned as having received a "common education," 414 as having "a tolerably good education," and 128 only as "well educated." Of the remaining 26,225, about half were able merely to read and write. The residue were destitute of any education whatever.

Assuming, therefore, the standard of the returning officer, as to what constitutes a good education, to be correct,

only 128 out of nearly 28,000 of the inmates of our prisons and penitentiaries are from the educated classes; and only about one in sixteen had received an ordinary common school education. Facts like these are worth more than a thousand vague declamations as to the efficiency of Education, with reference to the progress of Crime.

Yours respectfully, S. S. RANDALL.

ALBANY, June 21, 1850.

We have before us an interesting volume just issued. It is "The Fourth Report of the Board of Education of the State of Maine, 1850. Augusta: William T. Johnson." The able and eloquent truths it contains are from the pen of the Hon. E. M. Thurston (present Secretary of the Board in that State). He also has something for our second objector, and much better charged than we could have done.

CRIMINALS AND CRIMINAL PROSECUTIONS

Another half-needless draught upon the revenue of the State is the expense of taking care of criminals. About $15,000 annually are paid from the State treasury for criminal prosecutions, and probably about as much more is expended by the counties for the same purpose. Our criminals must be taken care of after conviction. Jails and prisons must be built, and officers must be appointed to take charge of them. Since Maine became a separate State, $221,502.87 have been drawn from the public treasury on account of the State prison, making an annual outlay of more than $7000 over and above the profits accruing from the labour of the convicts.

A large majority of all the convicts, who have been caged in jails and prisons, might have been saved from degradation and crime, might have been made industrious and respectable citizens, if during childhood and youth their physical and mental powers had been rightly developed and their moral nature properly cultivated. This point has been so frequently argued, so clearly demon-

strated, and so generally admitted by the community, that we shall not stop to discuss it. The question commends itself to every man's common sense, whether upon the whole it is the cheapest and best policy to make criminals and support them at the public charge, or to control the primordial causes and make them honest and useful members of society.

Courts of justice constitute our principal State machinery for the suppression of crime. We select our ablest and wisest men for judges. We add jurors, witnesses, and executive officers. The people, through the legislature, define the crime and announce the penalty, confer on the courts the dread power over property, personal liberty, and even life itself. This machinery is worked at vast expense. The object is to hunt down the transgressor and protect society from his ravages. Of all this mighty array of power, of wisdom and expense, not a tithe is aimed at the removal of the cause. It only attempts to alleviate the effects. When the incendiary applies the torch to the building, the whole community are on the alert to detect and punish the criminal. All recognize the burning brand as the antecedent, and conflagration as the consequent, but neither judge nor jury take any cognizance of the relation between the early education of the incendiary and the state of mind that impelled him to the fatal deed. During all the formative process of the child the court must stand by and look on. Though the elements of perjury, of theft, of robbery, of murder, are daily insinuated into the very fibres of that child, the court has no preventive injunction to issue. It must lie in ambush till the theft is committed, till the innocent are slain, till the assassin has perpetrated his deed of violence. And even then the court has no power to recompense the injured, to restore life to the murderer's victim; its only emollients for assuaging the anguish of these social wounds are fines, imprisonment, and death.

Doesn't that *cut* deep, — deep into the consciences of two thirds of the code-makers of this green earth! Is it not enough to turn the heart that thinks of it sick! *Is it not truer of our Virginia than of any other State?*

But you say a scientific education did not keep Professor Webster from committing an atrocious murder and suffering the penalty therefor. Very well! neither did being one of Christ's disciples hinder Judas from being a vile traitor; now shall I, for that, renounce the Christian persuasion? It has been well said that the fact of Dr. Webster's learning and place is what has excited the marvel of the world, whereas if it had been done by an illiterate backwoodsman it would not have been unusual: this proves that men everywhere recognize high education as the preventive of crime. The statistics of the relation of crime to ignorance in the Old World will not, we trust, be forgotten.

Now for the second count in the answer: Religion must be ignored. Now this is the theme most harped upon, and very dishonestly, by the opponents of this system. Education goes on the ground that any *peculiar religious tenets* shall be taught *at home*, and that general doctrines of virtue and morality shall be the limit of the school. Well, now, this is *right*. Where is the parent who would surrender the *privilege* of teaching his children, on those momentous questions, himself? How do you expect the child to study the precepts of the Bible, if he be not taught to read? What set of school-books on earth are there which are not replete with reading of a religious character?

As to the third objection, about the comparative health of the savage and the civilized man, it sounds like Rip Van Winkle's declaring himself a good loyal subject of his Majesty to the indignation of the new-made republican voters. There is no prospect of a society's returning to the savage condition: so the question is, what does our civilized community need? We have before spoken of this: man will find out soon that Minerva and Hygeia are *one!*

The last objection is frequently urged, but is specious. With one voice the reports of the system establish the belief that there need be no apprehension from the promiscuous association of boys and girls. The only way, indeed, to preserve a precinct sufficiently sacred for Woman is in the highest enlightenment. When men look back at the primitive ages, and on through the Feudal, the Inquisitorial, the Revolutionary, how is it that each and all exclaim: "What has civilization done for Woman!" It has changed her from brutish degradation to a holy degree in the regard of the upright.

There are, as we have said, very many other cavils at the system, which are usually modifications of these which we have glanced at but slightly. Objections and objectors are rarer now, however, than they 've ever been. Henry IV once enacted a sumptuary law prohibiting the wearing of jewelry. His penalties availed not to make damsels and exquisites give up their rings and breastpins. He wittily made another decree, *exempting* from the *first* all prostitutes and pickpockets. Next day jewelry was found only in the brokers' shops. Society has passed some generally understood laws, somewhat analogous to this, concerning objectors to Education.

IV. A WORD TO THE GENTLEMEN OF THE CONVENTION

This State of Virginia is, in some regards, the most wonderful 61,000 square miles that have ever been noted out on earth. Our sky is such as only floats over Italy or gleams on the preserved canvas of Camoens; our scenery along the lowlands of the east vieing with the Florentine fields and English parks in their beauty, and overreaching any other in their lovely streams, is only the more delightful beside the sublime mountain view, such as never

was mirrored in the bosom of the Rhine to the eye of H. Zschokke, or the dream of Madame Radcliffe. Honest old John Rolf, the husband of our colonial angel Pocahontas, wrote thus to his "King's most sacred ma'tie," in 1616:—

Virginia is the same as it was, I meane for the goodnes of the seate, and the fertileness of the land, and will no doubt so contynue to the world's end, — a countrey as worthy good report, as can be declared by the pen of the best writer. A country spacious and wide, capable of many hundred thousands of inhabitants. For the soil most fertile to plant in, for ayre fresh and temperate, somewhat hotter in summer, and not altogether so cold in winter as in England, yet so agreeable it is to our constitutions, that now 'tis more rare to heare of a man's death then in England amongst so many people as are there resident. For water, most wholesome and verie plentifull, and for fayre navigable rivers and good harbours, no country in christendom, in so small a circuite, is so well stored. [But here the big-hearted man has to lament that there is no exalted public spirit, that the colonists seem "employed onely in planting and curing tobacco," etc., etc., etc.; but ends in a hopeful strain:] God's hand hath been mightie in the preservacoun thereof hitherto; what neede we then to feare, but to goe up at once as a peculiar people, marked and chosen by the finger of God, to possess it, for undoubtedly he is with us.[1]

What Rolf said of its physical endowments then is no less true now; indeed, every observer will confirm his statement that it is so *now*, and his prophecy that it will "no doubt so continue to the world's end."

There is no segment of country on earth that *has* such resources. With a valley teeming with singular riches

[1] The old paper, whence these brief extracts, is a faithful transcript of the Royal MS. in the British Museum, titled "John Rolf's Relation of the State of Virginia, 17th Century." It has intrinsic marks which show it to have been written May, 1616, about the time Sir Thomas Dale left the colony.

dividing it; with a piedmont country not only amply compensating the plough but hiding in its bowels a vein of gold bright enough to lure a California Yankee, and not only widening from the Rapidan to the Ridge, but coextensive with the State and piercing our neighbours![1] What a country for produce! for as far as all this wealth, navigable streams stretch out from the coast as so many fingers of a hand, seeking to carry our home-product to the greatest and best markets of the world. How long shall they stretch out those fingers in vain? Oh, how much of good with us is *not* good from inactivity!

To instance now: In the range of counties, Botetourt, Rockbridge, etc., there is a vein of iron as susceptible of cultivation and of affording large revenue as *any* other. Virginia is now building some 700 miles of railroading; the iron on those roads then, at the cost, say, of $40 per ton, will be a draft of $3,000,000 on the state funds. Now, of course, all these 20,000 tons of iron are to be imported, whilst we have them here *in our midst*, "locked up," in the words of the Christiansburg Convention's address, "in natural barriers and excluded from all participation in those markets, where under different circumstances they might defy competition." Here, then, is a resource of wealth at waste.

"*Who, then, shall show us any good?*" that is the cry of the State.

"*Reform — Reform in everything!*" "See how we grovel."

Why, if the mighty works that Nature hath wrought for us had been done in the formation of any commercial

[1] At the late Assembly of the American Scientific Convention at New Haven, Professor Rogers read a paper on the gold formation of Virginia, wherein it was traced in one direction far into North Carolina, and in the other so far as York, Pennsylvania.

Tyre and Sidon on earth, they would have grown long ago into wealth and power; "whilst we sit here deliberating in cold debate" concerning our future place, whether it shall be a worthy and a stately one, or other. Nearly all of us feel it now subordinate. The mechanic of Virginia finds that for some reason or other the Yankee or the German comes hither with the prejudice of being a stranger, and nevertheless outstrips him. The farmer here finds the same with him; feeling continually his own inferiority in labour-saving invention. All of our productive labourers feel it with heaviness and great emotion, and the result of this pervading public spirit is that you, Gentlemen of the Convention, are gathered together at the metropolis of Virginia this fall, A. D. 1850. The people have faith that you alone can "show us any good"; and they are anxiously and eagerly awaiting you.

The people have elected non-conservatives to the framing of their Constitution. The chief reforms will be a sudden and a large extension of the right of suffrage, and an equally sudden and large increase of elective power with the people. Here, then, is a singular growth of popular responsibility. *Are you willing, as conscientious, reflecting statesmen, to award this to the State, without effort, to undermine that fearful proportion of us who cannot read nor write?*

Look for a moment at some consideration of our present system. 1. Our present Code is not only extremely *defective* in this, as well as many other respects, but is also *oppressive*. There is no State in the Union where the Literary Fund is more wrongfully distributed than ours. But just look at its provisions for those counties which wish to adopt Free Schools. With all deference to the wise men who framed this Code do we call it defective and oppres-

sive; they probably did the best under their instructions. We will copy the sections for which we have space of brief comment.

OF FREE SCHOOLS

How adopted; Commissioners elected; their Duties.

§ 1. The council of any city or town, having a corporation court, may adopt the free school system provided for in this chapter, and thereupon lay off the city or town into districts, and may afterwards revise or alter such districts. It shall, upon such adoption, and annually afterwards, elect for every such district a commissioner, who shall continue in office until his successor is appointed; and it may fill any vacancy happening in the said office.

§ 2. On the petition of one fourth of such of the white male citizens aged 21 years, resident in any county without the limits of any such city or town, as may be entitled to vote in the election of a delegate from such county, or shall have been assessed with a part of the county levy within the preceding year, and actually paid the same, the court of the said county shall order a vote to be taken *for* or *against* the said free school system, on some certain day (other than a general election day) within six months, at all the places within such county at which polls are required to be opened for such delegate. A copy of such order shall immediately be posted by the clerk at the front door of the court-house; and every such resident, so entitled to vote for delegate or so assessed, may vote at any poll opened under the said order.

§ 3. The poll shall be taken, superintended, conducted, certified, and returned to the court of the county by the officers, in the manner, under the regulations, and subject to the penalties prescribed in the seventh and forty-seventh chapters, *as far as the same may be applicable.*

§ 4. If two thirds of the votes be in favor of adopting the free school system, the said court shall have the fact entered on the minutes of their proceedings, and order a copy of such entry to be delivered to the existing board of school commissioners of such county.

§ 12. Any white child, between the ages of six and twenty-one, resident in a district, may attend and be instructed at the school thereof.[1]

Now it needs but a thoughtful perusal of these to see that their action in such a State as ours must be evil. We find that any town council may adopt the Free School system by a majority of those present (and it is well known that there is usually a bare quorum regularly attendant at most councils), for a community that needs the most careful legislation; whilst a county is almost totally precluded the adoption of the system. First, the matter has to be discussed before the people; and after that is done, a petition of a quarter of its voters (here's room for a deal more wrangling!) *allows* a vote to be taken, and after all that it's love's labour lost, if there are not two thirds in favor of the bill, — and a great deal of that labour, too!

Now it is obvious that this tends to unequal pressure. Your town taxes will feel it, and your town poorhouses will feel it; for the reason that towns will be able to adopt the schools, and counties not; and those who can't afford to educate their children in their county will pack up and betake them to town, and there live in misery in order to send their children to school. This is the way the system has worked.

But section 12 is the most curious item of the Code of Virginia. It is curious as condensing, in the smallest space, all the villany of our possible Free School system. It *should* read thus: —

§ 12. *Any white child, or adult of any age, the Commissioner may on proper examination see fit to admit,*

[1] Code of Virginia, Title 23, Part III, chapter lxxxii.

resident in a district, SHALL *attend and be instructed at the school thereof.*

I suppose this Code meant to wait till all those of advanced age around us, who are ignorant, should die off, and we should have a new layer. It takes care, too, to skip over the very age when schools can be most potent; and takes care, too, to subject itself to any whim of the ignorant, by making education of our youth optional with parents.

2. It must be manifest to the right-minded economist, that a precisely analogous evil to that sought out in the comparative *method* of adopting District Schools in the counties and boroughs is also attendant, in the natural order of things, on the *conditions* of Free Schools in the State. There must be an unnatural determination of paupers and of high prices to those counties which adopt the system; which produces an abnormal state of society there. This is the invariable experience of this State. An argument has been brought against the schools from this fact, people not seeing that the evil belongs no more to *them* as an effect, than night to day. It is the result of the extreme disguise of a good system, until it is no longer itself.

Members of the Convention, *it is your duty to overrule this Code in its provisions, and to plant the system in the Constitution.* If you will examine you will find that *not one* State has succeeded in establishing and maintaining common schools or any available plan of education, except those who have put it in their Constitutions—*not one!* It has been a system of Sisyphean stone-rolling with them as with us, only they 've come nearer the mountain-top.

You need not fear the misrepresenting of the people in this matter. There is a strong feeling availing with them

for the reform. The excitement last winter at Fredericksburg originated, to my personal knowledge, in some half-dozen illiterate mechanics. I attended the meetings on that subject in that town, and there can be no issue as to whether the people *there* desired Free Schools! We have a decided leaning to the doctrine of *vox populi vox dei;* and we have shown this to be the voice of God that all should be instructed, and that this is the sole way to the persistence of his mandate and will.

There is no room for conservatism here. Conservatism is a mean, at least a suspicious thing; a coverlet under which Ignorance and Hypocrisy may always be found at times, associated perhaps with some good. Truth and Error are the two attributes of earthly motive and object; if Truth becomes conservative of Error, it partakes of its nature. Good and Evil are separate, like oil and water, for although when they are in the same vessel, if potash is there they will unite, they will no longer be the same in purity or impurity that they were before. *Right cannot be compromised and remain so.* The miserable place that we now occupy is a conservative one. No! You are not so in giving the people power, and if you are settled in the allowance of its qualification, knowledge, it is most perilous.

Gentlemen, many of you glory in being disciples of our most far-seeing statesman, *Jefferson*, and warm advocates of his principles.

Hear what our own great *Jefferson* said. "I prepared," says he, "three bills for the revisal, proposing three distinct grades of education, reaching all classes: 1st, Elementary schools for all children, generally, rich and poor; 2d, Colleges for a middle degree of instruction, calculated for the common purposes of life; and 3d, An ultimate grade for

teaching the sciences generally, and in their highest degree." "One provision for the elementary school bill was that the expenses of these schools should be borne by the inhabitants of the county, *in proportion to their general tax-rates.*" "I considered four of these bills (of which the school bill was one) as forming a system," whereby a foundation would be "laid for a *government truly republican.*" The people, "by the bill for the general education, would be qualified to *understand* their rights, to *maintain* them, and to *exercise with intelligence* their parts in self-government; and all this would be effected without the *violation of a single natural right of any one individual citizen.*"

"Education," said the "Edinburgh Review," indorsing these sentiments soon after the passage of the Reform Bill had greatly multiplied the voters of England and popularized the government, — "Education, as the essential condition of the social and intellectual well-being of the people, cannot fail of commanding the immediate attention of the legislature. Otherwise, indeed, the recent boon to the lower orders, of political power, would be a worthless, perhaps a dangerous gift. Intelligence is the condition of freedom." [1]

We have opportunity here in Virginia to carry on the most perfect system of common schools on earth. We have a chance for dispersing information over the State like the wind; indeed, the figure is more precise than is apparent at first sight, when we consider the relations our University at Charlottesville might be made to bear to the

[1] In this connection we refer the reader to the dignified views of Lord Bacon (*Advancement of Learning*). And also those of Mr. Macaulay on the effects of the Church-power, before the Reformation, and its superiority to the brute force which preceded it.

State Districts. A regular trade-wind could be set in motion that would dissipate a vast deal of narcotic miasma from our midst. If instead of incurring debts in the digging of canals, the building of monuments, the maintenance of militia, and the dressing up of cadets, with tomfoolery of various other sorts, the State would enter earnestly into the work of preparing men to give intelligent votes and verdicts, we would see this State blossoming as no rose ever blossomed.

Gentlemen of the Convention, you see how we are here as Tantalus with an El Dorado at our finger-tips, but no better for us there than if it were in the regions of the Moon. It is for *you* to speak the Sesame that shall unfold to us this untold wealth; you can now speak it!

You will all live to rue the day that you enacted such a radical Constitution, unless you shall plant in it likewise the germ of its safety and its beneficence. It is the painful result of its absence that has called you, men of distinguished ability, to help us in this third effort of ours to rise up above the Pelion on Ossa which have hitherto weighed us down.

> Nought less than this sad war,
> Could bring so great a number of renowned
> Heroes within the limits of a camp![1]

Let, then, the cause of education, virtue, and thrift rise victorious! We are better prepared for this reform than for any that has been proposed. Yet but one of your number has come forth its champion. I have seen but one note on the subject amongst the hundreds of addresses that the canvass called forth; it was in a small German card published in Richmond by Mr. A. J. Crane. For the sake of that alone I would he were in the

[1] Schiller.

Convention. Let but a thoughtful spirit pervade you on this subject, and I fear not!

A Greek poet once inscribed on a perfect statue of Niobe, whom Apollo turned into stone as she grieved for the destruction of her offspring: "The Gods turned me from life to stone, but Praxiteles hath brought me from stone to life!" Now *Neglect*, with her Medusa visage, has changed the Mother of the Gracchi, as we delight to term our State, into stone. The body is lovely, strong; but a feeble life beats through it, and a feebler mind guides it. John Rolf's words are as true of us now as if he were a prophet of to-day. We look to your body as to the Praxiteles beneath whose chisel we shall revive again to life and glory and beauty as did the daughter of Tantalus.

But this is the most critical as well as hopeful period of Virginia's history. Gentlemen, you are committing an uncertain "bark to a rough sea" when you launch us forth with our new Constitution. The winds seem strong and fair for the voyage, the ship seems pleasant and taut of rigging. Have we a true chart, a watchful pilot, intelligent and strong mariners?

Think you this new-made ship of state will have no Scylla and Charybdis to pass, no Maelstrom to avoid? Believe me, these things, as you know, *must* come. And oh, when the winds and the waves beat about it, let Popular Education be there to rise up, as another Divine Spirit did, and calm the threatening elements with the words, "*Peace, be still!*"

APPENDIX

We give with gratification the subjoined letter from the distinguished and talented editor of the only literary

periodical of the State, and of the best in this country. We addressed a letter to Mr. Thompson in ignorance of his opinions on that subject, and simply as one who from his position might be expected to know the wants of the State.

RICHMOND, September 26, 1850.

MY DEAR SIR,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your recent letter, in which you do me the honour to ask my views on the subject of Common-School Education in Virginia, so expressed that they may be appended to a pamphlet which you propose to publish. I am not vain enough to think that anything I can say will add weight to the matured reflections and deliberate opinions which you will submit to the public, or in any degree promote the cause of our State Education,—an object so dear to my heart that I might otherwise be tempted to trouble you with a more extended letter than would be desirable. However, I have no hesitation in giving you my views for what they are worth, and I shall do so in as few words as possible.

It cannot be denied, I think, that the present *primary school* system is radically defective. Considered as a plan of State Education, it is both inadequate and inefficient; not offering its advantages to anything like the number of children to be educated, and failing to secure the attendance of those within its reach.[1] The reports of the Second Auditor, on the condition of the Literary Fund, are filled annually with the bitter complaints of the Commissioners throughout the State, as to the melancholy working of the existing system. Many children are sent off from the schools before they have acquired even the simplest rudiments of knowledge, because the meagre pittance of the State bounty has been exhausted. Many others are kept at home by their parents, who disdain to accept for them educational relief upon terms which will compromise the name of the family, and stamp them as

[1] Does it not, friend T., invite those who have no pride nor principle to squander away their money, leaving the suffering to the county funds, and their children to be taunted as "indigents."

paupers. Statistics could be brought forward in frightful array to sustain the charges I have made against the primary school system; but this is not the place for them, nor is it at all necessary that they should be adduced. If, in regarding the gloomy condition of affairs, we cannot altogether subdue the regretful wish that our law-makers of a few years ago had devised a better plan, we can yet call loudly upon those who now serve us to open their eyes to the vital importance of the question.

In what way, you may ask, can the evil be remedied? I answer, that the Free School system, which has served so excellent a purpose in the counties of Northampton, Norfolk, King George, Jefferson, Kanawha, Ohio, and Henry, and in the town of Portsmouth, is the only means that seems to me adequate to the desired end. I cannot here enter upon the discussion of the questions that underlie the Free School system; but I will say of the most important of them — the principle involved in a plan of taxation for educational purposes — that it is too clearly founded in reason to need any lengthened argument in its support. You have probably anticipated and satisfactorily refuted the objections to this principle, in your pamphlet.

In conclusion, permit me to say that I hail the increasing attention paid to this subject by the young men of the State as a happy augury of better days in store for us. I trust that you may have the satisfaction to know that your own efforts in the cause have not been without their good results, and that we may both live to see the day when Virginia — to borrow the conceit of a lamented Southern statesman,[1] — shall place a schoolhouse by every fountain, and cause the one to be as free as the other.

With great respect, truly and faithfully yours,

JNO. R. THOMPSON.

MONCURE D. CONWAY, Esq.

We cannot forbear publishing an extract from the head of the Law School at the University, who has "done the State much service" by his untiring efforts. The letter

[1] Sargent S. Prentiss.

was in no wise designed for any eye but our own; but we trust we shall be pardoned for its publication. We earnestly commend it to the friends of the system in this State.

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA, September 23, 1850.

. . . I am persuaded that the cause of popular education has suffered much amongst us for want of permanent materials of information. Successive thinkers and investigators have left no accessible memorials or charts whereby the researches of others might be stimulated or directed. Each inquirer has stood alone, rearing for himself an independent scheme, sustained by his own unguided and unaided reflections. I rejoice that this is to be so no longer. I trust that every point will be fortified as it is gained; that the scattered rags will be gathered, and a depository formed whence continual emanations of light will show us when and where to strike, thus making our progress sure, even though it be slow.

I have unhesitating confidence that we shall ultimately succeed. Though no professed democrat, I trust firmly in the good sense and good dispositions of my countrymen; and as the claims of Free Schools can bear to be discussed and understood, they cannot fail to enlist, sooner or later, the intelligent support of the people, even of those who at first view are opposed to them. The instruction of all classes of the community in the elements of knowledge is a sacred debt of which every sort of government is bound to acquit itself, but of free, popular goverment it is one of the necessary conditions. Free Schools are not only called for by the general good, but also by the private advantage of a very large majority of every class in the community; and this can be made, and will become apparent as soon as we all are familiarized with the facts of this subject. It must be remembered that, until within a very few years past, this subject was never talked of amongst us. The workings and usefulness of Free Schools were unknown, The progress within ten years past in knowledge and in interest has been surprising. We Virginians are a cautious people; not prone to novelties when first presented, and much averse to laying aside old usages. It is

not wonderful, therefore, that we should reluctantly and slowly admit such a revolution in our system of general elementary education as Free Schools involve. I wish I could see some organization devised which would enable us systematically to complete the work now happily begun, of disposing our fellow citizens to countenance improvements which have elsewhere been tried with success.

I earnestly hope that our labour will not be remitted in this cause so dear to the greatest of the venerable patriots who have gone before us; and that we shall not suffer ourselves to be disheartened by temporary indifference or opposition.

I am, with much respect, your ob't serv't,

JOHN B. MINOR.

NOTE. — Since the foregoing was written the Convention has adjourned until the 1st Monday of January, 1851. A Committee on Education has been appointed; and, on motion of Mr. Ferguson, they have been instructed to inquire into the expediency of establishing Free Schools in Virginia. "I thank God there are no free schools nor printing, and I hope we shall not have these hundred years!" So spake old Governor Berkeley in 1671. Well, his hundred years have elapsed, and we have printing; now for the Free Schools! When will the members of that Committee (the most important of all) have such a chance of immortalizing themselves and benefiting their State?

We have also the gratification of announcing the fulfilment of our prediction concerning New York; that State having sustained by a majority of about 25,000 the Free School system, committed to the ballot by Act of Assembly (April, 1850).

THE GOLDEN HOUR

BY

MONCURE D. CONWAY
AUTHOR OF "THE REJECTED STONE"

Impera parendo

BOSTON
TICKNOR AND FIELDS
1862

ONCE upon a time an innkeeper, awakened at midnight by caterwaulings in the hall below, was filled with wrath, and, leaping from his bed, seized a poker, and rushed downstairs to demolish the cats. But he did not wait to light a lamp for the expedition. The unexpected results were, that in striking at the cats he broke the hall-clock and the hall-lamp; then falling, he broke his right arm, broke two teeth out, and sprained an ankle.

In fine, he hit and hurt nearly everything *except* the cats.

At such a cost the innkeeper learned that blindfold zeal can do but harm.

Twenty millions of men and women, whose hands ply daily sword or needle, compelled by a purpose too great for them to define; a million men, marching and eagerly awaiting the order to march toward the valley of death; manifold Abrahams, standing beside their sons, whom their faith has bound and laid on altars of sacrifice; — are not these signs of a vitality and zeal in any nation adequate for any emergency?

But where is the lamp for these? How many more blunders and bruises must we have ere we demand light upon this stairway, on which we can climb, down which we may fall? Thus far in this war nearly everything has been zealously struck, *except the real foe of this nation.*

The writer of these pages, having for a long time studied this wild disease at the South, which has made that section into its own image and likeness, — having been brought

by destiny face to face with this evil in the South, whose spots of contagion he has also marked on every institution of the North, — believes that this nation has but one foe, and that it will be pursued by that one everywhere and always until it is no more evaded, but met and destroyed, as it easily can be.

Convinced that the arch-traitor is not Davis, but Slavery, and that the age is worthy of an army of saviours, who shall, by its destruction, rescue, besides the Union, both slave and rebel, I send forth this work, trusting that it may help forward the day when the only war-cry of our nation shall be, — *Mercy to the South! Death to Slavery!*

THE GOLDEN HOUR

I

POINT OF PERSPECTIVE

THERE are in the United States, as we are facetiously termed, nearly thirty-four millions of human beings.

Of these, three hundred and forty-eight thousand, or about one ninety-eighth of our population, are owners of slaves.

This small proportion has, ever since this was a nation, preserved in our midst every old form which the nation meant to abandon; just as if we had never had a Mayflower or Bunker Hill, the old autocracies and aristocracies gathered about the rich board of the New World, the thirty-three millions and two thirds standing behind the chairs of the handful constituting the caste of Owners of Human Beings. For this ninety-eighth of their number the millions must pour out their hard earnings to buy new territory; for this, pour out their blood to rob Mexico of territory; for this, fear to call their souls their own.

It made no difference that these lived in so-called Free States. Did they go South, they must go crawling; or West, it must be to build the highways of America as convicts with Slavery's ball and chain tied to their feet; whilst at home they saw their sacred growths, Religion, Education, Literature, and Social Science, with a worm gnawing at every core.

At length this pitiful handful, having blighted a hun-

dred thousand square miles of the finest land in the world, having kept uncultivated thrice as much more, having locked up in impenetrable barriers the richest metals on the continent, having produced an average of a hundred thousand white adults in every Southern State who cannot read or write, having kept the whole country in discord and hot water for two generations, have finally plunged it into civil war.

Of the 348,000 owners of slaves in America, only 18,000, at the highest estimate, are loyal; and these, being generally in the Border States, where large plantations of slaves are not found, own an average of two and a half slaves apiece.

One fortnight's expenses of the present war would pay $500 for each slave held by any person at present pretending to be loyal.

A man once saw a fiery dragon descending the side of a distant mountain: starting back in terror, his eye reached a true point of perspective, and he perceived that the dragon was the minutest of spiders, which had swung itself down too close to his eye for right vision.

II

IN CHANCERY

If there were no question of the suppression of a vast rebellion involved in the present relations of the nation with Slavery, it would be a momentous question how this small slaveholding interest has gained such an ascendency in the government that it is not held as attainted even by treason. Are these slaveholders, in number about equal to the population of one of our third-rate cities, the royal family of a king that can do no wrong? It is a question of some

interest to thirty millions of men, who, fondly imagining themselves living under a democratic government, see their rulers suspending universal guaranties of Liberty rather than touch the right of eighteen thousand men to do wrong, — pulling down the very rafters of the house, rather than destroy the rats' nests.

Before this nation stand two classes of subjects. The one is a class of those who, having received every benefit at the hands of the nation, and no burden, have yet betrayed and wronged it, and inflicted every stab they could upon it. The other class is of those who have received at the hands of the nation nothing but degradation and wrong, who, having every reason to betray it, have yet never betrayed it or harmed it. And, lo, between these two the nation prefers to let its severest blow fall on the poor man it has wronged, even when he would befriend it, though it strengthen the arms which threaten its life and the lives of its bravest children!

Can any one account for the infatuation which seizes our public men whenever they catch a glimpse of an African, or anything that concerns an African? How often have we got hold of some man whom we thought a free-soiler, and sent him to Washington only to see him at the first step on its threshold turn out a soiler of freedom! Æsop tells of a cat which had been transformed into the form of a woman. On one occasion, sitting at a table with a company, none of which suspected that she was really a cat, a mouse made its appearance on the floor; whereupon, forgetting the human part she was playing, this feline female leaped forward, upset the table, and devoured the mouse before the astonished company. *Moral:* Instinct will tell, under whatever forms. Never be sure that your politician, however transformed he may seem, is a

genuine man, until you have seen a negro pass safely within reach of his official paw.

Get close enough to the interior life of an American politician, and you will be pretty sure to find that it stands in his religious faith, that the stripes in our flag have a Swedenborgian correspondence to stripes on a black man's back. It is to be feared that in this they represent the prejudice or the indifference of the people. Lately I saw two negroes thrust from a car in New York, on a night so stormy and bitter that it would have been cruel to expel a brute. A dog in the same car slept at the feet of his master undisturbed.

Thus is Slavery rotting the very heart of Manhood throughout this country.

We have learned nothing of Slavery, if we have not learned this truth, to wit, — *that Slavery has no will of its own.* There has been a delusion in this country, that Slavery is a free agent; and when, in Kansas, the ballot of Freedom was responded to by the torch and bowie-knife; when, in the whole nation, the ballot was replied to by a bomb into Fort Sumter, we began to awake to the perception that Slavery has no free choice. Slavery is more a slave than any man it fetters. It had no choice but to fire on Sumter. Chemistry does not more by fixed laws make a boulder, than by fixed laws Slavery hurls it at the head of Wendell Phillips. Slavery is in the coils of Fate and must, if it exists, obey its own dark laws.

The other day a man — and that is a rarer creature than is generally supposed — stood upon the soil of Virginia. Slavery said, "He is firm, truthful, intelligent, — the gamest man I ever saw," — then proceeded to hang him. Slavery would have hung him had it been Jesus Christ, because it must.

The common sense of the country has already come to the conclusion that Slavery is the cause of the war. But it must be seen that war is the legitimate appendage and weapon of Slavery; that Slavery is perpetual war; that *this* war is but the effort to extend Slavery's already existing martial law over the entire government. Only by military power has Slavery been retained in this country. In the cities of the North, when its claim to some fugitive was to be asserted, we have seen its martial array; but this was only the cropping out of the constant state of things in the South. Nightly patrols; the punishment of men from the North without process of law; the frequent suppression of the usual laws for reasons of state; the suppression of all discussion concerning Slavery;—these are possible only where martial law is habitual. The present war is only the extension and exasperation of what has been all along the method in the war of the strong race against the weak in the South.

It would seem, then, in the light of simple equity, that the *natural* method of suppressing Slavery's rebellion would be found in some way of dealing with Slavery itself. Nature has the penalties of violating her laws always in the direction of the transgression itself; a fall bruises, putting one's hand in fire is followed by a burn; and every habitual sin, as licentiousness or drunkenness, is followed by a train of diseases peculiarly its own, and growing out of its own organic character. There is no confusion of penalties; one is not burnt by falling, nor bruised by fire.

This way we have of seizing the sword on every occasion to punish or meet indiscriminately all attacks is barbarous. In the laws of this universe, where every sin has its own penalty, the retribution never fails of being effect-

ual. The child which has once put its hand to the fire never repeats the experiment. Nations and men must translate these great laws of Nature, and then their defences will never be of doubtful strength.

The rebellion of Slavery should at once have been followed by our only logical reply, — the abolition of Slavery.

Suppose that, in reply to that bomb which fell into Fort Sumter, our President had seized the pen, instead of the sword, and written such a proclamation as this: —

"Slavery, from being a domestic institution in certain States, with which the government had nothing to do, having become the common foe of all the States, with which the government has everything to do, it is hereby declared that all the slaves in this country are free, and they are hereby justified in whatever measures they may find necessary to maintain their freedom. Loyal masters are assured that they shall be properly compensated for losses resulting from this decree."

Every rebel owning a slave, or living within miles of one, would, as by the wand of an enchanter, have remained spellbound at his fireside, where he ought to be. There could have been no war.

III

IN COMMON LAW

During a residence of some years at Washington, I found that there was a clause in the Constitution used there, which I have vainly looked for in my copy: it ran as follows: —

"Art. —, Sec. –. Any legislation on the part of Congress liable to the charge of being morally right shall be

held as *prima facie* unconstitutional; this, however, shall not invalidate such legislation, if it can be proved that its moral character is simply a coincidence."

I have seen good Republicans grow red in the face with showing that they were maintaining freedom simply for strategy or expediency, and indignantly avowing that they were not actuated by any motives of humanity or rectitude.

So we must not dwell upon any such little point as the moral ulceration of a whole nation, so much as upon the prospective waving of the Stars and Stripes on the custom-house in Charleston.

But, even in the eye of the organic law, we maintain that the right to abolish Slavery is antecedent to the right of taking the sword. It is the duty of the President to "suppress insurrections"; but there is no intimation that the Executive shall, in suppressing insurrections, be confined to the method of bloodshed. If, indeed, bloodshed is the only method or the best method, he is sworn not to shrink from that; but if the end could be reached by anything more humane, it is his duty to remember that the sword is termed the *ultima ratio* — the *last* resort of states.

If in the present case there was a probability that the insurrection could be put down without bloodshed, say by slaveryshed, it were the legal duty of our President to try the slaveryshed first. When the alternative is the dreadful one of civil war, the method which dealt directly through Slavery the paralytic stroke would not demand, any more than a naval expedition, a certainty, but merely a probability, of success.

Amongst all the rights which have been claimed for Slavery, as guaranteed in the Constitution, there is one

which no man has ever been bold enough to try and make out; that is, *the right of existence*. Slavery has the right to the rendition of fugitives,—so long as it exists; the right of representation,—so long as it exists; but nowhere the right to exist. Our fathers did not expect it to continue in existence, and made no arrangement to secure it should that existence be threatened.

Its right to be let alone in the States where it exists is simply a negative right, held "during life or good behaviour"; and our fathers were not such knaves as to guarantee its life, nor such fools as to guarantee its good behaviour.

Leaving out of the account any demand of military necessity that every slave's chain should be struck off by a decree of emancipation, it is important to bear in mind that our President has no oath registered to protect Slavery. The counterpart of the right of Slavery to be let alone in the States where it confines itself is the forfeiture of any claim to protection from any influence in Nature or Civilization which may threaten its existence. If by lifting his finger the President could save Slavery from death, he would have no right to lift his little finger; it would be as unconstitutional to save it in any State, as it would be, under the usual and peaceful process of government, to destroy it in any State by an official act.

In the present conflict, Slavery has cast itself directly across the track where the President has sworn to engineer the government, and he has no right even to put down the brakes to save it from being cut in two. He has stretched his constitutional authority to the utmost in having sounded the whistle to warn it, as he did recently in his special message.

Let it be remembered that the right of the States to regulate their own domestic institutions is one growing

out of the nature of the government which our Constitution established. But the friends of Slavery have of late years been pressing this feature of our government so far as to break it,— carrying it so far that the national government was represented as something which *had* a use, but, having created various sovereign States, was now only fit to be thrown away, like a pod from which the peas have been gathered. To put the case beyond the reach of prejudice, let us imagine a case which cannot occur, but which is parallel: Cotton is a staple which any State has a right to produce. But suppose some year all the cotton planted should bear a fatally poisonous flower, which should be woven into garments deadly to the wearers. Suppose that it was determined that, owing to some new atmospheric conditions, the cotton-plant if grown must continue a fatal poison. Then if any State should persist in raising and selling that staple, the United States would be compelled to interfere to prevent it. No specific power would be necessary for such interference; for such a State would be an outlaw with which *any* nation (*a fortiori* that to which it owed allegiance) would have a right to interfere. Now, Slavery having always spread *malaria* throughout the nation, has this year actually borne a poisonous harvest, — which, uninterfered with, must prove fatal to republican government. Then the general government has a right to deal with it no longer as a domestic institution, but as a public foe. 'T is its duty, even in the Border States, where the crop comes on later, to arrest the institution before it has reached the fatal maturity of treason there also. Already we have heard Garrett Davis advise Kentucky to resist laws of the United States.

The question whether Slavery is a national or a State institution is this year a sheer impertinence. I have ob-

served that, when Slavery wants new territory or a fugitive negro, it is always a national institution; when it wants discussion throttled, or, in the pathetic words of Jeff., "to be let alone," it is always a State institution. According to the States-Rights interpretation, our fathers put it together in the hasty way in which the marvellous dog spoken of in the advertisements of Spalding's glue was put together. The dog, being cut in two, was instantly made whole by this wonderful preparation; but so hastily were the parts put together, that the hind-legs and fore-legs projected in opposite directions. So the dog went through the remainder of his life running on his fore-legs until he got tired, then turning a somersault and running on his hind-legs. Slavery, having gone, as its advantages suggested, now on national, now on State legs, has at length thrown itself across the nation's track, and, if the train comes in "on time," will be cut in two once more; and, though our Border-State friends are already offering in advance Spalding's genuine, dog-cheap, let us hope that *this* dog has had his day.

In all the States which have seceded, the gate of liberation has been opened by purblind oppression's own hand. If, as this government declares, Slavery is a State institution, it must, in the eyes of this government, fall when the State government falls. A number of "the weaker brethren" in Congress have raised a cry that this position concedes what the rebels claim, that a State can be wrested from the Union; and Mr. Montgomery Blair has given a blatant assent to that cry. I will not say that these men thus prove themselves unfit to legislate for a nation whose institutions they thus estimate; but if the following statements shall lead any mind to that inference, I shall not complain of being misunderstood.

Where is the court or power in any seceded State which this government can recognize? Suppose the Governor of any seceded State should claim from Governor Andrew of Massachusetts the return of a criminal to that State. Would the Governor, who is bound to return persons accused of crime to the *States* in which the crimes were committed, return a criminal to Governor Pickens?

Suppose even a loyal Carolinian to claim a negro within our lines at Port Royal, in what court is the case to be decided? There is no court, large or small, in that State, which could be recognized without surrendering the whole case of the United States. Even if the United States had a Commissioner there for the purpose, he cannot even try the case except the claimant bring a certificate of ownership from a loyal court in that State; but where will such a court be found?

This principle would be at once seen if it referred to white-faced minors and apprentices. If a few thousand of these should desert the South for our lines, and the parents and 'prentice-masters, loyal or rebel, should seek to have them returned, as "owing service" under the laws of their States, would our government treat such State codes as still in existence? Would this government return a few regiments of youths under age, who wished to fight for us, to their parents? Is it not anxious to draw away from rebel lines all of these it can?

It does not follow that the State, as a member of this government, has committed suicide, but only that all it has, by its own separate authority, established is laid in ruins. The blow aimed by States' Rights at the authority of the nation strikes to the heart of those very Rights, and those alone; for the crime places the State before the supreme government in the attitude of a criminal, *whose*

allegiance is still perfect, but whose rights are exactly what the supreme tribunal decides them to be.

No State can affect so much of its existence as is derived from, and dependent upon, acts of the general government. It can destroy its own courts, but not its United States District Court.

The United States is engaged in an unjustifiable war, if judged by any other theory than that the seceded States are in a state of anarchy; and anarchy is emancipation, because Slavery rests upon certain special (exclusively) State enactments, which being now withdrawn, it falls to the ground. If not, let some one show us why, of all peculiar and domestic institutions, — such as the laws punishing as criminals anti-slavery men, and also those who teach negroes to read or write, — slave-ownership alone has an ark in which to survive the deluge. If this war is a real thing with us, our government is engaged in establishing laws and their forms in places where all laws have been overthrown, with all the rights and wrongs held under them: universal law it may establish there, but not local law; and if Slavery exists any more in such localities, it will be by an act of this government, as purely arbitrary and infamous as if it imported so many slaves from Africa.

For the United States occupying Virginia to establish there the local laws and institutions which had existed in that State, any more than those of New York is *ultra vires*. The United States not only has no such authority, but in the present case to recognize the relation of master and slave in the South is simply to follow in the fearful furrows of civil war, and sow them with the winds whose harvests shall be whirlwinds such as we are to-day reaping.

To all the technical objections offered to this position,

— based on the idea of Centralization, the twin error with State sovereignty, — which hold that a State *cannot* violate its compact with the general government, the law replies with its maxim, *Via facti, via juris.*

But however important these views may be, the argument for Emancipation need not rest upon them: indeed, so systematically have the negroes been kept from the means of knowing their rights, that their liberty must rise upon them, clear and unmistakable, like a sunrise.

We need, then, an edict without reservation declaring that this government recognizes all men in this country as free. This edict may come from two sources: —

I. *Congress may declare Slavery abolished*

1. By the power (Art. I, § 8) to provide for the common defence and general welfare. 2. By the duty (Art. IV, § 4) assigned the government, to guarantee to every State in this Union a republican form of government. When Congress has the manliness to see, what it requires ingenuity not to see, that the common defence is weakened and the general welfare impaired by the existence of Slavery in this country, it is under oath to abolish that system, under the first of these clauses. When it has the common sense to see that Slavery and the rebellion are united as cause and effect, and recognizes the normal hostility of Slavery towards the ballot-box, — i. e. to the republican form of government it is pledged to maintain in every State, — it is sworn no longer to harbor it in the country.

It is not to the point to say that the majority of the States which adopted the Constitution held slaves. Law is, essentially, the higher nature of man enthroned over his lower. Criminals are every day punished by laws which

they pay to sustain, and acknowledge to be just and authentic. Many slaveholders voted for the principle that "all men are created equal." This question is to be considered apart from the practice of the States and individuals who made our Constitution, as much as apart from their religious persuasions.

The compromise which our fathers made with Slavery was not the one-sided affair which some new schools would have us believe. They gave protection to the system as long as it should last; but, on the other part, they gained the *power over it* which such protection implies. The abolition of Slavery by Congress requires no amendment of the Constitution, simply because there is no word in the compact securing that institution from the natural effect of legislation for the general welfare. Consequently, its extinction is committed to the growth of opinion, and may be reached at any moment when the judgment of Congress shall enact that henceforth the clauses relating to "persons held to service" shall be held as applicable only to minors and apprentices.

The fact that these clauses, when adopted, were meant to protect Slavery, along with the liability of minors and apprentices, is balanced by the fact that its specific mention was left out for the very purpose of rendering its tenure insecure.

But the strictest constructionist, or the most sensitive traditionalist, will admit at once that the Slavery-institution to which our fathers gave a quasi-protection in the Constitution is quite a different thing from the Slavery-institution which it is now proposed to abolish. Slavery establishing the ballot-box over its own head is a different thing from Slavery trampling on the ballot-box. Slavery helping to rear a republican government is a different

institution from that which comes with murderous weapon to strike it out of existence.

The truth is, it is a doomed institution. Our fathers pronounced sentence on it, giving it the benefit of clergy, whereof it has availed itself to the last stretch of grace. The day and deed of execution they assigned to their posterity. From us it may get a reprieve; but a pardon, never!

II. *The President of the United States, as Commander-in-Chief of our Army and Navy, may abolish Slavery under Martial Law.*

This is a purely military power, and consequently Congress cannot, *under the war power*, abolish Slavery. Congress, may, however, impeach the President, if, to the detriment of the Republic, he should refuse to do this.

The war power being legitimated by the Constitution, its edicts are constitutional law until repealed by due process of legislation, remaining in force after the exigency which evoked them is past. The slaves of rebels in the department lately under J. C. Frémont are legally, as under martial law he declared them, *free men;* and should any one of them sue for liberty, he could only be surrendered to his master by a decision that the President's modification of Mr. Frémont's proclamation was *a military order of reënslavement, superseding ordinary process of law.*

They are either free men or the President has, for military reasons, sent them to the dungeon of Slavery, as he has sent political prisoners to Fort Warren.

It is an error to suppose that, if the slaves were declared free by the Commander-in-Chief, the effect of such proclamation would pass away when the rebellion was

suppressed. The President might, during the war, and under the power which had emancipated them, reënslave them, — holding himself ready, in both cases, to show the military reasons for his action. He is supposed to act by necessity. But except by such military necessity and power, he could not revoke his proclamation. It would be law until unmade by Congress.

Equally is it an error to suppose that any State would be able, after the liberation of slaves by the United States, to reënslave them.

Whilst the government recognizes as slaves those who are so by birth and by fact, yet for a State to enslave a man whom even its own laws have pronounced free would be contrary to the article of the Constitution which secures every "person" from being arbitrarily deprived of life, liberty, or property; but that slaves liberated by the laws of the United States could not be made slaves by any State is manifest from Art. VI of the Constitution, which declares: "This Constitution, and the laws of the United States which shall be made in pursuance thereof, and all treaties made, or which shall be made, under the authority of the United States, shall be the supreme law of the land; and the judges in every State shall be bound thereby, anything in the Constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding."

IV

MILITARY NECESSITY

It is claimed that the military general is the judge of what military necessity requires.

The military general is the judge of the methods by which certain movements are to be accomplished. It is

manifest, however, that specific movements and methods are, to a great extent, determined by the great object to be accomplished by the entire system of movements. General McClellan is the judge of how to reach Richmond; but of the object we have in reaching Richmond he is not at all the judge. The nation must assign the aim, and then its officers must decide what means are necessary to that aim. It is clear that, if the demand of the nation were simply that our flag should wave over some forts and custom-houses from which it has been taken down, the military necessities involved would be very different from what they would be if the demand were that this rebellion should be crushed in such a way as that it should be absolutely impossible ever to have another.

The war power is not limited to a specific military movement, but extends to any aim which the people may hold as essential to the stability, peace, and honour of their country.

The war power — the power unsealed by military necessity — is not dependent in its action upon the absolute indispensableness of the measures it proposes. It is justified in that it secures any advantage greater than the price paid. If a conflagration were sweeping through a city, and there were a probability that the blowing up of John Doe's house would arrest it, John Doe's lawful "castle" would be blown up. J. D. might give good reasons to show that the flames would presently be arrested without that measure; but if it were probable that two houses might be saved by destroying this one, it would be done. In such emergencies the scale of values rules. The cow-shed must be sacrificed for the cabin, the cabin for the mansion, the mansion for two mansions.

Thus no advantage could be so small but it would, by

martial law, justify the destruction of Slavery. If by abolishing the unmitigated curse of this land the life of one soldier could be saved, we should be the murderers of that soldier if we did not abolish it. If by slaying this pursuing demon we could bring peace to the country ten minutes sooner than without it, we should be traitors to civilization if we did not do it. For the one soldier's life, the ten minutes' additional peace, would be worth something; the infernal thing we should pay for these must be reckoned worth less than nothing.

In war Slavery is the strength of the South. — The institution of Slavery, which in time of peace is a weakness of the South, is in time of war, and untouched by us, strong enough to equal the numbers and means of the North. It has not yet been sufficiently considered that war and Slavery naturally consort; war was the cradle of Slavery; the first slaves were war captives. In essence Slavery is the imposition of one will on another by physical force; in that alone it differs from spontaneous or free labour. And war is but the acute form of the same disease. Slavery has been a perpetual training for the camp.

Every man who leaves the North for the field of battle is a labourer, and leaves so much derangement in the usual social integrity; some wheel of the machine stops when he goes, and some deprivation ensues; but in the South the war is the vent of idlers, giving aim to lives hitherto aimless. This military life is a step in advance for the South, which has already displayed energies of which it had not been suspected. The South will not get sick of war so soon as the North, it being quite atwin with its Slavery for the South to become formally a military country. Whilst the training of Freedom has led the North every day farther from war, every day of Slavery has accustomed the South

to it. The North has to go back a hundred years to reach the plane of war; the land of Slavery never was beyond it.

In war all you have added to the world in a century is not only out of place, but in your way; only the coarsest and rudest things avail here, and those who are most at home in the coarsest and rudest forces will, in a conflict of mere brute force, be apt to win. Now here are four millions of slaves working for the South. There being for military purposes corn and pork wanted, and not arts and elegances, all the superiority of intelligent over unintelligent labour ceases. The man who can dig a row of corn or feed swine is equal to the finest mechanic. And since every man who produces a soldier's ration points the soldier at us, just as the soldier points his gun at us, these four millions of negroes must be counted as our foes, whatever their feeling toward us.

The South is, then, at the start, twelve millions to our eighteen. But of our eighteen the women do not work in the field, and the children go to school, whereas the black women and minors do work in the field, — which, for military force, would make them nearly fifteen millions. Then we must estimate production in its relation to consumption: the black labourer, being fed at less than a third the cost of the corresponding Northern labourer, sustains at least two more soldiers in the field than the Northerner. Thus does the reign of barbarism reverse all the advantages of free over slave labour. In a conflict of mere brute force, Slavery has only to emphasize the old menace, fetter and bowie-knife, to which it is accustomed.

The North has imagined that it could bring the balance to its side by its superior wealth; but it must be remembered that those who get without paying for it what others have to pay for, are as rich as if they had the

wherewithal to pay. Who would wish to be troubled with money, if he could get things for a dollar a year spent in cowhides?

In the above estimate, which would make the contending parties in this country substantially equal in numerical force, it has not been forgotten that it is urged that a large portion of the Southern people are Unionists. Although the evidences of this seem to me slight, it would be, if true, of less bearing upon the question than might be at first supposed. For, no matter what a man's sympathies may be, he cannot labour in any section but he adds to the wealth of that section, and to its military stores and strength.

V

THE TWO EDGES OF THE SWORD

THE sword has two edges; one is turned toward the user, and never fails to give him a wound for each inflicted on his antagonist.

What does the settlement of this conquest by mere military force imply to the Free States? They say that our army is not thorough in its *morale;* which means, that the young man who was graduated last year is yet too full of culture and civilization to butcher his fellow beings after the most approved Texan style. He has not forgotten that his mother and his pastor taught him to overcome evil with good. The gentleman is still, to a melancholy extent, predominant in him, the horse and alligator sadly deficient.

This moralization of the soldier is the demoralization of the man. War is the apotheosis of brutality. Looking into the past, we see it as a climax of horrors when a harlot is

borne through the streets of Paris, proclaimed the Goddess of Reason; but to-day, should the war end, the masses would seize the man whose hand reeked most with human blood and bear him on their shoulders to the White House.

Should we continue this war long enough, we shall become the Vandals and Hessians the South says we are.

Every great achievement of civilization is in the way of war, and must be abridged. König of Germany has given it as his opinion that distinguished generalship is inconsistent with the existence of the telegraph: in our war, both sides are cutting down all telegraph-lines which they cannot hold under military censorship.

The freedom of the press has been proved impossible in time of war.

The trial by jury — the coat of mail which Character has worn for ages — is torn away.

The Habeas Corpus writ — "the high-water mark of English liberty" — is of arbitrary application.

A short time ago we were all uttering our horror of the prize-ring, with its brutalities. Now George Wilkes announces that our frowning down upon the P. R. has crippled our military energies as a nation, and that it must be restored. Logic seconds his motion.

Here is Christianity itself, the civilization of religion: for its more genial teaching the world gave up the gods of battles, Jah and Jove with their thunderbolts, Mars with his spear, Odin with his sword. But War bids it recede: "You have heard that it hath been said, 'Thou shalt love thine enemy,' but I, War, say unto thee, '*Kill* thine enemy.'"

Thus one by one these crown-jewels of our Humanity must be dimmed or exchanged for paste.

War stands before us to-day a fatal despot, knowing no law but the passion of the moment, prostrating the Century before the Hour; takes the pen and plough from our hand, and gives us a sword; melts types into bullets; takes away the Golden Rule, and reëstablishes the law of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth.

With a new, wild joy all true hearts in this land were thrilled when the millions of the North rose up and declared to Slavery, Here shall thy waves be stayed! There were many reasons for such joy: first, that there was a North, when we feared there was none; next, that the disease of the country, which we had feared was chronic, had assumed an acute form, which is always more hopeful. We were glad, because we knew that this war was really the most pacific state of things which this country had ever known. We knew also that a single day of Slavery and its rule in this country witnessed more wrong, violence, corruption, more actual war, than all that civil war even could bring (which conviction in my own mind, as one having lived all my life in the midst of or near that institution, I here declare unshaken by any disasters we have encountered).

A gorilla is an admirable animal, looked at prospectively from the crocodile point of view; and so when a nation which had for years been crawling in the mud before an insolent usurper leaped to its feet, and forgot in a great moment the wretched prey for which it had crawled, it was an hour for pæans only. Every principle had been paid down for outward unity,—a unity preserving both hands, both feet, only to enter with both into hell-fire; but now a line was graven on the earth, and the nation declared it would perish rather than com-

promise again. The first grand step was to have the nation committed to an uncompromising attitude toward this rebellion; to make the determination to overcome it at whatever physical cost, irrevocable.

So much gained, the best method of overcoming the rebellion would be arrived at by further reflection and discussion. The war, in its proper time and place, was noble, because spontaneous and heroic; but in this age and land it could only be an embryonic phase, to pass away before higher phases, which under its quick heats would speedily be developed.

Every higher being must, ere it is born from the egg, pass through preceding forms. Every crab must be a trilobite and a lobster before it is born a crab. Man himself must first resemble the lower beings. As these inferior shapes have pioneered the way for the higher in the earth, so do they now in each individual case. As pioneers they are essential; but if the higher being forthcoming shall retain any of these inferior embryonic conditions, he is deformed; as when a man has a hare's lip or ape's hand. But every deformity was right in its place; every lip is at one period a hare-lip; it is a deformity only when retained where a healthy development would have gone beyond it. The birth of a nation is not different. We have struggled by some phases which allied us to lower governments; we must struggle by the war phase. The war is but the gorilla phase in our national embryo; we must see that it does not linger longer than is needed to add its contribution to the national manhood. If, when the period of purely human power arrives, the sword remains, it were as if claw and fang remained when the period of tooth and hand arrived.

Already there are unmistakable indications that the

mere *military* enthusiasm in this contest is cooling, whilst the anxiety concerning the issue is deeper each day than the day before. Many of our soldiers who rushed to Washington had to be kept there by (what must be regarded) a forced decision of a United States judge; it was easily seen that, if one man could claim the limit of enlistment, Washington would be left undefended. There is no longer any activity in recruiting stations; and, in the West, recruiting itinerants are getting up revival meetings for the war. The appeals of these officers to the crowd resembled those of revivalists imploring the unconverted to be saved. In the same tones they beseech the youth to "close in with the overtures," to enlist before it shall be "awfully too late." The crowd usually remains still, as the depraved too often do in the revival meetings. It is certain that one or two more "Shilohs" will bring a draft upon these profoundly impenitent young men.

In one of these meetings, in Central Ohio, I remember a tremendous sensation which was produced by an old man, who arose and said that he had three sons, brave as anybody's sons, and he was willing to sacrifice them for his country; but he desired to be perfectly sure that they were not to be sacrificed to human slavery, or to preserve it in the land; he would not sacrifice their nail-parings for that, or for the Union with that.

VI

FIGHTING THE DEVIL WITH FIRE

THERE is nothing that the devil so likes as that his antagonists should fight him with fire: the rascal knows that none can be so much at home where fire is concerned as he.

The wise Book says, "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good." Every victory of evil over evil leaves me as much vanquished as my enemy. Every blow that gains me the victory as a brute, loses me the victory as a man. My foe may lie dead at my feet; but beside him, in the dust I have made him bite, lies my crown of Reason, shattered. I could, then, find no wiser way of treating him than this.

To begin on the lowest plane, we may well ask ourselves what advantage it will be to us to occupy the cities, islands, and beaches of the Southern coast. The triple-headed monster of Southern fever will drive us away from there. Our government has hitherto occupied the Southern forts with Southerners, and even they only held them nominally in summer. Now our Southerners have left us. If Southerners themselves have to move away from their coasts in summer, how long is it likely that men who have gone South now for the first time can live there? The sanitary committee has shown that we have been losing soldiers simply by disease at the rate of twenty-six regiments per annum: if we hold the points on the Southern coast now occupied by us, it will be at thrice that cost.

Are we to enact the part of Sisyphus and his stone, — rolling the stone of conquest southward during one half of the year, to have it roll back again during the other half?

Again: it is demonstrable that by any merely military victory (for that would leave Slavery undestroyed) we should be as much conquered as the rebels.

My friend, Mr. Resist-the-Devil J. Browne, a descendant of one of the Pilgrims, and now a student at Cambridge, wrote me some time ago the following account of an event in that neighbourhood: —

"Lately, our little neighbour, the village of Somerville, has been subjected to a terrible ordeal. Fancy the amazement of the villagers, on seeing a huge anaconda marching leisurely down its main street! It had, it seems, escaped from a circus exhibiting near the village.

"Now, it is easy to see that a big snake, crawling through a small village, is scarcely conducive to the repose of mind of those resident therein. It is certain that the quiet of Somerville was disturbed; indeed, the only quiet was in the streets, which were speedily deserted, whilst in the houses the liveliest commotion existed. Doors and windows were barricaded. The snake had all out of doors to himself. At last the village concluded to have a meeting; which was held out of various upstairs windows, the motions being made across streets. A man was appointed chairman on account of his high position in society, — he being at the attic window of a four-story house, — and presently a motion proceeded from the dormitory of an adjacent cottage, that the male residents who had firearms should take them and go forth to pursue this enemy of the commonwealth of Somerville. The motion was put to the various windows by the chairman in the attic, and carried. The men buckled on their armour and went forth. When they got towards the outskirts of the village, they saw his royal anacondaship snoozing in a fence corner. When the monster saw them, he crawled off, and hid himself under a barn.

"The heroes returned to their homes, flushed with victory, — *Veni, vidi, vici*, in every eye; they had pursued the foe, and he had fled before them ignominiously, the very Floyd of anacondas. 'Unbar your doors, ye noble matrons of Somerville,' they cried; 'the victory of your sons is complete.' But one timid lady asked where

the anaconda was. 'Under Mr. Smith's barn,' was the reply. Then this lady inquired modestly, 'But may not a snake that is under a barn come out from under a barn?' 'Sure enough!' 'Sure enough!' echoed from window after window; and the lustre of victory was gone. The more it was thought of, the more it appeared that the anaconda was even more formidable concealed under the barn than in the middle of the street. The young men watched around the barn till nightfall; the snake did not budge. They repaired, heavy-hearted, to their homes. Alas! there was little rest in Somerville that night. All were sure they heard the snake trying *their* window-panes; each was sure it was lying over the roof of his or her house. The morning came on aching eyes. None wished to go out of the door, sure that the snake was waiting to drop straight down from roof or tree on their heads.

"Day succeeded day, and that snake, snugly disposed under the barn, kept the whole village vanquished. People began to desert Somerville, expiring leases in that fated village were not renewed. Somerville began to lose its reputation as a desirable place of residence. Real estate began to suffer. People went not through, but around that village; cars did not stop at its ticket-office. The students at Cambridge used to take morning walks *toward* Somerville; now their walks were in a precisely opposite direction. In short, there was a prospect that the whole population would soon have to be taken into the Lunatic Asylum of that devoted village.

"At this juncture, a gentleman returned from a journey to his home there, and, hearing the trouble, killed a pig and placed it a rod from the barn; then he took his gun and got on top of the barn. With the ancient instinct of such devils to rush into swine, the snake soon

made for the slaughtered animal. *Then this man killed the snake.*

"It is said that the circus-manager rushed up and began an argument to show that it was a constitutional anaconda; but the man declared that his gun was also constitutionally a gun, and fired away.

"Who the man that killed the snake was, I have not yet learned: I have discovered, however, that he is not a member of the present Administration."

Does a purely military victory contemplate, or can it effect, anything beyond driving the snake under the barn? "But," one may say, "having got it under a barn, we can keep it there." Certainly: and if that is what life is given for, — to sit beside barns, watching snakes, — then it is all right; but if any member of the National Barn Guard, or of the 500th regiment of Snake-watchers of the future, should consider "the situation" in the light of certain work he may have been in the habit of accomplishing, he may conclude that the snake is holding him as much as he holds the snake.

When America has to swerve from the orbit of her destiny to stand guarding eight hundred thousand square miles of her territory from the ravages of rebellion; when she has to hold her Union by military force; when for this end our children must be turned aside from the noble aims fostered by free institutions and the arts of peace, drafted to swell and preserve the vast standing army which such a state of things would require, — then America, degraded into a military nation, would be overcome of evil. Her victory would fetter most of all her own limbs.

Even trade could not stand such a condition. The Northwest needs the Mississippi River, but it does not wish

to sit forever, five hundred thousand strong, on the banks of that stream, to see that it does n't flow away again into a foreign land. Trade can use the river only by being able to leave it, and go home and trade in full faith that this river will remain loyal.

It is this vanquished victory alone which the sword can by any possibility win for us.

Has the sword ever done any but a partial and patched work? In our American Revolution against England, war was declared as justly and prosecuted as successfully as ever before or since in the history of the world; but our difficulties to-day prove that the sword did not do the work then assigned it cleanly. The sword had conquered victory and a forced peace; but then it had to hold them; in gaining colonial independence thus it had made a giant foe, who, it knew, would make other attempts at subjugation. So the Colonies, in order to combine against any possible attack from a foreign usurper, must surrender to an internal usurper. The Union was formed for the common defence; it was more a military than a civil measure. It had to be made *at once*. The rights of man were compromised for the emergency; for all the States must combine, whatever seeds of future disunion they might bring with them. We see to-day that this over-swift formation which the revolutionary method, adopted by our fathers, compelled, illustrates once more the infallible law that they who take to the sword shall perish by the sword.

VII

LIBERTY'S LEGITIMATE WEAPON

A PANTHER can slay seven men, if in the encounter the men have only the weapons of the panther: tooth to tooth,

claw to claw, the men are inferior. But let *one* man encounter the panther, armed with his superiority to the panther, — let him bear in his hand his chemistry and art, in the firearm which the panther cannot invent or use, and he can slay the panther.

Slavery having challenged Liberty, Liberty has been unwise enough to select Slavery's own weapons. But with these weapons Liberty's apparent victories will be defeats; for though the panther be driven into its den, to hold it there would be the subversion of this government, i. e. its change into a government of military force. But let her be armed with her superiority to Slavery, and she is irresistible.

The only legitimate weapon of Liberty is — *Liberty.*

It is doubtful if the nation at large will be able to see how a bold, unconditional decree of emancipation would speedily and thoroughly suppress this rebellion. God always allows some margin for human magnanimity. If this nation saw success in such a measure, it would enact it; so would any herd of cattle. Room is allowed man for the play of motives higher than policy; his highest success comes only when he seeks first the kingdom of justice, and then finds that all other advantages are added thereunto. "Honesty," says Whately, "is indeed the best policy; but no honest man ever acted on that principle." Indeed, it takes an honest man to find out such policy; those see clearly how emancipation would end the war forever, who would emancipate in any case, because it is right. Yet probabilities can be shown in the direction of our method, which are far stronger than any indicating that war can win us even a military victory over the rebellion; probabilities more numerous and sufficient than those on which human beings act in a majority of cases.

There is a point in the South by touching which the entire military power of the South is paralyzed. Nat Turner touched that point, and with fifty negroes behind him held the entire State of Virginia as if stricken by catalepsy for five weeks. John Brown touched it, and with twenty-one men so held Virginia that, had he had a fourth of McClellan's army, he could in one month have occupied the entire State. It became a proverb, that John Brown had demonstrated the weakness of Slavery. This huge machinery of armies and numbers is a barbarism; it is as if we built great Roman aqueducts, ignoring the modern discovery of the water-level, which makes a hydrant in one's yard answer the same purpose, or a better. It is a rudeness far behind our civilization to think that numbers can conquer for us: numbers are as weak as they are strong. We are beyond that in our municipal governments. It is estimated that twenty policemen can conquer and disperse the largest riot or tumult that could occur in New York. Why? Because each policemen has the moral power of the nation at his back, whilst the rioters are mere bits of chaos. We do not have to set one half of a city to keep the other half in order. I have seen a half-dozen burly ruffians led to prison by a man weaker than either of them, but who had an *idea* symboled in the star on his breast, whilst the ruffians had none. When our country has an idea in this war, it need only send South a moderate police force. Nat Turner and John Brown, with stars out of heaven on their breasts, holding commissions from Almighty God to put down the organic disorder in the South, proved that Slavery cannot stir but as Freedom permits it; but McClellan, with seven hundred thousand men under him for six months, proved that men unarmed with ideas are as unable to cope with the kindled ferocity

of wrong as they are without guns to cope with half their number of tigers. In a fearful sense our men are yet unarmed.

It is a common phrase with many of those who evidently think that the Union would be nothing without Slavery, that an edict of emancipation would not reach or free a single slave, and, to use a favourite phrase with certain journals, "would not be worth the paper upon which it should be written." I observe, however, that these always end their arguments by saying, For God's sake, do not try it! It is quite remarkable how nervous they are lest an edict should be put forth which could have no effect whatever.

Have we considered well what would be the practical bearing if our government should declare every slave free? Slavery would by this stroke of the pen be exposed to the anti-slavery feeling of the world. If John Brown had a successor, he would march South under protection of the flag under which the old captain was hung. White and black crusaders would rise in Canada, Kansas, Ohio, Hayti, New England, following new hermit-leaders to rescue the holy places of humanity. Hayti would no longer need beg labourers to come to her shores, and pay them for coming: she need only send her ships to cruise near the inlets and creeks of the Southern coast, and pick them up as they should escape.

It is not to the point, observe, to say that such an edict would not at once free the slaves practically; it would practically do a better thing, — *it would recall to his home, where he ought to be, every soldier now in his arms against the United States.* It is manifest that the South would not be able to resist the anti-slavery crusade of the world, guarding its slaves from escape, and at the same

time leave its homes to assassinate the liberties of the United States. All that a Southerner hath will he give for his slave; and to that cord drawing him home would be added that panic which a whisper of insurrection can raise in that section to such an extent that it drives all before it. In a single month there would be a distribution of all the forces of the Confederacy into various Home Guards.

Perhaps I am more impressed with the conviction of the immeditate potency of emancipation than persons reared in the North. I have seen the pallor which a whisper can bring upon the cheeks of hundreds. I know that a casual rumour has again and again deprived whole towns of a week's sleep. Negro insurrection is the name for every horror, simply because it is one of which the Southerners know nothing. It is doubtful whether, in all the insurrections in the South for a hundred years put together, five hundred slaves have been in actual insubordination. The present generation has seen nothing of the kind. That is the very reason why there is such a horror and panic about it: it is a vague, mysterious, and unknown evil. As far as the shudder about "covering the South with the horrors of insurrection" is real, and not a traitorous pretence, it may be met by the fact that the history of insurrection throughout the world shows that in every case the barbarity was chiefly on the part of the whites, and always provoked by them. In every case, twenty blacks have been butchered to one white. Of all the races now on earth, there is none so little cruel, so little bloodthirsty, as the negro; that being why it has been for so many ages the enslaved race. The only dread we could have in an immediate emancipation of this race is that the Confederate forces would rush home to massacre their negroes. Doubt-

less they would ask the United States for a few months' truce for that purpose; and as the family of fools is yet quite large and respectable, and most of them have managed to become generals in our army, there would be danger that our courteous McClellans, Hallecks, etc., would be "quiet" until the massacre should take place. But when we are up to such a master-stroke of justice, we shall be up to stripping the epaulets from negro-hounds and placing them on the shoulders of men. We should recognize in that call for a truce, which would surely come, God's invitation for us to march into the South the protectors of black and white, — an army of saviours, not of destroyers, — our glorious task to see that the transition pangs of the South were safely passed, and her people born into light and liberty.

Let none doubt that the slave is ready to stir in a way which will paralyze the armies of the South as soon as he hears the true voice. I once asked a slave why it was that he and others did not escape: he replied, "Because, after getting out of the slave-*holding* States, we must either drive under or fly over all the slave-*hating* States from here to Canada." Let Canada be carried wherever our flag goes; nay, let every slave be empowered and authorized to make the spot on which he stands Canada.

The South has not a misgiving that her slaves are not generally asleep to these issues. I have heard of a Southerner who, having a Northern visitor before whom he was showing off slavery in clean linen, finally alleged that his slaves were so happy that nothing could induce them to accept their freedom. To make the experiment perfect, he, in the presence of the Northern man, offered them their freedom if they desired to leave him. *Every one of them said he would accept freedom.* Whereupon the master

swore at them as fools who did not know what was good for them, ordered them to their work, and in future exhibitions before Yankees never attempted the manumission trick. Fortunately for him, the Yankee had already taken South-side views of the institution.

When John C. Frémont was a candidate for the Presidency there was no portion of the South where the watch-word "Freedom and Frémont" was not heard at midnight. The South was on the verge of panic. Lately, when that same man was in the Western Department, that cry from the slaves was echoed from plantation to plantation all along the Mississippi, Tennessee, and Red rivers; and so frequent was it at last, that the apprehension reached the semi-loyal of the Tennessee and Kentucky border, who acted up through all the shades of disloyalty and loyalty, until the panic of rebels was felt at the Capitol, and removed the Warrior of Liberty from his command.

By that removal, and by the infamous proclamations and wanton renditions by which our officers have humiliated us even more than by their wretched incompetency, we have doubtless alienated these negroes from us. So that our task, at first easy, is now difficult. But it is certain that we need only let the slaves along the border know our good faith, to have the tidings flash through the South all along the lines of nature's telegraph; *the way to do this is to free the slaves of the Border States immediately.*

When I first came North, I used to maintain stoutly, with my companions, that the slaves did not desire freedom. More than twenty years had I lived amongst those dumb creatures, never dreaming that any one of them had a thought of freedom. But when I returned South I found that they not only knew, what few whites knew, that I was

anti-slavery, but they were eager to consult me as to how they might escape. All this took me by surprise; I had never hinted freedom to one of them, and it was in one of the obscurest parts of Virginia, where Northerners never came; then I saw, for the first time, that the whole social system of the South is undermined.

The South does not as yet fully comprehend her own weakness. But she knows that every warrior has his vulnerable heel. Our only danger is that, before our slow Northmen are ready to act, the South will suspect this her danger, and will cover it up with a decree of emancipation for all able-bodied men who will bear arms for the Confederacy. That would free nearly five hundred thousand negro men, which would be a cheap price to pay for a victory over the North, which would give them power to recover the emancipated half million by reopening the slave-trade, and would not impair Slavery at all. (For I do not believe the South would give up Slavery for anything!) The children, by the codes of all slave states, follow the condition of the mother, and such a decree would manumit no women.

No bid that we could then make for these negroes would bring them to our side; for they would then be under military rule, and animated by the spirit of the contest. The power that is nearest is that which they have most faith in; a distant, less imposing power might double the offer with no effect.

There is one man in the South who has his eye steadily on the watch in this direction. Jefferson Davis has no faith whatever in the fondness of the negro for his condition.

A few years ago an artist of Philadelphia was engaged by the State of South Carolina to prepare some national

emblematic picture for her State House. Jefferson Davis was requested to act with the South Carolina committee in criticising the studies for this design. The first sketch brought in by the artist was a design representing the North by various mechanic implements, the West by something else, whilst the South was represented by various things, the centrepiece, however, being a cotton-bale with a negro upon it, fast asleep. When Jeff saw it he said, "Gentlemen, this will never do: what will become of the South when that negro wakes up?"

The first blast from the trump of universal Freedom will reveal to Jeff and his Confederates that the negro has already waked up; also, which is more important, that the North is waked up; then will our army go marching on to bloodless victory, — trampling scourges, not men, breaking fetters, not hearts.

Ah, what tongue can celebrate a victory so glorious; a victory which would restore to our firesides the lost links of their circles; which would touch the blighted lands of the South as by a magic wand, until its desert should rejoice and blossom as the rose; which should clasp the broken arch between North and South with the infrangible keystone, eternal Justice!

VIII

THE GRADUAL PLAN

A BOHEMIAN story relates that Horace Greeley was lately travelling on a steamer, when a High-Church Episcopalian minister, who was on board, became much exercised concerning his (Greeley's) soul. At length this clergyman approached H. G., and, in a solemn voice, said, "Friend, may I inquire if you have ever been baptized?" "Well,

no," replied Greeley, "not exactly; but I've been vaccinated."

Gradual emancipation has about as much to do with putting down this rebellion through Slavery as vaccination has with baptism.

The war power alone gives the President the right even to touch Slavery in the States with his little finger, as he has done; and the military advantage which he sees and assigns as a reason for his late proposition to coöperate in emancipation with slave States is sufficient to justify abolition by the war power.

It is thus one of the commander-in-chief's guns; and to make it gradual would be like firing off a gun a little at a time, if that were possible.

So far as emancipation will help us to crush this rebellion, no gradual plan which was ever conceived and tried can do us the least good. Any measure which leaves the slave bound at all to his Southern master, keeps him there adding to the wealth and support and military power of the hostile section. And if four millions of these labourers remain to furnish these supplies to the enemy, the South will be able to keep in the field all their white population, and whatever advantages we may gain, their rebellion will survive the youngest person in this nation.

But looking at the matter apart from the national emergency, and simply as a question of political economy, to say that gradual emancipation is better for all is to throw away all the light of experience in this matter. Negro slaves have within this century been emancipated in seven or eight countries. And if there is one thing in which all reports agree, it is that wherever the thing was done in any half way, the country suffered in exports and imports; wherever it was done cleanly, immediately, and

unconditionally, the country never failed to reap a full and immediate reward. Whilst the island of Jamaica, under the gradual plan, groaned under its losses, the adjacent islands which made a clean sweep of Slavery saw their five talents at once swell to ten. Russia is now undergoing the same experience with its serfs, who, kept in limbo between Slavery and Liberty, have proved such a burden that the taskmasters are crying out to the Czar to have them given equal rights or none at all.

Homer nodding. I allude to the Rev. Homer Wilbur, of the "Atlantic Monthly." Many a noble refrain of freedom, which lingers in our hearts in the watches of the night, which greets the rising day, must be traced to this Homer; but lately it would seem that his Muse threatens to reverse the story of Undine, and gradually lose her soul. What else can be said concerning his Polliwog fable? This fable compares those who would declare Slavery at an end, so far as this government is concerned, to those philotadpoles who, impatient at the slow growth by which Nature leads polliwog to frog, insisted on cutting off the tails of the former. After this Homer writes: "I would do nothing hastily or vindictively, nor presume to jog the elbow of Providence. No desperate measures for me till we are sure that all others are hopeless, — *flectere si nequeo* SUPEROS, *Acheronta movebo.*"

In other words, the slaughter at Manassas, Ball's Bluff, Winchester, Shiloh are mild measures; these are appeals to the gods; but to release millions from dungeons, fetters, auction blocks, and raise them to life, this is a "desperate measure," this is to "move hell"!

Is it possible that any cataract should have been so far formed over this once clear eye that it now sees a state of Slavery to be a normal phase in the condition of human

beings? O Homer, once you sang as if you saw that Slavery, and not emancipation, was the murderous lopping off of the poor polliwog's tail!

So far as the principle,

> From lower to the higher next,
> Not to the top, is Nature's text,

is concerned, it is certainly true. Only, to apply it in the present case as against immediate emancipation gives an odd suggestion of a Sleepy Hollow somewhere near Cambridge. Does Homer remember nothing of the long and fearful years in which we have gone — God knows how wearily and slowly — from step to step up to this our Commencement Day? To speak of emancipation *now* as hasty, or a leap over essential steps, is as if Homer should go to the next Senior who, having made his graduation speech at the end of a full College course, is about to receive his diploma, and say: "My dear young man, *festina lente!* You must n't think of a diploma until you have been here four years yet. Come over, — our Ollendorf class meets at ten now."

Or here, say, is an old tree which has been slowly rotting, until a breath only may bring it to the earth; now, merely because it falls with a crash, and the splinters fly, shall we accuse the blithe breeze which did the work of being a revolutionary tornado, moving Acheron?

Let us trust that Providence will "presume to jog the elbow" of Homer, that he may no longer nod whilst the first page in God's account with America is closing, and when it is plain that upon the virtue and earnestness of the current hour it must depend whether there shall be any balance in favour of this nation to be carried to the fresh page, or to entitle it to further trust.

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

IX

WAR FOR THE UNION

We are told, with a frequency and vehemence which so simple a proposition could scarcely be supposed to evoke, that "this is a war for the Union." We can account for the vehemence by the supposition that this sentence has a reverse side, which is, that "this is *not* a war for emancipation."

We do not need a war for emancipation. Slavery is the creature of positive law; it is maintainable only by systematic force. Only withdraw the *positive supports* of Slavery, — only let the government declare that *it* will henceforth ignore the relation of master and slave, — and Slavery falls by its own weight.

But has not this idea of a "war for the Union" its comic side? I once knew of a father's whipping his child because the child did not love him so well as it did its nurse, and it seemed to me an odd way to cultivate filial affection; but is it not so that we are recovering unity with the South? If *that* Union had not been already dead, surely we have sent artillery enough down there to have killed it several times. Whether we shall succeed with our arms or not, it would be a corpse that we conquered, galvanize it as we might. My theory of General McClellan is that he has just sense enough to see that, the object assigned being to restore the Union, the more he should fight the less Union he would have. He had probably concluded that harmony was more likely to come by his sitting on the Potomac and waiting for it to turn up; and he might have been sitting there still if the country had not been of a different opinion.

TO VIAU
ANIBOHJAD

Andy Johnson goes to Tennessee, and pleads with that people to see that the Old Union is reëstablished in that State, and his leading argument to them is that Slavery, now in a precarious condition, will thereby be secured more firmly than ever. In the present representative position of Mr. Johnson, we must conclude that our government would be only too happy to clasp the broken arch with the old keystone which has just crumbled. But there are two classes in this country, either of which holds the balance of power, which will take care that no such reunion takes place. One class resides in the Cotton States. The Cabinet need never hold any love feasts for Jeff and his companions. In Ireland, where the priests pray over the little fields of the peasantry to assist their fertility, a priest once came to a particularly barren and hard-looking patch of ground, and said, "Brethren, there 's no use in praying here; this needs manure." I think when Father Abraham looks over the fence of the Cotton States, if he ever does, he will come to a similar conclusion about the efficacy of pardoning grace. The other class which, should the South submit to-morrow, would prevent any return to the old Union, is the class of honest freemen throughout the land. The battle of Armageddon is one that never ceases. Let the Cabinets at Washington and Richmond join again around the communion table, with the blood of the Christ crucified between them upon it, — and the old siege of Liberty against the Union, which has been raised for a moment, begins again. Garrison, the old standard-bearer, will unfurl his banner of Disunion, which he keeps only tucked away in the "Liberator" room, as Bennett of the "Herald" keeps the Confederate flag. The clear bugle of Phillips sounds the old martial call again. And all along the sky sleeping thunders will awaken, and ten thousand

trumpets proclaim that the siege against the ancient wrong is renewed, — the siege whose arrows are thoughts, whose shells are fiery inspirations of truth, whose sword is the Spirit of a just God. All this will go on until the ballot-box is conquered again, and some such man as Wendell Phillips is elected President. Then another Sumter gun will be heard. Then will come the war of which the present is but a picket skirmish. John Brown will be commanding general of all our forces then; and all will not be quiet on the Potomac. His soul will go marching on; 't is a way it has.

For I fear that over the eye of this nation Slavery has gradually formed a hard cataract, so that it cannot see the peace and glory which are an arm's-length before it, — a cataract which only the painful surgery of the sword can remove. If it be so, we can only say, — Bleed, poor country! Let thy young men be choked with their blood; let the pale horse trample loving hearts and fairest homes; if only thus thou canst learn that God also has his government, and that all injustice is secession from that government, which his arm of might will be sure to crush out!

Those who oppose the method of emancipation allege that it would exasperate the South to the utmost, would alienate them forever from us, would unite the Border States with them, and unite them all against us as one man.

The fear of exasperating the South reminds one of the toper, who said that when it got to be twelve o'clock of the night he did not care *when* he went home, for his wife was by that time as mad as she could be, and an hour or so made no difference. The South has about filled the

gamut of wrath. Nor have we seen much difference in its treatment of such Southern pro-slavery men as General Anderson and his brother Charles, and anti-slavery men. So far as our experience in this war goes, they had as lief a man should be a Garrisonian as a Lincolnite.

So far as the objection relates to the supposition that an edict of emancipation would turn the Border States against us, it, being military, may easily be met as such by the fact that, even if a million people became estranged from us (the very largest estimate), such an edict would at once bring four millions (the slaves) to our side. And mark the difference between those who would go and those who would come.

The million who went would prove by their going that they were pretended, or at least half-hearted friends; they would show that their loyalty was but a cover for the preservation of Slavery, that the Union meant for them nothing, if not human chattels. The four millions who would be riveted to our side by this one blow would be those upon whom we might depend, since their every possible interest would then be involved in our success. *Now*, it is the interest of the negro that the country should be divided, unless he is to be emancipated; for disunion would at least bring Freedom's southern line down to Mason and Dixon's.

The million who would abandon our cause would be chiefly on the border, within territory already under military occupation; their disaffection would only need a little more vigilance on our part, and that would be a wise thing in any case. The four millions who would be our determined co-labourers from that moment are chiefly in disloyal territory under rebel occupation; they are there where we are striving, by expensive and perilous expedi-

tions, to carry Union men; and by being salable property they are protected as no other soldiers we could have there would be.

Thus, even so far as the two are of military importance, the emancipation method offers far more than the mere fighting method. But there is another force brought into the action by emancipation which would change this war of disunion into a putting forth of unifying energies, which would be as irresistible in establishing our social unity as are our mountains and valleys and rivers in establishing our geographical unity.

X

HOW TO HITCH OUR WAGON TO A STAR

It is one of the signs of the times that the revolution was strong enough to take up bodily the Sage of Concord and set him in the capital of this nation to instruct our rulers. The advice he gave them may be summed up in the one sentence, *Hitch your wagon to a star!*

Why not, Mr. President! You have some difficulty in making things go, possibly have some doubt as to whether they can be made to go; but if you could manage to hitch the Union to a star, *that* will be sure to move. If you can get the *laws of nature* to aid in the reunion of North and South, you need not fear any Confederate efforts at keeping them apart.

The very intensity and virulence of the hatred which the South has for the North suggest that the feeling is extremely morbid, and not very deep. It is not deliberate, nor based on any actual difference, and for that very reason must make up in violence what it lacks in the nature of things. This hatred also has sprung up too quickly to have

much depth or genuineness. It was within a comparatively recent period that the South was one with the North. We are of the same blood; our fathers were within our memory united. Section has intermarried with section.

There has been but one Satanic divider who has opened a chasm between us, — Slavery. The interests of Slavery cannot be made the interests of free society; and there cannot be one institution of free society — such as the free press, and free speech, and free school — which is not a bombshell for Slavery. Free society being necessarily a continual assault upon Slavery, Slavery hates the North. It is not the Southern man, it is the virus of Slavery in his veins, which hates the North; as the Indian plead before the court, that not he, but the whiskey, committed the murder. Take that virus away, my Northern friend, and he is a Saxon man, she a Saxon woman, like yourself.

The writer of these pages was reared in the midst of hatred and contempt of the Northern people, and did himself hate and despise them cordially during all his early youth; he held it to be his highest ambition to assist in severing that section from the North. But fortune led him to a year's residence in a little Quaker settlement where Slavery did not exist, and which consequently was an oasis upon a Slavery-wasted desert; and with this one step out of the atmosphere of Slavery, with the first glance of doubt toward that institution, a cloud of illusions cleared up, the antipathy to Northern men disappeared, and he experienced a revulsion in their favor which did them even more than justice.

He knows, moreover, the leaders of the Southern Rebellion, many of them personally, all of them by character, and knows them to be very earnest madmen; he knows

that the North can, by sealing up the one source of madness and disunion which has within a few years brought about this alienation, wither it up forever.

France and England had a much longer and more rancorous feud than this between the North and the South. "I will fight a Frenchman," said Lord Nelson, "wherever I can find him; wherever he can anchor, my ship shall be there." But a year of a common interest made them allies; lately their sovereigns exchanged visits; and it is the estimate of the best judges that the current generation will bear to its grave all memory of the feud between the English and the French.

Men will love, and if need be die for, that by which they and their families live. If Slavery is the basis of their homes; if from slave institutions comes the bread that sustains the life of wife and child, then they will fight and die for Slavery. If the home, the bread of wife and child, are derived from free institutions, then for these men will fight and die. Did we only compel the people of the South to get their daily bread from free institutions, in less than five years they would be ready to fight and die by our sides for free institutions. They would call the Yankees by hard names for some years after, no doubt, but there could be no war between the sections; on the contrary, every healing influence in the universe would be at work to cure these lacerations made by the tomahawk of Slavery, which would then be buried.

When Freedom folds her blessed wings over both North and South, then every steamer, every car, every telegraphic line plying between them, will be a shuttle ceaselessly weaving together the hearts of their millions into one woof of interest and affection.

But who can enumerate or utter one in a thousand of

the unswerving, all-compelling laws with which those who trust in Everlasting Justice ally themselves: steadfast upon their orbits, my masters, these stars will surely move, and no Southern Sisera shall be a match for them in their courses. But we must hitch our cause to them: the Sage said,—We cannot bring the heavenly powers to us, but if we will only choose our jobs in directions in which they travel, they will undertake them with the greatest pleasure. It is a peremptory rule with them, that they never go out of their road.

XI

THROUGH SELF-CONQUEST TO CONQUEST

A GREEK fable relates that when Hercules and Achelous fought together, Achelous changed himself into the form of a mad bull, thinking to contend more strongly; but Hercules retained the *form of a man*, and seizing the horn of the bull, it broke off in his hand, and became the celebrated cornucopia.

One very obvious interpretation of this fable is that it is always best to take the bull by the horns. But I use it for the ancient testimony it conveys in favour of the superiority of the purely human power over the greatest animal ferocity.

How rarely has Slavery, in its violent advance, been met in the *manly* way; how much oftener by the fawning of hounds! And it is just this unmanly attitude which the representatives of the North have so long assumed that has invited the arrogant demands of Slavery which are now resisted with bloodshed. Mr. Goodall of Cleveland, Ohio, under affidavit to prove John Brown's insanity, related that once, when on the cars with him, they fell into some

conversation concerning Slavery, and in reply to some of Brown's radicalism, "I attempted," says Goodall, "to point out a more conservative course, remarking very kindly to him that Kentucky, in my opinion, would have been a free State ere this, had it not been for the excitement and prejudices engendered by ultra abolitionists of Ohio. At this remark he rose to his feet, with clenched fist, eyes rolling like an insane man (as he most assuredly was), and remarked that the South would become free within one year, were it not that there were too many such scoundrels as myself to rivet the chains of Slavery." Innocent Goodall of Cleveland! how little did you know that you were seeing a picture then which Art and Poetry will combine to celebrate as one of the first gleams of sanity out of a nation's long lunacy! That remark of Brown's is precisely the sanest I ever heard. If the North went South nobly, Slavery would clear away like a phantom of night. Whatever be the faults of Southerners, they do like those who stand up squarely for their principles; in all my life in the South I never remember to have heard a doughface in the North spoken of otherwise than with contempt.

Let me relate a conversation literally as it occurred a few years ago in Richmond, Virginia. Some New York lawyer had in the case of the Lemmon slaves, which involved a principle important to the South, argued the case successfully for Lemmon and Slavery. He then came down to Virginia to be lionized. A dinner was given in Richmond by persons connected with the legislature, to which this lawyer was invited. Here is the conversation, just as it ocurred across the table from the lawyer, between two members: —

1*st Member*. "I don't think much of that man."

2d Member. "Nor I."

1st Mem. "He isn't a gentleman; but it's well enough to have such men up North."

2d Mem. "They're useful enough."

1st Mem. "Tom, why is it they never raise any gentlemen up North?"

2d Mem. "Oh, I've been North, and I tell you they do have gentlemen; but then they're all damned Abolitionists."

Virginia said to Edward Everett, "I envy not the heart or the head of the man who, trained amid free institutions, comes down to defend Human Slavery";[1] to John Brown Virginia said, "He is firm, truthful, intelligent,—the gamest man I ever saw."[2]

Sitting, last summer, in the porch of a hotel at Newport, Rhode Island, I heard the original conversation between a Northerner and Southerner which W. Shakespeare has travestied by premeditation in the following conversation between Hamlet and Polonius:—

Ham. Do you see yonder cloud, that's almost in the shape of a camel?
Pol. By the mass, and 't is like a camel, indeed.
Ham. Methinks it is like a weasel.
Pol. It is backed like a weasel.
Ham. Or like a whale.
Pol. Very like a whale.

The Hamlet in this case was a wealthy semi-Southerner, with secession sympathies, thinly disguised under a few star-spangled phrases; the compliant Polonius was from Boston, where the largest and the smallest things are said and done of any place on this continent. In Boston you shall find your noblest and your meanest man; there you

[1] Henry A. Wise. [2] John Randolph of Roanoke.

shall find the faithful Senator who will stand for Freedom until he is stricken down, and there the creature who will touch glasses with the assassin of his own Senator within two squares of the prostrate form. We had brutes enough in Cincinnati to mob Wendell Phillips; but no man who could write a sentence could be found here who would justify it: the mob had to go to Beacon Street, Boston, for a defender; the "Courier" was ready to do their work! But where else could we have found a Phillips?

But, to return, the conversation between the two men in Newport, both persons of distinction, was exactly given in the extract from Hamlet. The Bostonian atoned for saying that he favored the Union, by allowing every noble idea and name of America, and especially of his own State, to be vilified in his presence.

When is this contemptible and cowardly abasement to end? Will the line of such poltroons hold out to the crack of doom? I add my testimony to that of Miss Grimké, Mr. Helper, Mattie Griffith, and other natives of the South who have caught a glimpse of the monster, whose coils have been tightening about the dear land they have been compelled to leave, and who are doing their utmost to rescue it; with them I declare that I have known nothing so heart-sickening, so chilling, so utterly diabolical as that which calls itself conservatism in the North.

When I first set foot in New England, I met, at a table in Boston, the Hon. Mr. ——. Hearing that I was from the South, he instantly turned his attention to me, and began a series of adulations of Southern institutions and people; apologizing for his own region; sneering at the liberal men of New England as a very small band of crazy folk! What deathly colds fell on me then I pray may never fall on him! Through how many toils and

struggles had I come to rest upon the free heart of New England; by what weary marches and flinty paths had I come to do homage to those men at whom he was sneering, as to heralds of this nation's promised land! I turned, and told him plainly that he had mistaken my opinions, which were not those common in the South; and that I could not help thinking that such disparagements of free men and institutions, on the part of those whom they had fostered, were like tempting with alcohol an inebriate whose family is starving at home.

I have in my mind a case of a very different kind. It was, I believe, about eight years ago that I was consulted by a committee at New Haven as to whether I knew any gentleman in the South who would be willing to deliver a lecture in New Haven in defence of the institution of Slavery. My mind fixed upon George Fitzhugh of King George County, Virginia, who had written works on the "Failure of Free Society," and "The Sociology of the South." Mr. Fitzhugh went to New Haven, and gave, on the evening of his arrival, a lecture entitled, "Free Society a Failure." Wendell Phillips was present and heard the lecture, and Mr. Fitzhugh evidently took pleasure in seeing him. Fitzhugh's method of proving Free Society a failure was by theories and speculations which had got into crevices and under the eaves of his brain, like the bats in the rickety old mansion, situated on the fag-end of a once noble estate, in which he resided. This spot of "the sacred soil" he had never left for a month, and of Free Society, of course, knew nothing. At New Haven he fell, I am happy to say, into very different hands from those of the Hon. Mr. —— of Boston, or Polonius at Newport. He was the guest of that honest and noble man, if God ever made one, the late Mr. Samuel

Foote. On the next morning after the lecture Mr. Foote took Mr. Fitzhugh in a buggy, and drove throughout the beautiful town of New Haven and its environs; showed him houses and cottages which would be marvels of elegance in Virginia, and informed him, without any allusion to log-cabins, that many of these mansions belonged to mechanics, and some even to day-labourers. Fitzhugh was thunder-stricken. He had proved Free Society a failure without ever leaving his State; nobody replied to him, but he went home answered. He always preserved an ominous silence about the visit; but he acknowledged his mistake about Northern society, and though before that he had invariably printed a pamphlet every six months in favor of the "Sociology of the South," I believe he has not penned a line of the kind since. The grave and impressive rebuke of Samuel Foote, who simply said that he "would take him (Fitzhugh) out to see how Free Society had failed," was never lost. Mr. Foote was a gentleman in an old sense, which is sometimes forgotten even in scholastic Boston; that is, he was *gentle*, but always *man*.

If Northern men would oftener refrain from abnegating their manhood and slandering their own country, — did they act this manly and gentle part toward Southern men, — I can imagine many benefits which must flow from such a course. The South would respect the North, and the sentiment of the North. The South always believed that the North would cringe to the last, as she had been doing for fifty years. What say you, gentlemen, are we done cringing? Or is Mr. Vallandigham and his posture to be first endured, then pitied, then embraced, as, according to the poet, is the way with moral monsters? "I do not trust him," said Richelieu of the soldier; "he

bows too low." Hamlet never despises Polonius more than when the latter fools him to the top of his bent. Had the North been determined, outspoken, and faithful to herself, she must have been faithful also to the South, and might have averted the tumor which now eats into her Southern brother's heart, instead of fostering it.

"What mighty matter," says the Brahmin, "is the subjugation of the sea-girt earth to those who cannot subdue themselves." Not until we have conquered this dapperness and inhumanity in ourselves; not until the North ceases to ask what shall be done with negroes; not until the infamy of Illinois Black Laws is held to be deeper than Carolina Slave Laws, — can we gain any noble victory. Through self-control lies the only path to control; at present we have as yet to prove that we are worthy to win the victories of Liberty and Law.

When the North rises fully to the stature of manhood, and grasps the sharp horn of the Southern Achelous with a human hand, — no longer meeting horn with horn, — then that horn will break off, and become for this nation the horn of plenty. A touch of pure humanity can make this Rebellion yield a fruitage of peace, prosperity, and honour for which we might otherwise have had to wait a century. Ah, had we a Hercules, knowing that hand is stronger than horn, to guide us!

XII

A POST-PRANDIAL POINT

At a dinner given in Washington to Mr. Prentice, Mr. Secretary Smith, replying with warmth to some strong anti-slavery sentiments which had just been uttered by Mr. Cameron, said: "If we, being eighteen millions, can-

not put down this rebellion of six millions without freeing their slaves, we ought to give the war up."

Doubtless the Secretary, when he got off this bit of wisdom, had been paying more attention to his own Interior than to that of the country.

Six bad men can burn up a half-dozen blocks of a city, and destroy a thousand lives, before they could be arrested. It would be a fine thing for such to retain at their trial Mr. Smith, whose opening position would be: "Gentlemen of the Jury, if several blocks of a city and hundreds of people cannot keep from being burnt up by six men, they ought to be burnt up!"

The remark brings before us the inequality of the combatants in this war.

Some years ago Daniel Webster was challenged to a duel by some booby from Texas (I believe), whose range of ability was limited to the skilful use of rifle and bowie-knife. Mr. Webster was inclined to accept the challenge; but his friends interfered, and declared that the stakes were unequal; that such a brain as that of Daniel Webster's could not be risked against even many hundreds of Texans, much less this bore. They were willing that a certain mad bull at Marshfield should meet the Texan, but compelled Mr. Webster to decline.

The reading public is now reading with delight the exquisite delineations of Theodore Winthrop. You who have read "Cecil Dreeme," "John Brent," and "Edwin Brothertoft," think a moment of such an imagination, such culture, being at the mercy of some wretched little drummer-boy! Where are his equals in the South? or those of Lyon, of Baker, or of Fitz-James O'Brien?

But these are minor inequalities, and we allude to them only to remember that there is a fearful inequality in the

institutions which produce such men as those I have named, and those which produce Floyds and Twiggses in shoals, but to eight millions of men not one literary or scientific man of any importance.

Americans! we have no right to imperil *liberty* one hour, nor to allow it to remain in peril, that we may show the world that we can "whip the South." The point which the Secretary of the Interior raised is but a point of sectional vanity, and it is far beneath the tremendous issue in this crisis. Is it a point of pride with Freedom to prove that it excels Slavery as butcher of men? When this war began, the successes were more frequently on the side of Slavery, and the wisest said: "There are glorious obstacles to the success of the North! Free institutions do not breed the requisite number of Floyds and Twiggses — thieves and traitors — for this work; Freedom's sons cannot hate and sting like vipers; they will not poison springs, and put up false banners to lure a foe into traps." There *was* room for some pride in that direction. But these glorious obstacles are fading; the thirst for Southern blood grows; and presently the North will be demoralized enough to equal the recklessness and spite of Slavery.

Once, says a fable, there was a stag which had long, branching horns, of which it was very proud; but of its feet it was very much ashamed. One day this stag, pursued by hounds, found its despised feet quite serviceable; and indeed the feet would have saved him had it not been for the horns of which he was so proud, for these becoming entangled in some bushes, the stag was overtaken by the hounds.

The North can win no military laurels in this conflict; should it gain the victory, the world will see as little glory

in it as it saw in our victory over Mexico. Let the North not covet a distinction which she can never possess, thanks to the superior glories of Liberty! To the proposition from South Carolina, that her sons should meet more than their number of Massachusetts men, and decide the issue in this country by this duel of States, a shrewd resident of the Old Bay proposed, as an amendment, that these should meet, but that, instead of using weapons of death, vast blank-books should be opened, and if a third more Massachusetts men could not write their own names than South Carolina men, the South should be declared victorious. That was rather cruel toward the Southerners, beneath whose rule, entirely great, the bowie-knife is mightier than the pen; but it was from a man who had wit enough to know that Liberty's Code of Honour is a different one from that of Slavery. To that or any legitimate weapon we may confidently trust American Freedom; but not one hour to the shifting chances of war, if we can help it, — not to the accident of a general's being drunk or sober, or the position of a ditch or fence. If these flimsy defences are the surest with which we can surround the world's trust to America, be sure the precious lamp will be removed to those who can keep it alive, though we be left in outer darkness.

XIII

THE PROBABILITIES OF INSURRECTION

THE experience of the Slave States has furnished reason to believe that no general and concerted insurrection of slaves can occur for many years.

In estimating this question, several things are to be remembered: 1. That the negroes cannot generally write, or use the mails or the facilities of travel. They are un-

doubtedly anxious enough for their freedom to strike any blow that might have a reasonable prospect of success; but they can see as readily as we that concert would be necessary, and that to any great extent is impossible. It will be remembered that the insurrection of Nat Turner and that planned by Denmark Vesey covered very small sections of the States in which they occurred, though they were the most expensive and elaborately prepared of all that have occurred. 2. The negroes are an extremely cautious people, and not at all self-reliant. Much of this is the result of their training. A negro may be browbeaten even into the confession of things he has not done; and at a word of suspicion about any real offence, he at once supposes the master knows everything, and makes a clean breast of it. It is probably through these means, rather than deliberate treachery upon the part of any of them, that schemes of this kind have been so often betrayed by negroes themselves. 3. The negroes are superstitious, and in the direction of special providences. They believe generally in luck and miracle, and the fatalism of the Baptist Church, to which they usually belong, helps to cut the sinews of their own right arms. "Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow," would be an incomprehensible sentiment among them, and, in my opinion, it will never be true in their case. When their blow comes, it will be at the end of a long series of others' blows. They are always looking for their Moses, whom they would not follow unless he had his wonder-working rod along. 4. But the chief fetter worn by this race is the habit of servile obedience; the master's ordinary tone and cowhide are more irresistible than his musket and epaulets.

Undoubtedly there will be in the future, as there have been in the past, here and there local insurrections; but

none that could excite a general panic in the South will this generation be apt to witness.

On reflection, it will be seen that all of the forces above enumerated as those which will be likely to prevent any general slave insurrection are at the present time doubly active. In the present juncture, the slave has every inducement to remain quiet, none at all to rebel: neither side is ready to befriend him as an insurrectionist, both are helping him as a slave. He is, of the three parties in this contest, as he should be, infinitely the best off. At any rate, he is very sure not to rebel when every Southern eye is on the watch and every hand on the trigger.

So those who are hoping to have their shoulders relieved of the burden of doing justice to these slaves will find that they will act as Paul and Silas when their prison was opened by an earthquake, who said to the frightened Macedonians, "Let the magistrates come and fetch us out." He certainly will not stir to befriend or welcome those who have not decided whether or not to exile him in case he becomes free; who have not yet declared even those deserted by rebel masters to be free; and who really show more aversion to personal proximity to him than his Southern master.

But every one of the *inward* links which bind him now — his caution, superstition, and servile obedience — would be transferred to our banner on the instant that he should be declared free under it, and would curl about it like tendrils. Not insurrections, but stampedes, would at once follow our proclamation of freedom; and they would have to be, and would be, checked immediately. But to check them knocks into *pi* every column of the Southern army.

The slave's heart everywhere is at this moment filled

with the one burning idea of freedon; he is doing now exactly what his friends advised him to do,— sitting still; he has shown great wisdom during this war. But he listens every hour of the night and day for the watchward which calls him to his feet.

That word is not Confiscation; it is not Colonization. Hearing people discussing and advocating every measure for these people except simple justice, one thinks of Cassim, loaded with treasures in the robbers' cave, with the door fast locked in his face, calling for it to open by every name but the one to which it really does open. He says, "Barley," and "oats," — but the door opens not a crack. Let our rulers take care that the Sesame which alone can open the door of success in this war is not first uttered, as in Cassim's case, by the robbers; the side that first cries *Freedom to the Slave* gains the day in this war.

We hear some talk of arming the slaves: would it not be well first to try the effect of doing them simple, unelaborate justice?

For that word the slave's heart far down on the Southern plantations is now all ear. It is a common error to suppose that the slaves on the plantations of the far South are more ignorant, degraded, and obtuse, or that they are less informed in public matters, than those in the Border States. The contrary is truer. It has been for many generations the invariable custom to send to these plantations of the Cotton and Sugar States every negro near the border who at any time shows a desire for freedom, or who has attempted to run off, or has been overtaken, or who shows enough intelligence for an inference that he will be restive under the yoke. The number of overseers and strictness of patrol on these plantations make it comparatively unimportant whether the slave is discontented or

otherwise. The consequence is that there has been through many years a gradual accumulation in the far South of the most inflammable and intelligent negroes; and any serious insurrections would be far more apt to come from them than from their more comfortable Border State comrades.

But they listen on the border also for that word to whose Orphic music the hearts of men are made to dance, though they were as stone and trees. The Border State negro has had his senses whetted by a certain kind of perpetual fear and ever-recurring anguish. For these are the slave-breeding States. Not one half of the slaves born in any of the Border States are or can be retained there; the demand for them is insufficient. This makes the yoke through all this region terribly galling. Year by year parents watch the growth of their children, knowing that they cannot be kept at home, — that there each will be only another mouth to feed and back to clothe, — knowing that so soon as the year of the noblest promise and strength comes, it comes only to bring the bitter parting and heartbreak. No farmer gathers in his harvest more regularly than the slave-trader of the Border States, putting in his scythe this year for the human hearts which were not quite ripe for plantation service last year.

Thus they listen, thus they watch, more than they that watch for the morning: God's captive Israel, of whom he says, They shall prosper who love thee!

XIV

MERCY, AND NOT SACRIFICE

After what has been said, there is no need that we shall dwell upon the objection, sometimes offered to an edict of

emancipation, that it would cover the South with a cruel servile insurrection.

Even if it were true, the objection is absurdly oblivious of the cruel white insurrection which is now raging in the South, to say nothing of its ignoring the chronic and perpetual insurrection against the rights and happiness of a whole race, which Slavery essentially is.

But the history of every nation which has dared the guilty experiment of holding man as property repeats the warning of Schiller, — "Tremble before the man who has not yet broken his chain: tremble not before the freeman."

Though no insurrection of slaves can possibly come to do for us in this war what an edict of emancipation alone can do; though for a generation, or generations, the slave may serve his Southern master; yet, if that institution be allowed to survive this war, the South is delivered up as to the ever-narrowing circles of a whirlpool, which must bear it into its vortex, unless another war may once more give the nation the power to rescue that insane section. For these slaves must multiply until their enslavement becomes impossible. Any man, whose opinion is entitled to be listened to, knows that this institution is in the end a doomed institution. But we know, also, that slaveholding, like any other bad passion, grows with what it feeds on, and has thus been a more determined thing in the South with every successive year. If, then, in this Golden Hour, when we have the means already prepared and ready to prevent any evils which could occur, we do not, what is there in the future but a certain fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation?

Are you quite sure, O ye who are so fearful of servile insurrection, that, at any other period, if the South shall

cry, Help,—*as she surely will*,—we shall have a million men ready on the instant to shield her from carnage?

The social system of the South has been undermined by the hand of God: when, in eternal wisdom and truth, he laid the foundations of the world, he loved the human being for which all was a mansion too well to permit any wrong to go on without retribution; and under the foundations of all injustice he laid the trains which must in some way lay them in ruins. The fusee to that undermining is now in our hands: we may now fire it with fire from the altar of God, which can work no indiscriminate ruin; but who shall tell the horrors if in the future that fusee shall be set on fire of hell?

Nothing is more sad than when the human mind puts darkness for light, and light for darkness; and I know of no case where it is done more dangerously than in calling that measure inhuman and cruel which is the only one not utterly pitiless to the South.

The present attitude of the North *is* oppressive toward the South. The North seems disposed simply to cripple and limit Slavery, and yet about as anxious as the South to prevent emancipation. In other words, the North is opposed to freeing the slaves, but wishes so to limit the institution that it shall be a burden and a loss to those who hold it. For if the principles upon which the present President was elected should prevail, and the slaves not freed, the institution would utterly impoverish the South; and the North would be enriched by it. It is our duty either to liberate the slaves or else to allow Slavery such protection and admission into all territories as will keep it from being a danger and a drag upon the South. I fear the North is anxious to preserve Slavery for the cotton and sugar it brings; but anxious also to have all the lands and politi-

cal power, without which Slavery makes every white man as well as black man in the South a slave.

You have no right to leave this tree on their lot girdled, so as to bear them no fruit, and be in their way, and an increasing danger also, rotting year by year for the blast under which it shall fall suddenly and inevitably.

My fellow-men, there is every sign that our arms are steadily winning their way into the South. Let us consider gravely *what it is* we are carrying South as we march on. One thing we must carry, — devastation. We are far yet from the heart of the South, and they know little of the South who do not know that, as we approach nearer, the tragedy will deepen: our army will mark its track in blood, and find ashes where fair cities stood before. Now I do not say that all this ought not to take place if it is necessary; there are things worse than such devastation; but I do say that in this age of the world such devastation of human homes and hearts cannot be justified unless along with it we bear blessings greater than the devastation is evil.

In my opinion, there is not a feature of Christianity which would not frown upon the idea that the sorrows which our victorious advance must bring upon the South can be justified by carrying a piece of bunting down there, or the mere governmental authority it represents. If this should prove to be, what Earl Russell declared it, "a struggle for power" only, the verdict of the civilized world will be, — *shame!* Take any one who perished at Fort Donelson, loyal or rebel, and place that human being, with God's crown of intelligence upon his brow, beside that mass of stone and brush-wood which was surrendered, and any thinking person will know which is of more importance, the mass of brute matter which human hands could rear in a month, or that immortal being of

heart and brain, which, once prostrated, not the combined skill of the world can rebuild.

The proverb says, "Faithful are the wounds of a friend"; and if we were smiting the South to heal her of the withering curse that is upon her, our wounds will be far more friendly than all those weak compromises and indulgences by which the North has for years helped to fasten her curse upon her. An amnesty for the South leaving her Slavery would be the bitterest wrong and cruelty we could inflict on her.

Humanity, Christianity, would welcome and justify any severity necessary to relieve the South of that curse, as they would the severity of the surgeon's probe, for the overbalancing benefit it brings. The friend of humanity could then patiently see more bloodshed than the land has yet witnessed, if he knew that this blood was shed for the remission of the nation's sin, the removal of its pitiless curse.

And yet, what are we actually carrying South with our arms? After the surrender of Fort Donelson, the first thing done was to run up the United States banner; the second thing was to return to rebel masters twelve slaves found therein. This was boasted of by a Kentucky Senator in the Senate, and the author of the deed went unrebuked. But we got through him at Shiloh as heavy a blow as those twelve negroes got. We shall find that all the orders "No. 3" will come home to roost. At Port Royal a negro, deserted by his master, came within our lines, and, addressing Colonel Lee, said, "Will you please, sir, tell me if I am a free man?" Colonel Lee was dumb. The government is dumb.[1] As yet you, my countrymen, are dumb.

[1] The following touching lyric was placed in my hand, soon after hearing of this incident, by one who has already given us that which is worthy

Whatever title the Southern States may have had to hold slaves, no man has yet been bold enough to claim that the United States has a title to hold them; yet it is restraining of their freedom thousands of men as free as the President. The President has just imported a million slaves into the States of Georgia, Florida, and South Carolina. A pretty big beam, I think, the Northern eye is carrying, as it goes to pull out the mote in the Southern eye! Buchanan announced that the Constitution carries Slavery wherever it goes: it has remained for the first

to be incorporated with the "John Brown Song," as the "Battle Hymn of the Republic": —

Tell me, master, am I free?
From the prison-land I come,
From a wrecked humanity,
From the fable of a home, —

From the market where my wife,
With my baby at her breast,
Faded from my narrow life,
Rudely bartered and possest.

Masters, ye are fighting long,
Well your trumpet-blast we know:
Are ye come to right a wrong?
Do we call you friend or foe?

Will ye keep me, for my faith,
From the hound that scents my track?
From the riotous, drunken breath,
From the murder at my back?

God must come, for whom we pray,
Knowing his deliverance true;
Shall our men be left to say,
He must work it free of you?

Links of an unsighted chain
Bound the spirit of our braves;
Waiting for the nobler strain,
Silence told him we were slaves.

Republican government to make the theory fact. But is to do this worth the heartbreaks, the butchery, by which alone we can march South?

XV

THE CONSECRATION OF HEROISM

In the old Hebrew Chronicles it is related that on one occasion David was in an hold, and the garrison of the Philistines was in Bethlehem. "And David longed, and said, O that one would give me drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem which is by the gate! And the three mighty men brake through the host of the Philistines, and drew water out of the well of Bethlehem, that was by the gate, and took it, and brought it to David; nevertheless he would not drink thereof, but poured it out unto the Lord. And he said, Be it far from me, O Lord, that I should do this; is not this the blood of the men that went in jeopardy of their lives? Therefore he would not drink it."

Thus to all noble minds heroism is forever consecrated, and consecrates all it touches. The commonest things have a new and higher value, when they become associated with deeds of devotion and courage. The cross, to which the Christian world clings, was not a whit more respectable than a gallows, until a Hero's blood consecrated it.

Our countrymen, our companions, friends, and relatives have gone forth, in jeopardy of their lives, to recover for this nation certain forts, arsenals, territories, — for which the nation longed. This nation does not yet see that when these forts and States are recovered for us, stained with the ruddy blood of thousands of its noble youth, — each the monument of fallen heroes, — they will seem very differ-

ent from forts and arsenals; that, if thus recovered, they will be altars consecrated to the humanity which died to rescue them, flaming with the fires of Justice and Liberty.

The first American Revolution began as a protest against a tax upon tea and a few other articles. Even after Concord and Lexington, the removal of a few pence from the duty on tea would have stopped the war. At this distance that looks to us as a very insignificant fight; one might almost call it a tempest in a teapot.

But so did it not remain. The tea reddened with the blood of noble hearts, as did the water of Bethlehem when it came to the king. Battle after battle came; men went on to death as to their beds; and from the fires of war emerged the grand figure of Independence. Then all the duties might have been taken off, but America would not have drank to the health of a tryant what had now become the blood of her noble sons; nothing less than entire independence was worthy so costly a libation.

In the month of August, 1776,[1] immediately after the defeat of the Americans on Long Island, and whilst that disaster was not only demoralizing the army under Washington, but spreading dismay and consternation among the most resolute of the advocates of Independence, General Howe, wishing to take advantage of the terror which victory inspires, and persuading himself that the Americans, disheartened by so many checks, would be more modest in their pretensions, despatched General Sullivan to Congress, with a message purporting that, though he

[1] This incident was briefly alluded to in *The Rejected Stone;* the number of inquiries which have been made of me concerning it, and its appropriateness to the argument of this chapter, encourage me to condense the account from Carlo Botta's History, in which alone I have been able to find it, though it is certainly one of the most striking of our Revolutionary records.

could not consistently treat with that assembly in the character they had assumed, yet he would gladly confer with some of their members in their private capacity, and would meet them at any place they would appoint. He informed them that he was empowered, with the admiral, his brother, to terminate the contest between Great Britain and America upon conditions equally advantageous to both. He assured them that, if they were inclined to enter into an agreement, much might be granted them which they had not required. He concluded by saying that, should the conference produce the probability of an accommodation, the authority of Congress would be acknowledged, in order to render the treaty valid and complete in every respect. To this Congress made answer, through General Sullivan, that the Congress of the Free and Independent States of America could not, consistently with the trust reposed in them, send their members to confer with any one whomsoever, otherwise than in their public capacity. But that, as they desired that peace might be concluded upon equitable conditions, they would depute a committee of their body to learn what proposals they had to offer. The deputies appointed by Congress to hear the propositions of the British commissioners (General Howe and Admiral Lord Howe) were Benjamin Franklin, John Adams, and Edward Rutledge, all three zealous advocates of independence. The interview took place on September 11, on Staten Island, opposite Amboy, where the British general had his headquarters.

The result of the interview showed to what a height the war, which began about a paltry tax, had risen under the tuition of Heroism. The British commanders offered every concession, with complete amnesties and indemnities, *provided only that they would lay down their arms and*

submit to the authority of England. But the Americans, staggering though they were under a disastrous defeat,— dark, too, as was the prospect of three millions fighting against the strongest power on earth,— utterly and firmly refused to submit to anything less than their entire independence.

This was England's last effort to settle the difficulty by negotiation. Immediately thereafter she put forth her whole strength to compel submission; but had England only known it, she was conquered already, when in the midst of darkness and disaster there remained to confront her a spirit too noble to compromise Liberty, too royal to cool even the the fevered lips of war with an ignoble peace, and offer to Despotism the blood of heroes.

Our public speakers know very well that in speaking of "the Union cemented by the blood of our fathers," they touch a chord in the popular heart which never fails to respond. That is because it is a true chord. Every river and valley of it has been touched with the chrism of self-sacrifice. But here is more blood poured out: what will that cement? Is it only to cement the broken walls of Sumter? Is it only to recover a section for freemen to be tarred and feathered in — a Congress for honest Senators to be assassinated in? Is that what your son has gone to cement with his blood? Are we giving up the best blood in our land that our flag may again unfurl its heaven-born colours for the protection of the chain and the lash and the block where immortal beings are sold as cattle?

There is where we started: the old Union just as it was, with every chain in it, every shamble, every scourge, every barbarism, — that is what our own valiant men brake the ranks of the Philistines to get for us. But already things give signs of change. People are saying,

This war will be sure to end Slavery, — the wish being father to the thought. That is only the first flush on the water. Let us see a little more heroic blood shed, and people will say, This war *shall* end Slavery.

A man who announces — and this is said with all deference to the Secretary of State — that a bloody revolution shall sweep over a country, and leave that country, and every human being in it, in the same condition as before, must be in the counsel of that highly conservative angel at the Creation who was seized with a dreadful apprehension lest the very foundations of Chaos should be unsettled. To expect that this revolution, whilst working changes similar to those which revolution has wrought in all history, will leave Slavery *as it was before* in the land, is to expect a conflagration enveloping a house to burn up the stone and iron, and leave the woodwork standing.

XVI

A POSSIBLE BABYLON

WHO can misread or doubt the prophecies written broadly over all the mountains, prairies, savannahs, lakes, and rivers of this superb continent? What heart can have a misgiving that these grandeurs have been prepared for a race of slaves? Does Niagara thunder of the great era of slave-coffles? Does the Mississippi suggest a race of clay-eaters on its shores? Do the great rivets between North and South, the Rocky, the Alleghany, the Blue Ridge mountains, foretell that the rivets of moral and political union on this continent are to be perpetual fear on one side and menace on the other, as they have been for years, — a union crumbling through very rottenness?

Every hilltop in America is a Pisgah, from which can

be seen the Promised Land of Liberty, which this nation is sure sooner or later to enter.

But meanwhile there are dreary forty-year wanderings in desert places, which may have to come ere we are worthy to enter our Canaan of Freedom and Prosperity. Worse than all, there is a possible Babylonish captivity toward which it were well for this generation anxiously to look. The fearful retribution which befell Israel for its idolatry is never absent from the paths of such nations as turn aside from their own God to worship alien idols. Slavery is for this nation the alien idol, and its worship may yet have to be burnt out of us by a similar fiery trial.

There is a current phrase which says, "This war is bound to be the death of Slavery." It seems to me a very thoughtless speech. How do we expect emancipation to come? Is it to be as a shower of gold? The proverb says, "What will you have, quoth God; pay for it and take it." We shall have freedom from our national curse, not by any luck, but when we are up to paying the fair price; if there is enough humanity and common sense in the country to destroy Slavery, it will be destroyed, and not otherwise. No doubt Slavery will end, but this government may never live to see the day.

We actually hear people saying, "When this war is ended, we can have a convention, and agree upon some plan for the gradual abolition of Slavery."

When this war is ended! This is much as when Paddy, after vainly endeavouring to put on a pair of new boots, remarked that he feared he would never be able to get those boots on until he had worn them a day or two!

Perhaps the highest secret which the Oriental philosophy hit upon was the peristaltic movement of the universe.

The idea was that the visible universe was the integument of a great living soul, and that, in its onward progress, the vital form from time to time shed, as a snake its skin, this integument, whose spots were galaxies.

As long as the skin is alive and adjusted to its movement, the snake bears it onward; but when a newer one has been formed underneath, the snake pauses, contracts, and the old skin shrivels; one full-length stretch, and it is left in the path.

Onward by the perfect law the living essence of Society moves also: the customs, creeds, institutions of any age are the spots of its variegated skin. Bright and beautiful are these scales when vital and necessary. Presently they get rusty, and must be shed. Then all the living forces contract, and the old is cast. *Nothing not dead can ever be sloughed off.* Revolutions such as Christianity, Protestantism, that which secured American Independence, that which is now abolishing Slavery, are the successive shrivellings of the rusty cuticle, as the living body of Society moves onward.

The former status of this country can never be restored, more than a snake can creep back into and inhabit the skin it has shed on the wayside. But, reader, have you not in your life found some poor snake still partially fettered to its "body of death,"—snake in motionless distress, which, having stretched out from its shrivelled skin, must needs stretch back and wait? The last state of that snake is worse than the first for a time.

In this revolution we may get free. But if we do not, before any truce comes, cast the old Slavery-skin of this nation, we shall go back for a while into a state of things which even the Democrats would shudder to behold. If, now that Slavery and freedom are, by the new power

opened, for the first time left to the choice of the American people, they shall deliberately select Slavery, Slavery they will get with a vengeance! For things would have to be worse to be better. We should witness a rule of Slavery so galling and fearful that the North would be scourged into a revolution.

There is no St. Patrick who can rid this land of old-line Democrats. Now and then there is a cry that the Democratic party is dead; and if it were not in league with the Devil, if bullets could kill it, it would have been dead long ago. In a play called "The Vampyre," the voracious sucker in human shape, who draws the life out of fair virgins whilst they sleep, is repeatedly slain; but in dying he always makes a pathetic request to have his corpse put at some certain place, — a place where the moonlight will, he knows, fall upon it. Whenever the moonlight touches this Vampyre in human shape, he revives. Now, this moonshine — which is a compromise between night and day — is a fair symbol of that which never fails to resuscitate Democracy. No matter how dead you may fancy it, you have only to heed its last dying request for a compromise, and under that moonshine its resuscitation is inevitable.

The very delay in dealing with Slavery has furnished sufficient moonshine, not to say lunacy, to stir the Vampyre with a throb of life. That party is preparing to go before the people in the forthcoming campaign. They will take the Van Wyck report in one hand, and the Washburne report in the other (for they know how to make the truth lie like the Devil!), and they will say, from every stump in the country: "Feller citizens! What did you git by leaving the old Dimocratic party? Fust, you got a civil war, plunging into fraternal fratricide the country that under

Frank Pierce and Jim Buckhannon was peaceful, united, gellorious, and happy. Second, you got untold millions of debt. Third, you got corruption enough in all the branches of the government to fill these here two thousand pages of investigating reports. That 's what you got by this Republican freak of yours! Feller citizens, do you want to see the bloody clouds of civil war roll away before the rising sun of harmony and union, one and inseparable, now and forever? Jest vote for the regular nominees of the Dimocratic party! Now, boys, three cheers for McClellan!"

I fear the appeal will be successful; and if so, the little finger of the man so elected will be heavier than Buchanan's loins.

The other day I was reading in the Satanic Press the programme of the Democracy, of which the above is a free translation, and its editorial concluded with saying: "To this appeal the masses will be sure to respond." By a typographical error, or the correction of some shrewd printer, the *m* got off of *masses*, and on to the preceding word; and so it read "*them asses* will be sure to respond." It was very bad grammar, but I think I never read so sensible a sentence in that paper before. It is not the masses, but them asses, that we have to fear.

Let us not trust the sham Democracy of this country because it now professes to support the war. The other evening, when, at a Democratic meeting in Cincinnati, the corpse of the Vampyre was stirred, the assembly gave vent to the natural disgust by simultaneously ejaculating, *Pugh!*

Much to our surprise, an individual whose name is so pronounced, supposing himself called upon, made a speech. The Hon. George E. Pugh is the ablest Democrat in the West, and would so stand with his party if he were not a

trifle too rash. When traitors in the West propose to aid the rebellion, they first inquire if Lawyer Pugh is in good health; and in so many cases of this kind has he appeared, that it is not strange if he should be in party limbo. But since Garrett Davis menaced the government with resistance from Kentucky, the sham Democracy of the West has come far enough out to lay hold upon Pugh.

At the assembly of Resurrectionists to which I have referred, this ex-Senator said these words:—

"The Democracy has voted men and money to support this government during the war; and the reason why they have done so is that they have intended to have that government in their own hands at the next administration. In my opinion the government will soon be in the hands of the Democracy, and then, *and not till then*, will the old flag, with its thirty-four stars, represent a perfect Union."

That is, the Democracy, though not regarding the government, under a constitutionally elected Republican administration, as a *bona fide* affair, will yet support it so long as there lingers with them a hope of binding the Union as a dead Hector to the chariot of Slavery.

"You aristocrats," says a Jacobin in Paris, "are frightened, as you say, lest we should injure your property: we shall guard your property with the utmost care, in the full expectation that it is soon to be our own."

But the proprietors knew that behind each of these words was a sword and a torch, and that, when it became certain that the Jacobin could not get the property, his sword and torch would appear.

The people are to be reverenced, but cautiously. When you can get a real people, their voice is the voice of God;

nay, when they are animated with a great, all-compelling purpose, they are the myriad-fingered hand of God, fashioning the Earth according to the pattern shown in the mount.

But from this height there is a precipitous descent. The people may be demoralized; then they are not a people, but merely the rabble. Fearfully easy and swift is this recoil sometimes. To-day they sing Hosanna, and spread their garments in the path before the advance of the Highest; to-morrow the same voices sharply cry, Crucify him!

This Vampyre whom they would elect would fasten upon this nation, and suck every free and noble drop out of its heart. The sacred guaranties of Liberty and forms of law would be suspended then, not for the defence of Freedom, but to crush out the soul of Freedom. Slavery would be the tyrant, and dungeons would be filled with those who uttered a word or did aught against Slavery. Those weapons of martial law, far more fearful than any artillery, may each be wheeled around against the champions of Freedom; and there are men not very far from a possible Presidency who would use them all to strangle free thought and free speech in this country.

The Babylon whose captivity we have to fear is not Disunion; if that were the alternative, it would not be so fearful. But there are too many indications that the people of the North so worship the Union, and regard their trade as so involved in it, that, if they cannot win it by fair means, they will by foul. There is no doubt but they will fight and suffer long and gallantly to recover the Union; but when it is decided that they cannot have it with honour, it is to be feared that they can be demoralized enough to pay the price of their honour, to compromise for it.

But this would only be a thorny, crooked way to the same goal, the straight way to which God opens before us to-day. It would not be long before the very men who now think that they would be willing to have the Union with Slavery in it back again, would shriek out *Anathema Maranatha* upon every man who had a hand in such a result.

XVII

THE DIAL OF GROWTHS

In the Palais-Royal Gardens at Paris there is a dial, with a small cannon attached. When the sun rises to the meridian height, the cannon is fired, a sun-glass having been so arranged as to concentrate the rays for that purpose.

Not far from this is another dial, arranged on the same principle with the celebrated one made by Linnæus at Upsal: flowers there are which close, and others which unfold, at various periods of the day, and thus the hours are marked.

Thus the same sun which in one spot announces its ascent to the zenith by the cannon's roar, in another noiselessly traces its progress and culmination by the closing up of old and the unfolding of new growths.

Ideas, sun-like, have also their dawn, their ascent, and their culmination. One world lies about us where ideas proclaim their advance through the grim mouth of the cannon. Powers, parties, interests have so set their glasses that fiery Liberty, vivifying Equality, radiant Fraternity, rising, dawn over dawn, upon the world, are responded to by the roar of battle. But softly about us lies another world, in which advancing Truth traces its

steps of light in the closing up of old errors and the unfolding of new truths.

From the noisy thunders of the cannon-dial,— from the din of the voices which cry, Lo here! Lo there! — let us turn for a while, and trace so far as we can the hour as it stands in that kingdom which cometh not with outward show.

The leaders and masses enlisted in the Southern rebellion have no more to do with that rebellion than the *fantoccini* of a puppet-show have to do with their own attitudes and dances.

The present attitude of Slavery is the direct and inevitable result of the attitude of Liberty. The Satanic press throughout the country implores that the anti-slavery agitators shall be sent to Fort Warren; Parson Brownlow wishes to bury them in a ditch; the allegation being that they have caused the rebellion, and are making a union after the old pattern impossible. Now, this is about as far as the Devil ever sees. He is shrewd enough up to a certain limit; after that he is as blind as a bat. It is as certainly true that anti-slavery agitation caused this rebellion as that Slavery caused that agitation. It were easy to name one hundred brains which have been set a-thinking in this country during this generation, and to say with truth, if God had only seen fit to keep these hundred brains out of the world, or to have consulted Kentucky as to how he should fashion them, there would have been no war now. We should have gone on enjoying our country, our cotton, sugar, and the rest, as happy a nation of maggots as ever swarmed in an old cheese.

In the eyes of those who have a doubt whether that kind of life constitutes the whole duty and chief end of

man, the Abolitionists can desire no fairer laurel for their brows than that through them streamed such fiery rays of Liberty, that Slavery had no choice but to close up like a deadly flower before unfolding Justice, or else respond to these noonday fires with the cannon. The "Rebellion Record" reports that the first gun of this war was fired last year at Charleston: the Muse of History will write that the first gun was fired by William Lloyd Garrison in Baltimore, many years ago; the shell he touched off was a long time on its way, and only lately exploded in the election of President Lincoln, who was sent to Washington as an idea, and who has been, and will be, treated by the South as an idea. *That election was an act of war upon Slavery, — all the more formidable because constitutional.*

It is only in crystals that one sees plainly any mingled substance which is inferior. You cannot see a speck of dirt in the heart of a pebble, but you can see it clearly in the heart of a pure crystal. It is so with the evil at the heart of this country. The wrongs which for ages lay unobserved in the stony heart of absolutism, preserved now in the centre of a republic, discolour all the rays shining through it. Our faith and courage in these times will be in proportion to our realization of the fact that our trouble, though it should end in failure, is a sign not of weakness so much as of strength. Were the age meaner, its claim would not be, as it is now, beyond the ordinary satisfaction of circumstances. Had the evils which afflict us a tongue, it would say: "Surely you have grown very sophisticated and fastidious. Read your school histories over again, and see what age was exempt from injustice and violence, war and Slavery. Are you not making in this generation a great deal of noise over evils that your

ancestors sat very quietly under?" Certainly we are. We stand upon our vantage as proudly as did the young Goethe, of whom it is related that, when six years old, he plagued his mother with questions as to whether the stars would perform for him all that, according to some fortune-teller, they had promised at his birth. "Why," said his mother, "must you have the assistance of the stars, when other people get on very well without?" To this the terrible child replied: "But I am not to be satisfied with what does for other people." So the humblest man in Christendom to-day puts his foot upon such a government as Jesus and Paul rested quietly under; so the poorest American is too high to be satisfied with what suits an Austrian. Centuries of rain and sunshine are not wasted on the vineyard of God, where nations of men climb to clusters. Therefore, although the country was never so disturbed before in its immediate interests, it was never higher than now. This sundering of a great Confederacy, — this panic fallen upon all our material interests, — this division of the large church bodies, — all testify gloriously how large a price a young nation is willing to pay for a principle. Never more fitly could it be called a chosen people of God than now, when it says, "Yes, we are ready to press out even into a forty-years wilderness, following the guiding pillar of Liberty, whether it turn to us its fiery or its clouded side!"

The cannon's roar to-day, then, proclaims Liberty radiant in the heavens. America is assailed only because she has turned from Slavery, and pressed forward to touch the vesture's hem of Freedom. That was her only crime. Then let the prophets be stoned; let those who proclaim that the axe must and shall be laid to the root of the tree be slain, and the head of Radicalism be brought on a

charger to the Herodias of Democracy! When the Voice in the Wilderness is hushed, the Voice in Jerusalem breaks out.

Here, then, in our Dial of Growths, is the first hour traced, — the nightshade of a fatal and ignoble peace in the midst of crime closes. Far nobler this blood-red flower of war!

Again, I see fast closing beneath the glow that old atheism which has fancied that this world was not governed by the laws of God. It was said by Mr. Gladstone, that "the king of Sicily had reduced atheism to a system of government." That king might certainly, at any time in the last twenty years, have sued the United States government for an infraction of his patent.

And the government was so because the people were so. Would a people ever dream of disregarding habitually laws in which they had faith as involving interests of life and death? Would they eat poisons, launch ships without compasses, leap over precipices? That is just what we have been doing in the real world, — the world where gravitation takes the form of justice. And now comes the severe experience which shows us that the Golden Rule is not only a moral but a physical law; that these invisible laws which are called moral are not abstractions, the violations of which are to end in a grand scenic display of Zamiel with red lights in the future world, but laws which encircle the world above and below, and govern it infallibly in every instant; and that no wrong is without its penalty on the moment. Our nation's crime is to-day its own retribution; the stain on our flag has become a plague-spot on the body. And upon those in our land who most abetted the wrong the retribution is heaviest.

There were sundry atheistic institutions in our land,

calling themselves Tract and Missionary Societies; these, simply for lucre and worldly strength, refused to listen to the cries or sobs of four millions of their brethren, — consented that they should be sold into Egypt. Now come the great hails which sweep away the refuges of lies; and these very societies and churches which most failed to rescue those torn and bleeding sheep of Christ's fold are the most sundered and ruined. They laid up their treasures where Confederates break through and steal. The most flourishing societies and churches now are those which rebuked slavery too sternly to have any possessions in the South to be lost.

Trade has also learned its lesson. We had, in the times of Henry Clay, memorials, circulated through the North, praying Congress to have the discussion of Slavery in its halls suppressed. They were signed principally by merchants with large Southern trade. In some cities, however, there were found merchants who would not sign away their independence for Southern custom. These the pro-slavery papers were swift in parading as the enemies of the South, and they suffered by the withdrawal of Southern custom. The South dealt more largely than ever with its "friends." The others had to reorganize their trade; forced to plant their business entirely in the North, those firms are to-day secure; they have no dreary account of irrecoverable thousands with Southern dealers. Of all such customers they were long ago relieved by their compliant neighbours, now groaning under the sequestration of their property in the South.

And we may rest assured that all who have woven into their lives and interests rotten and blood-rusted threads, will now see the tissue torn to tatters under the blasts which attend this judgment day.

Atheism, then, — the disbelief in the reality of Divine laws, — can never again rule in church and trade: they will believe, though for a while it will be only to "believe and tremble."

Let us hope also that the day has advanced enough to close up that old poisonous blossom *Compromise*, and that the new hour is opening *Truth*. Ah, how have we needed the snow-white petals of this flower, in place of that compliant trailing weed!

A lion on a plain was taunted by a serpent, which was on a high, steep rock, with his inability to climb to an equal height. The lion answered, "I might like you have risen, if like you I had crawled." What was all this prosperity, this wealth, this spread-eagle nationality; the first untainted breath sent through the Capitol showed that it was all a crawling prosperity. And so, thank God, the heel of our manhood is near the head of that serpent whose trail was through church and 'change and court and government.

In establishing the government, our fathers compromised; to-day we reap the harvest of that seed; and to-day the people are reading the law that those who begin with the compromise of principle have given themselves to the toils of a glittering, bright-eyed, golden-scaled serpent, which must inevitably crush them at last. See before you, Americans, the consequences of a compromise proposed and accepted!

Now let us turn into the past, and consider an instance of another kind; an instance of a compromise proposed and rejected, and the consequences of the same. Here is the *compromise proposed:* —

"The Devil taketh him into an exceeding high mountain, and showeth him all the kingdoms of the world and

the glory of them; and saith unto him, All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me."

And here is the *compromise rejected:* —

"Then said Jesus, Get thee behind me, Satan."

And, finally, here are the *consequences:* —

"Then the Devil leaveth him, and, behold, angels came and ministered unto him."

May we not even call this the Messiah of nations, as it stands out in the wilderness, hungry as ever for wealth and plenty, but obeying the spirit which leads it to the trial of its faith in justice and liberty?

This is no metaphor; it is a momentous reality. America is to-day in the wilderness of temptation, and beside her is the Tempter.

Up into the mountain the Tempter leads, — the exceeding high mountain of our national greatness and pride. From that apex, ready to crumble under our feet, how keenly the kingdoms of this world and their glories strike the senses! On one side, the kingdom of political unity; on another, the kingdom of cotton; near by, the realms of trade; and there, the kingdom of ecclesiastical power. The Tempter never slumbers so long as God is awake. "What is it," he whispers, "that divides your nation? what is it that prevents cotton from crystallizing to diamonds for your treasury? what is it that hangs the auction flag from the windows of trade? what is it that sunders every church? It is your hatred of African Slavery. It is your love of freedom. Only give over these, — only consent to the fetter on the limbs of the black man, — and see, all these kingdoms are yours, with all their glories! See, the nation is one again; the coffer is full. The Church's wounds are healed so soon as Northern and Southern Christians consent to kneel around a common

altar, there to eat the broken body and drink the shed blood of the African race. All these shall be yours, says the Tempter, if only ye will turn from the shrine of Liberty and worship Slavery; and you may call your idol patriotism, union, concession, compromise, fraternal feeling, peace, or any other fine name you please."

Never before was the Compromise devil foiled in this country. Let that be forever named "an exceeding high mountain," where the people confront the Tempter without kneeling, where not one man dear to the people is heard saying, This be thy god, O America!

But, side by side, there are yet growing two blood-stained growths, with petals full blown; they are Slavery and War: near them two fair white buds, whose names are Liberty and Peace. Comrades, faint not, but watch and labour and wait, that those flame-leaved, sickening blossoms may close, as they must, *together;* and in that moment unfolding, these snowy, healing ones shall record that it is Freedom's noontide.

XVIII

THE GOLDEN HOUR

THERE is an Oriental legend which relates that a poor man sat a thousand years before the gates of Paradise; then, in his weariness, he snatched one hour's sleep. But in that hour the gates of pearl swung open, and the poor man awoke just in time to see them close.

Long has this country been sitting in dust and rags before the barred gates of Liberation from the curse which is upon her. In our midst reigned the infernal institution which seemed to preserve the deadliest blood-

drops of all the tyrants the world ever saw. It crushed all heart and hope out of the black man; it laid waste his home, and made the earth for him a great devil's masterpiece; but it could not so wrong him as it has wronged the white man. From the white man it took the very marrow of honour. It has made it a lifelong battle to be a gentleman in this country, Slavery insisting that one shall be a coward and a Negro-hound. O God! to see our President's own State wallowing in the very sewers of Slavery with its black laws, until one longs for some Toussaint to scourge Illinois of black hearts, and fill it with black faces! To see Ohio, ruled by the vermin who tremble to take a Confederate officer's slave or sword in her own capital, stoning any man of common sense and common honesty who would have her go a step beyond pork and whiskey! To see this institution, after treading under its feet the millions of black bodies and the souls of whites in the South, marching on through the North, its brass collar on the necks of five Representatives of Massachusetts, — a Republican Cabinet afraid to look it in the eye! Alas! it is not four, but nearer twenty-four, millions of slaves we have in America.

But now has the Golden Hour come, and with a song from every angel, a shriek from every demon, the pearly portals of Liberation are prized open by Slavery's own madness, and America is invited to enter the blessed land.

Last year Republicans had to be technical and skilful in proving even a probability that at the bottom of the ballot-box a gateway of release would ever be found; to-day it requires all the ingenuity of the Cabinet engineers *not* to free us. Their great problem now is how not to do it.

How long have the opponents of this nation's crime been met with the complaint that they were trying to hurry God? "Cannot you let Providence do its own work?" "Providence will do away with the evil in its own good time."

To all of which, not without a suspicion of its hypocrisy, the anti-slavery man could only reply, with Luther, "God is a good worker, but loves to be helped."

But now, if ever "providential hour" and "God's own good time" meant anything, they are here. The hour has arrived when Slavery comes outside of constitutional and legal intrenchments, and makes its death the alternative of the death of the nation. The hour has come when the lives of our best and bravest, and the bread of the poor are dependent on its overthrow. The hour has come when for the first time we have an army gathered sufficient in numbers and appointments to secure us infallibly against those fancied dangers which have been held up to affright the timid, as following in the train of emancipation.

But where are all our Providentialists? Where are those who bade us await God's own good time? O ye resigned ones, who so piously suppressed your enthusiasm for freedom lest you should upset God's plans, do not all speak at once!

How does God's "own good time" passing over our heads find us? Behold, the Bridegroom cometh. At the altar of Justice, Liberty would wed America. Where are the lamps, filled, trimmed, and ready? Foolish virgins, whilst ye go to buy, the door shall be shut! What avails all our toiling, suffering, pleading, — what avails the reddened soil of Kansas, what the blood of the martyrs, — if now the golden portal of opportunity to which these have brought us shall be shut in our faces?

An old journal had this singular advertisement in the column of "Losses":—

"LOST.— *Yesterday, somewhere between sunrise and sunset, a Golden Hour, set with sixty diamond minutes.*"

No reward was offered, doubtless because the loser knew that the priceless jewel was gone forever.

Golden is every hour; but there are periods when moments are hours, and hours years, and years ages. Who can appraise the hours which arrive, one by one, Sibyl-like, each proffering the sacred volumes in which the victorious destiny of a Free Republic is written? Who can hear the full mournfulness of the word "Lost," but they who know that, as each hour departs, it goes to burn another of those volumes? Meanwhile, the steadfast oracle proclaims that, when the last hour which gives us the opportunity of emancipation passes, the doom of this Union is sealed.

Not one hour passes over this nation, but in it—in that one hour—the nightmare of ages might be hurled from its breast. This hour a decree that henceforth the United States ignores utterly the relation of master and slave paralyzes, as by the voice of a god, every arm uplifted against the country, and, which is far better, saves it from its own blindness here on the precipice's verge. The Sibyl Opportunity has not yet left the slave forever; his eyes strain toward the hope which has not yet set; anon he has sent up his signals of flame to see if the army of the North is his friend or enemy. But the slave knows, and we know, that his status in this struggle must soon be settled; nay, in some points it is already settled, and he stands the armed foe of the United States. As soon as it is determined that this is not *his* Golden Hour, he chooses between two foes; and why should he not choose

the side of those who represent the evil he knows, over those representative of the evils he knows not of? Why should he fly to those who esteem his rights beneath the rights of traitors, thieves, and assassins? Why should he select those who can do him no harm where he is, in preference to those who may still hold power over his wife and child and parent?

The Golden Hour will not wait on us to the measure of our own moral cowardice. "We should not be in haste to determine that radical measures are necessary," says the President. True, but we should be as much without rest as without haste, for no hour will bear to have its task put off upon another hour. The present hour offers us a peaceful victory through emancipation. The next may offer us only victory by that means. The third may offer us a costly victory, provided we can provide arms for the slaves. The fourth may make it as difficult to do this as it is now to furnish arms to the loyal men of East Tennessee. The fifth may sweep away our advantages altogether, and our Golden Hour, crossed by a scythe, become a symbol on our nation's grave.

Our President and legislators talk of this advantage — our only advantage, mark — of using liberty to save the country, as if Time was in their pay. Time is in the pay of those who take him by the forelock: he is all bald behind.

When the commanding general at Washington announced that every soldier found guilty of sleeping on duty should be shot, some of us were alarmed by an apprehension that he would have to begin at the head of the army, and shoot all, down to the drummer-boy. So far as the country knew, the whole Army of the Potomac was fast asleep.

There is in history no other instance of an army within sight of an enemy sleeping away seasons so fair. Why was that strange hesitancy? "The army must be reorganized": we waited until it had passed its maximum of organization, and began to decline. "The rivers are too highly swollen": we stood still until they had subsided. "The roads are utterly impassable for artillery": we waited until they were dry. "When the leaves fall": the last leaf fell. "An attack from the enemy is momentarily expected": we waited, and it came not. "Secretary Deepdiver remarked to-day, in conversation with a gentleman, that the country would be gratified by stirring news in ten days": twenty pass, and not a stir.

The nation arraigned this slumber of their military energies, and has awaited the plea of its commanders. Thoughtless nation, your commanders had a very sufficient plea. They slept because the nation slept. Their eyes were heavy because atmospheric conditions cannot be resisted. A certain black drug, infused into the atmosphere of this country, has made open eyes sectional, and Sleepy Hollow national; and, as Rip Van Winkle shouted for King George before the astonished subjects of the United States, the graduates of a certain institution, undoubtedly built on the verge of Sleepy Hollow, have not yet heard that we are no longer colonies of the South and subjects of Slavery.

General McClellan occupied his position at the head of the United States forces, not because he had lived or served up to that position, — for several silly proclamations in Western Virginia, the Potomac blockade, and Ball's Bluff were all on his record, and not one great deed, — but simply because, when his superiors snored, he was not so disrespectful as to keep awake. He is not

a large man, neither is he a fool; and he could peep through his eyelids enough to see what befell such wakeful spirits as Frémont and Lane. General McClellan was not and is not a traitor; but in this war every pro-slavery heart is, whether consciously or not, a partially disloyal heart, because it cannot possibly be awake to the real forces in this conflict. It was fixed in his mind that no person who should slay many Southerners could fail to exasperate the South, and both sections would never unite sweetly upon any such man.

It would have been impossible for McClellan to have remained commander during that long inaction, if the people had not been in a rusty, sleepy transition state: when they first sat up in bed, they called for some such man as Stanton; for the President is the faithful tongue of the people's *wishes*, however poorly he may supply their *wants*.

Well, in a military sense we have waked up; but in dealing intelligently and directly with the cause and support of the Rebellion we are repeating the McClellan slumber over again. In this higher army than the military, it would be a formidable order to have all the sentinels who sleep at their posts shot.

There is our honoured President, for example, none can doubt that he is wide awake before the portal of Military Opportunity; but before the open door by which our nation may pass onward to liberation from all that makes war possible, he gives scarcely a sign. It is evident that the worthy President would *like to* have God on his side: he *must* have Kentucky.

In all this the nation hears only the echo of its own loud snore. What are leaders to do when, at a time when the very existence of the nation is threatened, they hear

sensible men asking old cant questions about the Negroes, and what to do with them?

Is the Negro descended from the same original pair with the Caucasian? For what is the use of our nation's being saved, if it is not ethnologically saved?

Will not the Negro steal our silver spoons? How dreary were a spoonless nationality! (A happy thought! We can employ Floyd or some other Caucasian as a missionary to inculcate honesty to Negroes.)

What is meant in the Scriptures by "Cursed be Canaan"? For, of course, national existence is nothing if not exegetical?

Again, what is the origin of evil? For is not death better than unteleological life?

That we should be spending three millions a day, and our men perishing by thousands, whilst we discuss the destiny and capacity of the Negro, reminds one of the position taken by Anacharsis Clootz in the French Assembly, "that the Democratic principle was of such importance, that it would be cheaply purchased by the total destruction of the human race from the face of the planet"!

What shall be done with the Negro, forsooth! Can we do any worse with him than we have done, and are doing? Can he be any heavier burden to us than now, when he is the fulcrum on which turns every lever set to overthrow our liberties and lives? May we not respectfully submit that it is about as much as we can attend to, to take care of Society in 1862, without adjusting the social relations and conditions of 1962? May it not be surmised that the future will have brains to attend to its own affairs? May we not suggest, also, that, having once decided what we would "do with the Negro," Almighty God does n't seem to have been over pleased at our dis-

posal of him in that instance, and seems very likely to have a share in any future disposal of him?

Accuse not thy generals, O American nation! Thou art the drugged sleeper. Before thee with thy heavy-eyed millions, Liberty, in sight of the swords and staves of avowed foes and seeming friends, which threaten its life, stands appealing, "Couldst thou not watch with me one hour?" It may be that Liberty shall have to say presently to the slumbering sentinels, "Sleep on now: my hour is come"; — and must needs pass to its resurrection through the dark portal of her chosen nation's grave.

XIX

THE NEGRO

MONTESQUIEU said that it would not do to suppose that Negroes were men, lest it should turn out that whites were not.

The sarcasm falls almost exclusively upon this country, where alone the indecent nonsense concerning the nature of the Negro survives. In 1781, in the case of the ship Zong, whose master had thrown one hundred and thirty-two slaves alive into the sea to cheat the underwriters, the first jury gave a verdict in favour of the master and owners: they had a right to do what they had done. Lord Mansfield is reported to have said on the bench: "The matter left to the jury is, Was it from necessity? For they had no doubt — though it shocks one very much — that the case of slaves was the same as if horses had been thrown overboard." Such was the Negro in the eye of the law when Sharpe and Clarkson began their efforts. The latter of these, early in his career, made a collection of

African productions and manufactures, as indications of what the Negro, despite all disparagements, had attained. They were considered remarkable by some of the best judges in England. Mr. Pitt was especially interested in them. "On sight of these," says Clarkson, "many sublime thoughts seemed to rush at once into his mind, some of which he expressed." From this time the project, which was always dear to him, of the civilization of Africa arose in his mind. A half-century of healthy development brought England to its senses as regards the Negro.

Since then the Negro has lived to prove that those who are counting upon perpetual degradation and final extermination as his destiny are running against the grain of things. He has shown a vitality equal to that of the white race where both are out of their native climates; and where the white man has been vindicating his claim to superiority only by enslaving him, — empowered to do so by having armed nations behind him, — the Negro has shown himself easily superior to his master. This he has always proved as soon as the outside pressure of law and force was removed, and a fair trial of strength between him and his master permitted. He has become the dominant race in the West Indies; he has superseded the white man in Haiti altogether; and the unanimous verdict of our soldiers now in the South is that the Negro is the superior race in that section of America. Of the eight millions of whites in the Slave States, six are "poor white trash," and no one who has seen them can compare them to the black labourers there. And when it comes to upper classes, it is not easy to decide that Jeff Davis's coachman is better fitted to be the slave than the master of Jeff, or that Robert Small is not equal to Pickens, Floyd, or any of their set.

At Monticello the exquisite mosaic floor, made by one of Mr. Jefferson's slaves, is yet in good preservation. The old friend of that statesman who showed it to me said: "Mr. Jefferson always took pleasure in showing his visitors this exquisite piece of workmanship. It was made by one of his slaves, born on his estate, who never had any instruction as a mechanic. Mr. Jefferson always believed that the Negro race had a destiny."

There is the important fact; there lies the Enceladus under this volcano, — *the Negro has an important destiny to fulfil in human society.* Our laws and plans have been arranged with reference to another theory: we had assumed his moral and political non-existence, and in so doing we have gone, day by day, more and more against the eternal fact. And unless we speedily have that lie which this nation has actively credited purged out of it, it will drag us into the abyss prepared for lies from before the foundation of the world. Elwood Fisher has prepared for this nation an epitaph which runs: "Here lies a people who lost their own liberty in trying to give freedom to the Negro." The hope is too high for us to indulge, that this nation can thus become the dying Saviour among the nations! If the nation should perish, history would engrave on its tomb, "Here lies a people who lost their own liberty in trying to pursue through a Red Sea those for whose liberty God had parted the waves."

The worst symptom in the case of America is the prejudice against the Negro, — a disease which always has called for fearful cauterization. What is in refined society unmitigated vulgarity is in this country considered elegance. A few years ago President Roberts of Liberia was returning from America through England. The captain of the steamship would not allow this cultivated and dis-

tinguished gentleman to sit at table with the white passengers; and persisted in his refusal, even after a majority of the whites had requested otherwise. A day after their arrival in England, Mr. Roberts, having some business with the captain, repaired to the steamship, and found him in the presence of many of the passengers who had witnessed his treatment on board. On being addressed, the captain said to President Roberts, "Come down this evening at eight o'clock, and I will attend to you." "At that hour," replied Roberts, "I am engaged to dine with the Queen of England." The confused captain named another hour, amidst the explosive laughter of the company. This Negro, so offensive to the steamboat aristocracy of America, is received as diplomatic minister in every other government of Christendom, and at Rome the African bishop stands besides the whitest who in America may be helping to enslave his race. Is there wonder that in many parts of Europe "American" should be synonymous with "vulgar"?

It has been whispered that Haiti will appoint a white man to act for that country at Washington. I cannot believe that the President of Haiti could so far degrade his country before the world as to make such an appointment; but if there are any such influences at work, it behooves every friend of freedom to protest loudly and strongly against it. If Haiti cannot be represented here by her blackest Negro, let her be unrepresented; this nation already perceives that we need her more than she needs us. But more than all the fruits, spices, and wealth she can bring us, we need her black minister in Washington. We need him there as the touchstone of our civilization; we need him as the magic mantle to reveal every sham and every impurity in the Republican Court.

I esteem, says Emerson, "the occasion of this jubilee (West Indian Emancipation) to be the proud discovery that the black race can contend with the white; that, in the great anthem which we call History, a piece of many parts and vast compass, after playing a long time a very low and subdued accompaniment, they perceive the time arrived when they can strike in with effect, and take a master's part in the music. The civility of the world has reached that pitch, that their more moral genius is becoming indispensable, and the quality of this race is to be honoured for itself. For this they have been preserved in sandy deserts, in rice swamps, in kitchens and shoe-shops, so long; now let them emerge, clothed and in their own form."

No danger from the Southern Confederacy threatens us so much as this cry of our rulers for the colonization of freed Negroes. A million square miles of untilled lands to which their sinews are by the laws of Nature consecrated are clamouring for them, and yet madmen in power are talking of exiling them! Haiti, Liberia, and now the Danish government are all intriguing to get these labourers from us; and nothing but the resolution of the Negroes, that they will not go unless forced, saves us from this fearful loss. America will one day kneel, and thank that people that they held out against the stupidity and ignorance of the colonizationists, whose project would blight one half of our territory. If, by any unfortunate means, America shall be robbed of this race, posterity will know the President under whom the exodus occurs only by the name of *Fool*.

What are we to do with the Negro? Is the Anglo-Saxon brain on this hemisphere softening? If so, some day in the midst of wasted fields and desolate lands we may be

burdened with the question, What can we do without him?

No! this race is to remain with us; it has brought from the remote past and fervid East a sacred stream of vitality, by it alone now represented upon earth, which it is appointed to mingle with the current of humanity, and without which man in the New World could never fill out the outlines sketched for him by the Supreme Artist.

XX

TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

HONOURED SIR: Passing homeward one night, about three years ago, I encountered a large crowd, who were listening to some speaker. A crowd in the market space of our Queen City was nothing unusual, and I was thinking only how to open my way through it, when, in clear, earnest tones, these words fell upon my ear: "I am satisfied that the only just and effectual method of dealing with Slavery is that which shall always recognize and deal with it *as wrong*."

In a moment I turned, and remained for over an hour to hear a powerful statement of which that sentence was the keynote. The next time I saw that speaker it was as he passed along the same street, amid the ovations of the people who had helped to elect him as a President who should deal with slavery as a great wrong, — how great they did not then know, or much more than surmise.

Since that day, Sir, in which the sight of a duly-elected honest, anti-slavery President filled our eyes with happy tears, this country has seen nothing which does not indicate that you *mean* to deal with the accursed thing *as wrong*.

Though your administration had been proved to have

exhausted itself in having called out seventy-five thousand men to defend the integrity of this nation, the people could never have forgotten that, in doing so, you did a greater deed than Cortez, burning the ships of ignoble compromise behind us.

But, Sir, your administration did not exhaust itself in that: the laurels shall never fade which twine about the brow of the President under whose administration Slavery was abolished in the District, and Haiti recognized, and Emancipation first proposed from the White House.

But all these things will not save this Republic from dissolution. No one who has ever looked of late into your eye, as I have, can fail to see that every fibre of heart and brain in you has become identified with the rescue of this Union from the perils which threaten it, and that there is no personal sacrifice which you could not make for that end. Nor can any observing person fail to see that the tendency of your mind and action is steadily toward Emancipation; whilst many, who know that in such an emergency as this a day is often a century, feel keenly that, not for the slave's sake, but for our own, we need sharp, bold, decisive, in a word *heroic* action.

The naturalist Thoreau used to amuse us much by thrusting his hand into the Concord River and drawing out at will a fine fish, which would lie quietly in his hand: when we thrust in ours, the fish would scamper out of reach. It seemed like a miracle, until he explained to us that his power to take up the fish depended upon his knowledge of the colour and location of the fish's eggs. The fish will protect its spawn; and when Thoreau placed his hand underneath that, the fish, in order to protect it, would swim immediately over it, and the fingers had only to close for it to be caught.

Slavery is the spawn out of which the armed forces of treason and rebellion in the South have been hatched; and by an inviolable instinct they will rush, at any cost, to protect Slavery. You have only, Sir, to take Slavery in your grasp, then close your fingers around the rebellion.

This I have tried to prove; also, that the only way of grasping the rebellion spawn is to declare that this nation no longer recognizes the institution of Slavery as an existence. This we humbly implore you to do, by the martial power which Slavery has compelled you to use in place of the normal powers of the Constitution. For, Sir, from the day in which Slavery became to this government an outlaw, Liberty became, like ancient Thebes, hundred-gated.

It is a high circumstance, Sir, whether its full bearing was seen by our fathers or not, that the commander-in-chief of our army and navy is at the same time the chief guardian of our national honour and political liberties; and whilst a mere military general may have no higher draft to make upon martial power than that which will enable him to make this or that expedition successful, we have a right to claim that our President shall raise a higher standard of Necessity, — one including not only the preservation of our national existence, but of that security without military despotism, that honour without stain, which alone can make existence worthy of preservation.

The air is full of noisy objections against the request of your petitioners for an edict of emancipation. Some of these remind me of the Sheik's objection to lending his rope. When Abul Alladin asked of him the loan of a rope, the Sheik said, "I need it to tie up a measure of sand." "Need a rope to tie up sand!" exclaimed Abul in astonishment. "O neighbour," replied the Sheik, "any reason will do when one does not wish to lend a thing." There is no

use in dealing with objections which arise from the desire and determination to retain Slavery in this country, at any time; certainly none in addressing one who has declared his determination to recognize and deal with it only as wrong.

The people have witnessed with indignation how those who lately denounced you as a sectional candidate, because they saw that if you reached the White House *you* would be the President, and not Slavery, are now at Washington, standing in the shoes yet warm from the feet of traitors, and, in the interest of Slavery, throwing it perpetually in your face that you entered the arena upon the platform of non-interference with Slavery in the States. You, Sir cannot be deceived by such twaddle; and if you fear that any honest people are, I pray you to dismiss the misgiving. They know, Sir, that interference with Slavery in the States was not in your Chicago Platform; they know also that the loss of twenty thousand men pursuant to your proclamation was not in your Chicago Platform. The remedy must change with the disease: the physician may give an appropriate medicine for measles; but if the measles should presently change to smallpox, what should we say of a physician who should attempt to vindicate his consistency by giving the same medicine after the disease had changed? The Chicago Platform prescribed for measles; but you have to treat a virulent case of smallpox, and the patient will not last until you can get party men to make a new platform.

It is demonstrable, Sir, that in every point of view — constitutional, ethical, or personal — you have more right to kill an institution that injures man than you have to kill a man. Institutions at the best are the mere scaffoldings about man.

But you are assured that this measure would divide the

North. In contradiction of this, we have the lesson of a recent experience. One of our generals did, in the face of the world, take the God of Justice on his side; he who had planted our banner on the highest point of land in America found a higher height, and planted it there, when he declared every slave free whom he could declare free. What was the result? Like a crystal stream from everlasting hills upon a parched and thirsty land came his proclamation; the nation was filled with joy and power; the young men sprang to their feet as they read it, and their hearts throbbed with a divine enthusiasm; rank after rank poured westward, and Europe for the first and only time glowed with sympathy and admiration. Even the vilest presses which had been dragged along after our banner — the New York "Herald," the Boston "Courier" and "Post," and Cincinnati "Enquirer" — seemed to feel a touch of nobleness, and cried Bravo! to the Pathfinder as he scaled this loftier height than any sierra. All felt that it was our only great victory, our compensation for every defeat. For one noble week we were a united, electrified, invincible nation. Alas! since that week a humiliated, discontented, divided, muttering nation, we have been but a monument of the tremendous power of that invisible thing called Justice, to uplift those who ally themselves therewith, and to divide and weaken those who "modify" her plain mandates. From that week we have been divided, and the only token of a return to the same unity appeared when our President took lately a step toward that standard of liberty which he had furled for reasons which seemed to him patriotic and necessary. And as he shall take step after step upward and onward, more and more will he find the North gather into a solid phalanx around him.

"But our officers and soldiers would lay down their arms." As far as our soldiers are concerned, this is but a base and silly libel. The records show that enlistments tripled in number after Frémont's proclamation, all the soldiers wishing to go into his department; and that they were seriously checked when that edict of freedom was modified. As for our generals, it would be one of the best things about such an edict that it *might* cause some of them to resign; — I hope the majority would go home, with their friends Patterson and Stone, who have gone before. Who would not be glad to hear that every half-hearted leader had been cowed back by the determined front of Liberty, which he had pretended to serve whilst really serving Slavery? Once, says an old fable, the cat, hearing that the hen was sick, went to pay her a visit. After condoling with the invalid, the cat said, "Really, I should like to serve you in any way in my power. What can I do for you?" The invalid hen cast an uneasy glance at the yellow eyes and hungry chops of the cat, and replied, "You can do me a signal service by leaving me. I think if you will leave me, I shall be much better." Some people's room is better than their company; and amongst these may be reckoned those who, in a war for Liberty, esteem it their duty to hunt down, to crush with an iron hand, to refuse entrance within their lines to the innocent and wronged who seek *their* liberty also; or who know so little of the old Orphic strain to which the walls of the universe arose as to drive from their camp the minstrels who sing of *Liberty*.

With reference, however, to this fear of dividing the North or their army, we may admit that the kindling and spreading of such a fire would rouse up some nests of serpents in both. But those who have studied most deeply

epochs related to that through which we are now passing, know how fatal has been any waiting for complete unity.

No cause has ever kindled the enthusiasm which could sustain it to the end until it was elevated enough to slough off its baser adherents.

No cause ever produced the heroes necessary to its real and final victory until it was pure enough to separate, as on God's threshing-floor, the chaff from the wheat.

Our fathers of the Revolution never gained any great victories until the war about taxes became a war for complete independence; but when that period came, they had to fight the Tories with one hand and the British with the other. For a long time it was difficult to say whether Tories or Independents were in the majority; but the world was given again to see that strength does not lie in majorities, but rather in causes so glorious that every man standing for them is a hundred-fold the man he would be fighting on the lowest plane.

As for more division coming of the elevation of our cause than is implied in this weeding and winnowing of our ranks, a higher force enters in all such cases to prevent it. That higher force is *Heroism*. *That* electric battery has a line to every human heart.

The demagogues do not estimate this in making their calculations. We had a little over a year ago governors of Free States declaring that any troops marching southward must fight their militia first. We had a Senator declaring that disunion would run a ploughshare along the great National Road. Mr. Lincoln resolved that he would stand or fall by the Republic, and answered all these prophecies with the call for an army, and lo! instead of a ploughshare dividing the Northwest, instead of a fire in the rear, the North, which Daniel Webster said had no

existence, rises as one man at his heroic call. The first touch of heroism in the government created anew this nation.

Then the demagogues said, "But just touch a slave, and these men will lay down their arms." Frémont, as we have seen, responds with a declaration that the slaves of rebels are freemen, and the country gathers about him with a tenacity which jealous officials and investigating committees strive vainly to weaken.

If there is anything proved by our experience in this war, it is that one true man may chase ten thousand old-line Democrats. Try it, Mr. President; remember that your boldest word has had the noblest echo from the people, and try a braver one yet! Utter, loud enough for the nation, the slave, the world to hear, the watchword, *Liberty to all*, and though traitors in the North may writhe, they shall be as fangless as the Rebellion shall thenceforth be; for every true heart upon this earth is at your side from that instant, to live and to die.

You will hear the cry "Abolitionist!" no doubt: I will not believe that it can terrify you. What is an Abolitionist? He is simply a man who desires liberty for the entire family of man: — this is a wretch dastardly enough to oppose having that done to another man, his wife and child, which he would not like to have done to himself, his wife and child! George Washington, when he declared that the first wish of his heart was to have Slavery abolished, — George Washington, when he called to be Chief Justice of the United States the founder and President of the New York Abolition Society, John Jay, — was this monster, an Abolitionist! His real farewell address, the will made on his deathbed, freeing his slaves, was an appeal for abolition.

I believe there are few who doubt that it is your jealous care for the Border States, and a (supposed) large number of Unionists in the far South, that constitutes the chief obstacle in the way of this radical cure. Even so far as their own testimony on this subject is concerned, we have no reason to believe that the real Southern Unionists are represented in this emergency by the men who have been sent to Washington merely by habit in comparatively unimportant times. What reason have we to believe that Southern Unionists are represented by Andy Johnson or Mr. Crittenden, more than Ohioans by Vallandigham? The people do not reach you so skilfully or readily as these politicians. I remember, Sir, to have heard you expressing a doubt as to the readiness of these people for any dealing with Slavery, when a moment before I had been conversing with a very intelligent Unionist from Florida, a large proprietor and slaveholder in that State, who informed me that he had been in the anteroom of the White House for several hours a day for nearly three weeks, without being received or heard. He came to give it as his opinion, and that of the half-dozen Union men whom he knew in his State, that to abolish Slavery was the one way of putting down the Rebellion. I fear that many of those hours were occupied by men from the Border States who would not have represented the real loyalists of the South half so well. An acquaintance of some years with the people of the mountain ranges extending through Maryland down to Alabama leads me to affirm that two thirds of them would welcome a decree of emancipation by the government; whilst a generous response would not fail from the eighteen thousand Germans of New Orleans, and the five thousand apiece of Richmond and Louisville. Of Missouri I need not speak: nothing but a

disability in the Constitution of that State prevents an almost immediate response to your offer of "coöperation." That State had, before the Rebellion broke out, 150,000 slaves; it now has less than 50,000. A decree of emancipation, paying loyal masters of course, would be a great relief to that State from its complications.

There is but a very small number of loyal slaveholders in the Border States; and surely they could not show their loyalty more than by refusing to allow this slight interest to stand in the way of the national safety. What would the country say, if, when you asked men owning land around Washington or St. Louis to yield their land and houses, that national defences might be made perfect, they had refused? They would be esteemed disloyal, and their lands taken. You, Sir, have given the handful of slaveholders in the Border States a good military reason why they should emancipate, in your special message; to the country it seems a sufficient touchstone of their loyalty or disloyalty.

Suppose they should not receive the full market value for their slaves,—though we could pay that at far less cost than allow them to remain slaves,—should the loyalists of the Slave States have more indemnity than the loyalists of the Free States? Are we not all, on account of this institution they are hugging, losing our business, income, paying enormous taxes? Shall our capitalists in the Free States demand of the government so much on the dollar for all they have lost? Loyal men, North and South, must expect to lose; and though to hush the crying children, and to be generous to those who are unused to labour, we are all willing to compensate these Southern loyalists, yet in strict justice the injured commerce of the North has as much right to demand compensation.

In God's name, let us have no half-work in this matter! This pitiful little interest must not spancel the nation in the great stride now demanded of it. Though to them emancipation itself will bring wealth and more lasting benefits, yet let them be paid; as Sumner said, "A bridge of gold would be cheap, should the retreating fiend demand it."

One stroke of Titian's brush, it is said, changed the face of a leopard to that of a beautiful woman. Freedom is a finer artist, and beneath her touch, barren Virginia and wasted Kentucky and semi-chaotic Missouri would have their myriad sleeping energies break forth into smiling bloom and beauty.

Do you think, Sir, that, after this fearful experience, the American people would welcome you and hail you as their national saviour if you should restore them the Union with Slavery in it? Never, never! The masses may tell you so, little knowing what a return to the Union with Slavery in it means; but it would not take long to teach them, and they would heap your name with curses!

You may think, and they may think, that it would be a safe experiment to try: you may say, "The institution must be on the downhill: it can never rule the country again." Oh, Sir, I beseech you to remember that it was precisely because Slavery seemed to our fathers to be on the downhill, precisely because they thought they saw its grave already dug in the limitation of the slave trade, that they suffered it to exist in the new government. They dealt with it as on the downhill, and lo! we reap the bitter results of their mistake.

Slavery has far less appearance now of being on the downhill than it had then.

Good things come hard; but you have only to leave

your field unoccupied by valuable growths one season for it to be filled with weeds. If you could give us the Union again with Slavery in it, — which God forbid! — it would only be for the old strife of wheat and tare to be renewed, only to have new war-fires kindled in which to burn the tares which the enemy is ever ready to sow and foster.

But, Sir, it is very plain that the alternative of restoring the Union with Slavery in it is not longer before you. You are to restore to us the Union without Slavery, or you are to restore to us a country with its form of government radically changed. These are the alternatives. The sword can kill the body, but not the soul: it must leave the disloyal element, the moral causes of rebellion, in full activity. The sword cannot change muttering hate to love, or treachery to good faith. It is fundamental in the theory of our government that, from the Presidency down to a village justice, people must be represented by officers elected by themselves and from their own midst. There could never have been any obstacle to the glorious development of republican government in this country, had we not taken into it a so-called institution whose nature it was to prey upon the very tissues of all government. That which monarchies had been unable to get along with, we tried to preserve in a republic; and the experiment has turned out like the ancient mode of punishment which bound a living body limb to limb, face to face, with a rotting corpse, until the living should perish by the stench of the dead.

Now, either we must cut the cords which bind us to this body of death or it must assimilate us to itself; either we must be free from Slavery or we must adopt its rules, — we must impose masters upon eight millions of people, we must rule by military control, we must suspend the guar-

anties of the citizen's rights for military reasons. And thus American Liberty, from being a rock under our feet, would become the merest shifting quicksand.

Every time, Sir, that the gates of Forts Warren and Lafayette swung open, the shriek of their hinges pierced every heart in America which knew the sacred value of those writs and forms which Treason compelled you to set aside; for they knew that, whilst you could be trusted, it was not certain that your successor could be. Our fathers had a good old version of a Psalm which ran thus: —

> He digged a pit,
> He digged it deep,
> He digged it for his brother,
> But through his sin,
> He did fall in
> The pit he digged for t' other.

Would it not be poetic justice, Mr. President, if, Slavery having digged this pit of arbitrary and martial law for us, it should be allowed to slide into the pit it "digged for t' other"?

Sir, in five years the most ardent Universalist would provide a special clause for the everlasting damnation of the man who helps to have that pit filled up without Slavery being at the bottom of it!

Let me not be regarded as one of those who are ready to cavil at the President's use of these unusual powers; they were used honestly, firmly, and in no case for persecution; but there were many who could not help thinking how much better it were if the same ends could be reached by sacrificing, not a pound of living flesh, but the cancer feeding on that flesh, — not the writ of habeas corpus, but the base interest that makes men traitors!

The Hour I have called Golden, but it comes to us in

sombre, dreary habiliments. Ah, God! to pass through these hospitals where lie the young men who a year ago were the ruddy flowers of happy homes! To see the wounded, rebel and loyal, seated on straw in wagons, foot-sole to foot-sole, the same clear, frank eyes meeting each other, the same young, honest voices from both, and *not* to see the horrid demon driving both! Alas for the hearts on the battlefield and those at home; for the ball that pierces any soldier's heart never lodges there, but speeds onward to pierce other hearts far away; and for the broken prophecies and promises of life; for those whose life ebbs away to-day where no hand is near to soothe, no kind one near to receive the last sigh, and treasure for the dear ones at home the last message of love!

You are our President, and, in a sacred sense, these are all your children; and now you seem to me like one whose name you bear, and who, in obedience to the first Voice which he heard, laid his beloved son upon the altar of the Highest; but when thus his faith was proved, lo, an angel appeared, and cried, Stay thy hand! and the angel pointed to a brute which God had provided for that sacrifice in place of his son. Father, you have done well in obeying the first voice which called for the painful sacrifice of your own children; but listen well, I implore you, if there be not an angel of peace crying, Stay thy hand! Watch well if there be not a shining finger pointing to the *Brute* which, and which alone, God hath provided for the sacrifice of this hour!

XXI

SURSUM CORDA

LEADEN is the casket before us, and on it is written, "Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath."

Leaden, meagre, and pale; but he is a fool who would choose the caskets of gold and silver in its place; for it contains *Liberty*.

Bresquet, jester to Francis I, kept a Calendar of Fools. When Charles V, confiding in the generosity of Francis, passed through France to appease the rebellion of Gaunt, Bresquet put that Emperor into the Calendar of Fools. His king asked him the cause. He answered, "Because you have suffered at the hands of Charles the greatest bitterness that ever prince did from another; nevertheless, he would trust his person into your hands." "Why, Bresquet," said the king, "what wilt thou say if thou seest him pass back in as great safety as if he marched through the midst of Spain." Said Bresquet, "Why, then I will put him out of the Calendar of Fools, and put you in."

History also keeps a Calendar of Fools.

It has already ascribed it to the insanity and folly, which, thank God, form such large composite parts of all evil, that Slavery has cast off its legal protection, and passes through the country it has so foully wronged, a branded felon and outlaw. But if this be asinine in Slavery, what place in History's Calendar of Fools will be too prominent for this nation, should it permit this devil to pass as safely as ever, crushing under his cloven foot every fair growth of Liberty, and impudently defying the country upon which he has brought every conceivable woe?

There is danger that, if left to our politicians, this

golden hour will simply inscribe "Yankee" on the Calendar of Fools; for there is nothing so unfathomably stupid as moral cowardice. "Fear nothing but fear," says Montaigne. To-day you can count on the fingers of one hand the men in Washington who can say *Abolitionist* without the normal prefix *dammed*. When the President, even, wishes to use the phrase in a friendly way, he says Abolish*ment*. It is plain that these men can be used by the earnest hearts of America only for filtration. As the waters of our great Western rivers are passed through filters of stone before they are clear enough to drink, so the somewhat muddy streams of American Liberty must find in Cabinet and Congress their stony filters, whose restraint will be purifying.

But it will be purifying only if we see that the streams pass through them: remaining checked by them, the waters shall become stagnant and poisonous.

We have no Joshua to bid the sun stand still and prolong our Golden Hour beyond its last diamond minute. Meanwhile, the inevitable horizon of earthly necessity approaches nearer and nearer to it. The exigencies of Northern society may assist traitors to put an end to this war, even if it be not a noble end: the heavy taxes may bring men down on their bellies. The rude state of society in the South, not more complex than an oyster, can coexist with the rude conditions of war; but the North will presently find an apology for evading the responsibility it should fulfil; for it has no right to allow a barbarous Slavery-despotism to build itself upon a half of this continent.

But will foreign powers allow this war to continue indefinitely?

Revolutions are not bad, sometimes; the revolutions of this planet, for instance; they go on and do not upset the

world's universal table, nor rust its loom, nor interfere with France's afternoon cigar. Nay! by such revolution all these are supplied. It seems to get a slow entrance into the American cerebrum, that in a family of nations, as in a family of individuals, one member is not permitted to throw all the rest into confusion. Enough time is to be allowed for the vindication of national as of personal individuality; but when nationality becomes burning down St. Paul's to broil Jonathan's steak, then nationality is the synonym of nuisance. It is sure to be abated. My American masters, if you desire to have the nations pause and admire before your Revolution, and not hustle it off as a sham, let it be one spheral and vital, leading on springtide and waving summer-fields, for you and for the weary world. Heavens! what an opportunity you have for this!

The most imminent danger now, as it has been from the first, is that we may be induced by the semi-loyal States, whose treachery is all the more dangerous because it believes itself the only loyalty, to allow Slavery to remain unburied, to be revived under their moonshine.

Few as are the slaveholders and the slaves in these Border States, let us not be deceived into thinking them of little importance in the issue. There is a German maxim which reads, "Give the Devil a lock of your hair, and he will be sure to get your whole head."

Three Hessian flies only were seen upon the cabin wall of a Dutch ship which approached an American wharf; now what field in the continent has not known the devastations of the Hessian fly? Six Norway rats swam ashore from another Dutch ship in our waters; now where is the cellar without them? Two hundred and forty years ago twenty slaves were brought to Jamestown, Virginia, in

Dutch ship No. 8; now where can you go, from Bunker Hill to Sumter, without hearing the rattle of a slave's chain?

Brothers, let us make a clean sweep of this thing whilst we are about it!

An ancient Persian scripture says: "Justice is so dear to the heart of Nature, that if at last an atom of injustice should be found, the blue sky would shrivel like a snake-skin to cast it off."

A single slave held in this nation will break it to fragments again, and as often as we try it; just as a single powder-grain, ignited at the heart of the rock of Gibraltar would rive it asunder. Will those who know that the rights of the poorest man are of more importance than a thousand unions ever keep silent or patient with even *one* fetter in the land? By God, *never*!

These slaves of the loyal States we take because they are essential to any permanent peace in the country, and if we are compelled to abnormal strife for peace, we have a military right to strive for a permanent peace, and not merely to defeat an army in this or that engagement. We take these slaves as we have taken the houses and stock of loyal men on our march. Let them bring in their bills. Doubtless we shall have to pay more than the number of loyal slaveholders would warrant; for we shall be sure to find, when pay-day comes, that every slaveholder had been all along a very Abdiel for fidelity: but who shall stop to count the money that goes to ransom a race and a nation from the slavery which buys and sells the bodies of the one and the souls of the other?

We shall need liberation *first* in these Border States, not only because we must make a clean sweep of the evil, but because these Border State negroes are to be our guar-

anties of good faith to the more Southern negroes; they are to be both our banners hung out upon the outer walls and our telegraph lines along which the electric word of Liberation shall flash.

And here is just where all these confiscation bills will accomplish nothing real. Every slave would see that Trumbull's bill would end in a transfer of masters, — and he would not respond to it. We must not forget, that between us and those Negroes there stand our mediatorial Marylanders, and darling pets, the Kentuckians, — just sympathetic enough with seceders to buy up claims to and descriptions of running slaves, just star-spangled enough to get back the same from free lines or States, — and from these Border States as from an ark, when the deluge subsided the South would be repopulated with the same slaves.

Have you, friend, in these late months, sat in the gallery of Congress, heart-sick, hearing everything discussed but the right thing? The hour-hand wheels round and round, and above the clock sits the Muse with motionless pen, the very bronze eye sad that no true movement could she record on her scroll. Confiscation, forfeiture, colonization, — the Southern white man laughs at these, the black man cannot hear them. Does the Negro wish to be exiled? Or does he wish to come North to be kept in jail till two witnesses prove his master a traitor?

My countrymen you walk a scimitar bridge to your Paradise, and the billows of hell underneath receive him who steps one inch, as much as him who steps a yard aside.

Sitting there, I was reminded of how an old uncle of our neighbourhood would quiz us. "Boys," he said once, "I got a letter from a little boy to-day, and — ha, ha! — how *do* you think he spelt *dog*?" Then we all made our guesses, — dogg, doag, dogge, dorg. At last, when we

have exhausted our ingenuity, the old uncle quietly replies, "Why, he spelt it d-o-g, of course." Just as idly and as childishly are our rulers trifling with the sacred hours, to see if something else cannot be made to wield the divine spell of simple *Justice*.

You are praying for and talking of the coming man. Would he find faith in the land? Are you quite sure you would not crucify him — or hang him, as the American way is — should he come? That is what the Jews did with their Coming Man, after they had been praying Heaven to send him for four thousand years. Two years ago the wild, half-clad forerunner of our coming man, whose meat was wild honey, was heard in the wilderness of Virginia, and his head was brought in a charger to Slavery: so much it cost him to declare the axe laid to the root of the accursed tree. How little does this nation know what a right and true man, should he break into our midst, would do with us! Little see we the piled shreds of broken red tape, — little the mountain of the refuse of epaulets and brass buttons! He would redistribute Washington into the original elements, and gather it for loam about the roots of the sapling he would rear.

Yet pray on, O people, for the coming man! Not as you expect it shall be his advent; but he shall come, and before the masses are ready for him. Somewhere the granite is crystallizing for his bones; somewhere the metal is refining for his blood; somewhere Nature is fashioning the exquisite lobes of his brain: presently America's maternal cry shall be heard, and *the man* shall clasp hands with *the hour*.

When it is understood to be absolutely certain that the honest masses of this country are determined never again to compromise with Slavery, nor to allow it the protection

of this government, then the national saviour will come, by whose life and death the nation will be saved. But do these honest masses realize that if a compromise, involving an amnesty to Slavery, should be proposed by the Confederates to our Cabinet and Congress as at present organized, it would certainly be accepted ?

Up, hearts of America, and let your irrevocable "*Get thee behind us !*" thunder at the gates of the capital, and go crashing through the South, a bomb whose flame cannot be extinguished ! Let Slavery know that it shall never, never find peace in this nation ; let your rulers know that if they shall give you a Union with Slavery in it, you will make of it such a Union as fire and gunpowder make !

The men who are to save this nation, if it is to be saved, are those who see that it must and should rise or fall with simple justice ; and those who strive for a Free Republic must see eye to eye.

There is not one fibre of moral earnestness, not one atom of fidelity or conviction, more than is needed to rescue the nation from terrible dissolution, or the worse fate of a Union sealed in its dishonour. All hearts must work, and they must work together.

The best friend of freedom in the government is the President. But in this matter he has refused to lead. Repeatedly he said, "If the people feel so, let them organize their will and pass it through Congress," — ignoring the fact that the people had set him apart from their millions to organize from the *feeling* of the masses an operative will. Then, coming up among the people, they all said, "We had best leave all this to the President : he is at the centre, and knows more than we do ; he 'll do the right thing at the right time." And so the President and the people have been all along playing at battledoor with the

Slavery question, each tossing it to the other to be dealt with. At length Old Abe agrees to take a step. Borrowing a good idea from his former occupation, he inserts the smallest edge of a wedge into a small crack of the log; then he says to Congress and the people, "Now, if you want to split that log, the way is to strike that wedge." Let us take the President at his word, and strike!

How can you strike? Let every man, woman, and child in this nation send his or her prayer to the Capitol to have Slavery abolished. And warn your representative to help this measure or hang himself on Capitol Hill before coming back. You need not be particular about the way: where there 's a will, there 's a way. All these technicalities are so much thin disguise for a wavering purpose: let Congress or the President rise to the point of striking Slavery dead, and whether they are States or Territories, or whether Andy Johnson is a military or civic officer, will be but a strife of words.

The right to open schools for Negroes in North Carolina, against the laws of that State, includes the right to set every slave in it free.

Upon the North the guilt of this Rebellion is heaviest; and upon the North the retribution will be heaviest. The North has been cruel to the South, — cruel as is he who continues to trust to an infant the knife with which it has already gashed its flesh.

O Northern Conscience, trace honestly the blood-drippings of this Rebellion, even if they lead to thine own door!

If one should see a fellow man drinking poison, and should not strain every sinew to stop it, the law holds him justly as the suicide's murderer. How long have you sat with folded arms seeing your Southern brother drinking

this vile drug, which has finally maddened him! How long did your representatives, your clergymen, your merchants cry *Hush* to all who lifted up the warning voice, — whilst to the slave's cry your ears were stopped with cotton, to his oppressor your tongue was sweetened with sugar? And now when, having gone forward upon the logical path, cleared by yourselves, — mobbing and hanging all who would have saved them, — they reach the inevitable climax of their fearful disease, still you will not be humane enough to take the poison from their lips; even now you are talking in cold blood about Jamaica and sugar, and whether by emancipation sugar rose a cent or a cent and a quarter; still, whilst your left eye is on your banner, your right is on your hogshead!

Nearly every human being sharing the blood of him who writes these words is arrayed against this country. You think them guilty traitors? But I remember how Northern preachers proved to them that they stood upon the Rock of Ages, how to them Northern representatives cried, "Great is Slavery, and the Constitution is its prophet!" — and I will not fling hard names at them, lest they should strike leading Union men who deserted the South at the one moment when there might have been some courage in clinging to her; the

Ever strong upon the stronger side.

But you, true-hearted Northmen, I implore, ere you go further in this butchery, to try if you cannot *save* the South. What if this Republic should be gasping for a simple breath of justice, — the very atmosphere of Liberty! At least shall we not wash our hands of their guilt concerning the crushed black and the equally crushed white of the South? Oh, is there no power in Love greater than

any that Hate can wield? Is there no strength in Eternal Justice? Is there in this noon of the nineteenth century so little power of heart and brain that we must yet adhere to the methods of the savage and the assassin?

We smile to-day at the heathen of antiquity who hesitated whether he would make his log into a god or a three-legged stool; but our children may weep in the retrospect of this day, when a great nation, with its government before it to be necessarily refashioned, hesitated whether to make of it a centralization, whose three legs must be Southern barbarism, Northern demoralization, and perpetual strife, or a godlike Union impregnable as Justice itself.

Courage, brothers! much as the Devil has to do with it, this world still belongs to God.

Be not entangled in the illusions which twine about and bind your rulers. Slavery seems to them a strong thing; so mariners have mistaken a fog-bank for the rock of Gibraltar. There is not a mushroom that grows which is not stronger than Slavery, against which every whispering wind, every sunbeam, every leaf, and every human blood drop is conspiring. I know that our government sees it as a strong steed without which it cannot ride to victory in the South; but it is a stick horse which it childishly carries, maintaining that it is carried by it: just let the government stop carrying Slavery, and it will fall the dead stick that it is. I challenge the President to permit me — one of the weakest and obscurest friends of Freedom — to liberate the slaves of the South, *promising only that I shall not be interfered with by United States law.* I will not call for any protection by its arms from the Southerners; the law of gravitation will bear the small stone cut from the mountain-top down its sides, even to the gulf.

The whining and cursing of the pro-slavery men in Congress are a confession that Slavery, with its swashing and martial outside, is conscious of this essential weakness. Those Border State men know well that the winds and rains and heats of this thawing season have made its crust so thin that it will not bear the pressure of one firm foot. And, alas! the indecent eagerness with which the President hastened to refasten the gyves upon a million human beings whom the noble Hunter had set free — *and who are free* — engenders the saddest misgiving of the hour, namely, that the President knows the weakness of Slavery, knows that he could free the land forever from that crime and its retribution now heavy upon us, but heeds some baser end to be subserved by retaining this institution.

A million blood-stains crimson your hands, Mr. President; damned spots, which not all the rivers and lakes in America can wash away; but in one globule of ink upon your table you may wash them away. If *your* Golden Hour shall pass, and those beings you have cruelly robbed remain slaves, the time will come when you will pray bitterly to be able to exchange your lot with the lowliest, most deeply wronged slave in South Carolina!

But even with all these powers enlisted to sustain that institution (!), which without them could not stand one day, it is not, brothers, a formidable foe, if we can bring to confront it the true and spotless spirit of Liberty.

Strong as the other is weak — chief among those perilous rudimentary laws which, being bred in the bone of the world, must come out in the flesh — is Liberty. There is a story of a chemist who undertook with powerful agents to extract a birthmark from his wife's cheek. After a long while he drew it out, but he drew her life with it.

Liberty is the birthmark of man, as it is his birthright; and when man ceases to love Liberty, it will be because his race has become extinct.

The spirit of Liberty is as ancient as the most conservative could desire; it began with the first throb of life which ever stirred the heart of Nature. From that heart comes the ascending scale of life, each higher animal form differing from that which preceded it simply by its greater freedom. Where the oyster was anchored to a rock, the fish moves freely; where the blossom was bound to the stem, the butterfly comes, a freed blossom. Each form was only a revolutionary effort for more independent life. The human form, when it appeared, was the last and the decisive battle of the animal to rise up from the earth, and stand free and erect, by that sign sovereign of the planet. Thus the everlasting burden of Nature rolls through the echoing caverns of past epochs, and bursts up in the hearts and tongues sent from her womb to cry aloud, and to struggle endlessly for Liberty. When man first wronged his brother, that brother's blood cried to heaven from this same old earth; and until the last wrong is righted and the last of her children free, her mother's heart will heave with pain, and utter its uncontrollable protest, to be followed, if unheeded, with fiercer earthquakes than these.

Admit not, then, into your hearts a single fear for Liberty's cause with her impotent antagonist, whatever fears you may have that this proud government, having deliberately taken the side of Slavery, may be buried in its grave, which every bayonet, North and South, is digging, and equally. But not to that end, nor for that reason, should a true and faithful heart seize the bayonet or other implement, whether the government call or command. Rather

let each friend of his country plant himself upon his loyalty to that which is higher than the banner of the Union, — the banner of Liberty; with that sacred ensign floating over him, let him stand or be stricken down. Up, hearts, and let each deliver his own soul! Up, and the government will be forced to obey you, for you will bear the tables of eternal law in your hand! Men need not be dozing in a White House, or wrangling in a Capitol, to be strong: each step upward in office masks another shackle assumed. But true hearts are free, — free to stand, or be hanged, if need be, — and Liberty may yet need her martyrs in the North.

If this country is to be saved, the Abolitionists are to save it; and, though they seem few in numbers, they are not by a thousandth so few as were Christians when Jesus suffered, or Protestants when Luther spoke. There is need only that we should stand as one man, and unto the end, for an absolutely Free Republic, swearing to promote eternal strife until it be attained, — until in waters which Agitation, the angel of Freedom, has troubled, the diseased nation shall bathe, and be made every whit whole.

The Golden Hour is before us: there is in America enough wisdom and courage to coin it, ere it passes, into national honour and peace, if it is all put forth.

Up, hearts!

THE EARTHWARD PILGRIMAGE

BY

MONCURE D. CONWAY

Respect the gods, but keep them at a distance

CONFUCIUS

LONDON
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The pure Earth is situated in the pure Heavens.

The soul which has passed through life with purity and moderation obtains the gods for fellow travellers and guides, and rests in the abode suited to it. There are indeed many and wonderful places in the Earth, and it is neither of such a kind nor of such a magnitude as is supposed by those who are accustomed to speak of the Earth, as I have been persuaded by a certain person.

SOCRATES.

HOW I LEFT THE WORLD TO COME FOR THAT WHICH IS

EARLY in my childhood, my parents entrusted me to the care of the well-known guide, Mr. Bunyan, to be taken from the City of Destruction to the Celestial City, where they themselves had long resided. My venerable and kind guide beguiled the way with interesting stories, but could not prevent its being a hard journey. Indeed, when we came to the chief difficulties and dangers of the road, he would generally disappear from my side, confessing that he could not render me any assistance, and joining me again only where the way became pleasant and plain. So ere I reached my teens I had struggled in the Slough of Despond, and before they had passed had conversed alternately with Messrs. Greatheart and Feeblemind, encountered Apollyon, and seen the inside of Doubting Castle.

At last, not without some wounds and bruises, I fell swooning at the gates of the city. On waking, I found myself inside, surrounded by many friends and relatives, who warmly congratulated me on my escape from the City of Destruction and the perils of the way, and had much to say in praise of the Lord of the city in which they lived. The title of this great potentate was, I learned, the Prince of Otherworldliness, and my sole occupation would be to sit upon a purple cloud with a golden trumpet, through which I was to utter perpetually glorifications of his magnificence, and inform him how much reason he had to be satisfied with himself.

For a time this was pleasant enough. The purple cloud acted as a screen against many disagreeable objects. The dens of misery and vice, the hard problems of thought, the blank misgivings of the wanderers amid worlds unrealized, were all shut out from view; and though I was expected, as a matter of form, to say I was a miserable sinner, it was with the distinct understanding that I was all the more our Prince's darling for saying so.

At length, however, the novelty of all this began to wear off. I felt my arms getting stiff with disuse. It seemed to me that our Prince must be sufficiently aware by that time of his grandeur, and it appeared almost egotistical to call his attention further to my own insignificance, besides the doubtful sincerity of doing so while I regarded myself as one of his elect. But, alas, these were but the beginnings of my perception of the drawbacks attending a residence in the domain of Otherworldliness. Reports were constantly reaching us of pilgrims who had perished by the way in a certain pit whose fiery mouth my guide had pointed out to me on the journey from the City of Destruction. I was expected to rejoice in, rather than commiserate, their fate, as being essential to the dignity of our sovereign; but this was very difficult, and the more I reflected on the subject, the more it seemed to me a questionable source of majesty.

As time waxed on, I perceived that our city was not only growing in size, but altering its character. Going one day to the city gate, I found that it had been removed to make way for a much broader entrance, and I met a very miscellaneous crowd coming in. Seeing that they were much fresher in their looks than I had been after the same journey, I conversed with some of them, and learned for the first time that the Celestial Railway

had been opened, and that this had led to a tide of immigration. The pilgrim could now travel in a first-class carriage, and his pack be checked through. A pilgrim has since made the world familiar with this result of the enterprise of Mr. Smooth-it-away. His account, however, is, as I have learned, not entirely accurate; for instance, the Slough of Despond was not filled up by volumes of French and German philosophy, but by enormous editions of an English work showing the safest way of investing in Both Worlds. Moreover, it is but just to say that the engineering feat by which the Hill Difficulty was tunnelled is due to Professor Moonshine, whose works showing that the six days of creation mean six geological periods, and that miracles are due to the accelerated workings of natural law, also furnished the material of a patent key, by which many pilgrims are enabled to pass with ease through Doubting Castle. The new pilgrims informed me that most of them had been for some time residing in Vanity Fair, but that, by various measures of conciliation, that fascinating and fashionable resort had become a suburb of the Celestial City, and was incorporated with the domain of Otherworldliness. Having read in Mr. Bunyan's Guide-Book that our city was of pure gold, they had some thoughts of settling in it. Many of them having thus established themselves in our realm, it began to show startling changes. There had been, for instance, no part of my old road along which I had passed more shudderingly than the Plain Ease and Lucre Hill, where I heard the groans of those who had fallen through its treacherous sward into the silver-mines. What was my astonishment now to see a beautiful park of just the same kind, a hill the very image of Lucre Hill, made in the very centre of our city! This place became the fashionable promenade

and place of resort. Ladies there displayed the cross as a golden ornament, and all around it was a bazaar where the pearl of price was dealt in by tradesmen, who rejoiced in the inscription over the park gates — "Godliness is Gain."

There gradually grew within me a deep misgiving, and I began to dwell on memories of the so-called City of Destruction, on which, as I was surprised to learn, fire had not yet been rained down. One day I got hold of a journal printed in that city. From it I learned that there were things going on there which seemed strangely inconsistent with the bad character I had always heard given to it. Men and women there, so I read, were devoting their energies to the education of the ignorant, the help of the poor; they were searching reverently into the laws of nature; they were celebrating in beautiful poems a Ruler of their city whose name was Love, who sent his rain and sunshine on the evil and the good. There were innocent children passing with laughter and dance into the healthy vigour of maturity. Reason, Liberty, Justice, Wealth, were there advancing, and Science was clearing from the sky of Faith every cloud of fear and superstition.

As I pondered these reports, the purpose grew within me to make an excursion, at least, to that city, which I had left too early in life to know much of personally; and so one day I went to the station and asked for a ticket to the City of Destruction. Amazed at my request, the station-master informed me that there were no trains running that way for passengers, — they had only arrangements for bringing people away from that accursed place; and he further advised me to be cautious lest I should be put under restraint as a fit subject for the lunatic asylum: there was a flourishing institution of that character in the city.

After this I kept quiet for a time, and tried to be contented with my purple cloud and trumpet; but in vain. I confided to my parents my desire to return for a time to my native place, but they wept at the bare mention of the project, and evidently feared that my wits were going. Again I waited, and sought to believe that it was best to remain where I was. At length, however, there came to me one who spoke with a voice not to be disobeyed. He laid on me a burden, and gave me a shield called Truth, and said: "Henceforth thou shalt be a pilgrim. From a world believing the incredible, adoring where it should abhor, thou shalt depart, never to return. *Whither* shall be opened to thee as thou shalt journey; *whence* is already plain."

Then I turned my face toward the old world I had so painfully left. As I drew near the border of our Prince's domain, I was met by one of his officers, who informed me that I should find a bad road, and that the country was almost impassable. "In building the railway by which pilgrims to the Celestial City now travel so comfortably," he said, "all the disagreeables and dangers they once had to encounter have been heaped on the path you propose to undertake. The dirt taken from the tunnel of the Hill Difficulty you will now find piled across your road. The Slough of Despond, displaced on our line, has settled in the way by which you must go. All the sorrows and pains once besetting the path of Christian now waylay him who would fly in the face of what has become the respectable and popular religion."

Nevertheless, I went on. But before I had reached the verge of the Prince's dominions a large number of his liveried servants ran after me and began pelting me, crying: "Infidel! Atheist! Neologist! Pantheist! Madman!"

Somewhat bruised, I hastened onward. Soon, however, there stood before me, preparing his darts, a monster, whom I at once recognized. "Why, how is this, Apollyon?" I cried; "when last I encountered you, you were trying to prevent pilgrims from reaching the Celestial City; surely you do not oppose their return?" "Times are changed," he replied; "since the railway has been opened, I have been taken into the employment of the Prince of Otherworldliness." Thereupon he let fly his darts, on each of which was written its name: "Popularity," "Parsonage," "Patronage," "Promotion," and the like. But with the aid of my shield I managed to pass him; and though afterward I had a dreary imprisonment in Doubting Castle, its lock yielded to the key of Trust, which some former pilgrim had dropped on the floor, and I arrived at last within sight of the great city.

But it was yet very distant; and, being weary after my long and toilsome journey, I ventured to approach a house which I saw. As I came nearer I perceived that it was the house of the Interpreter, and for some time I hesitated to go further, apprehending that he, too, would oppose my return. Remembering, however, that the obstacles to my leaving the Celestial City had been chiefly raised by those who had opposed my journey toward it, I hoped that the Interpreter might also have changed his allegiance, and I knocked at his door. My hope was true. He met me with a hearty welcome, and declared to me that the City of Destruction had changed its character as much as the Celestial City, and that he was anticipating in the future the same class of pilgrims returning thither as those who had once sought the realm of Otherworldliness.

The Interpreter lit his candle and said: "Do you remember the picture I formerly showed you in a private room,

of a very grave person?" "I do, indeed," I said; "and this was the fashion of it: it had eyes lifted up to heaven, the best of books in its hand, the law of truth was written upon its lips, the world was behind its back, it stood as if it pleaded with men, and a crown of gold did hang over its head." "That picture," he said, "gradually became so dingy that once, when an old artist came hither, I accepted his offer to clean and retouch it; you shall see it as he left it." On entering the well-known room, I saw that the portrait had been changed in several particulars. The grave person's eyes now looked downward; the book, partially closed, was placed on one side; and the world, which has been behind, was now immediately under his eyes, and covered with inscriptions; the crown of gold suspended over his head had changed to luminous dust. When I asked the meaning of this change, the Interpreter said: "I will show you a new scene commanded by this house, which will unfold the significance of the picture." Thereupon, he took me to the top of the house, from which could be seen the two rival cities. What was my surprise to see a dark cloud gathering over the City of Otherworldliness, with lightnings flashing from it, while over the so-called City of Destruction shone a beautiful rainbow! "Thus," said the Interpreter, "that which exalteth itself must be abased, and that which humbleth itself shall be exalted. The city which, from being the domain of the lowly friend of man, the carpenter's son, has been given over to those who care more for bishoprics and fine livings than for mankind, has become the City of Destruction; while that which has cared rather for man whom it can, than for God whom it cannot, benefit, has become the City of Humanity, which shall endure forever."

The Interpreter then said that, as there were unhappily

few pilgrims as yet going in my direction, he would be able to accompany me on a part of the way. I was not so near, he said, as I might suppose. "That great metropolis which you see is not the city you seek; it is Bothworldsburg, and, though commercially connected with the City of Humanity, owns allegiance to the Prince of Otherworldliness, whose powerful agencies therein are marked by its spires. Its inhabitants pass six sevenths of their time in this world, and during the other seventh pray to their Prince, and protest loudly against taking any thought at all for this life. The confines of Bothworldsburg blend with those of the City of Humanity, which you can hardly trace out from here, and, indeed, may have some difficulty in finding. You must go through the tedious paths of Study, Reality, and Devotion, and when you arrive at the suburbs you will still have to be a pilgrim amid many nights and days before you reach the heart of the city. After arriving there, you will be left a good deal to your own guidance: the inhabitants are very busy; they do not sit on purple clouds blowing golden trumpets. The only prayer to the Lord of that city is work; the only praise is virtue. Its treasures are not obvious, but in hard ores. You will find the pavements golden only when you can transmute them to gold; and only if you have found a pearl to carry in your own breast will its gates become pearl."

Thereupon we set out on our way. Bothworldsburg, in which most of my wanderings occurred, so nearly resembled the metropolis in which these records and reflections are published, that I think it best to use its familiar names and events. This may be somewhat startling at first, and to some may seem even vulgar. But having abandoned my purple cloud, there is nothing better left me, out of

which to build my visions, than London clay; and I can only regret it if its importance and capabilities are exaggerated by eyes which have been so long absorbed in otherworldly visions. At any rate, I can promise my reader that we shall be near that lowly vale where the pilgrims listened to the song of the shepherd's boy who "wears more of that herb called heart's-ease in his bosom than he that is clad in silk and velvet," and where, as Mr. Bunyan states on good authority, pearls have been found.

THE CHURCH AUCTION

I WENT to seek an auction room, where, I had heard, some Cures of Souls were to be sold. The company was thin, and evidently had misgivings about the property. A Jew bid for one of the livings, but the smile that faintly showed itself on the faces present — caused possibly by the oddity of a Catholic duke selling a Christian Cure of Souls to a Jew — caused him to withdraw. The auctioneer could hardly have had much of that kind of property to dispose of, and perhaps he just a little overpassed the bounds of the sentiment around him when he accompanied his graphic picture of a parsonage and its lawns with hopeful suggestions that the aged clergyman, then in occupation, would soon be evicted by the summons to another world. It became, indeed, plain that the auctioneer was a bungler for this once, at least, and he did not succeed in selling, if I remember rightly, one of the livings.

At length the bidders fell away one by one, and the auctioneer departed. I lingered at the door, looking out on some persons who were carrying holly to the market, for Christmas was near, and upon some children, who had already managed to coax a few premature smiles out of

Santa Claus. Turning around, I found that a singular company had entered the room, and the auction was about to recommence. But this time it was a new auctioneer who had the matter in hand, — a shadowy individual, with piercing eye and a low voice, — a voice, however, insinuating and cunning enough. It was waxing toward the twilight of a foggy day, and the auctioneer seemed almost a phantom speaking to phantoms. Amid occasional murmurs, and with some pauses, he spoke somewhat after this wise: —

"Gentlemen, the auctioneer who has just gone did not half know his business, or else he little comprehended the nature of the property he offered you. I take his place, and would remind you that this is no common lot. These churches have cost a great deal. Their founder had to be nailed on a cross that they might be built. Their walls are cemented with the blood of faithful hearts, the blood of confessors and martyrs. Thousands perished to put them in the state of repair in which I offer them to you. They are consecrated by centuries of sorrow and sacrifice; in them souls have inly burned with the flame of devotion, stricken hearts raised their supplications to One who alone could fathom their needs; souls have brought to those altars their burdens of sin and sorrow, and earnest minds aspired there to know the mysteries of life and death. Their bells have rung in merrily the happy and sad years of wedlock, and again have tolled above the sobs of mourners. Their spires have pointed grief and poverty from earthly struggle to eternal peace. All these have gone to swell the market value of the five Cures of Souls which the light of the blessed Reformation and the grace of the Duke of Norfolk enable me to offer you this day.

"What! does no one bid yet? Did I hear some one

muttering about money-changers scourged from the temple, or another call it outrageous that the Cures of Souls should be put up at auction? Gentlemen, we are not children; let us not refer to the childhood of the world for our precedents. We belong to a National Church which represents the apotheosis of decency. A whip of small cords, even for those who make the house of God a den of thieves, were vulgar and fanatical in these days. Above all, let us have no mawkish or hypocritical sentimentalism here. We are Englishmen, who know the pearl of price to be a pound sterling, and we pray that our Queen may live long in health and wealth. As for this church auction, permit me to remind you that it is no novel thing. The Christian Church of old was no sooner built, and the miserable scaffold at its base, on which its founder perished like a slave, raised to shine on its towers as the symbol of honour, than the imperial predecessors of his Grace our Duke put it up at auction. Truth bid for it; Justice, Humanity, Holiness, did the same; but Royalty and Superstition joined their purses and outbid the others. They have owned and conducted it to this day. Through them it is that the worshippers in it sit on cushions instead of on the cold hillside. It is due to them that the successors of wretched fishermen, following one who had not where to lay his head, do now get fine episcopal salaries and palaces.

"Gentlemen, it is a commercial age. Everything is in the market. What will you have? quoth God; pay for it and take it. Observe those saw-grinders at Sheffield; their work demands that each shall live but half of his appointed years, and that the half he does live shall be passed in a dark and dismal Hades, bound, Ixion-like, around the grinding wheel. What wonderous muscles and sinews are there! All the skill of the world could not make

the least vein in him, or a drop of the red stream that courses through it. Myriads of ages contributed to give that flash to his eye; and every divine element of the Universe to organize that incomprehensible brain that thinks and feels behind all. What are these fine churches compared with that temple framed by God for his own abode, which without scandal is bought every hour by worshipful Cutlers and Colliers, and other Masters? Who that has a mother, or sister, or daughter, need be reminded of the sacred and tender emotions that cluster about the heart of woman? But pass through the Haymarket, or — the distance is but little — hover with the crowd about the doors of the fashionable church where the millionaire buys his young bride, and tell me if womanhood is not in the market.

"Nay, gentlemen, repair to the pulpits themselves; is not every prayer, every sermon, bought and paid for? There is, indeed, an old story that the world once offered all its kingdoms if the founder of Christianity would only modify his ideas of worship, and that he refused; but we must await the results of modern criticism before crediting such preternatural narratives as that. At any rate, we have England to deal with, not ancient Judea, where, it has been truly said, 'they did n't know everything.' Does any man here believe that the thirteen hundred livings in the hands of the House of Lords, or the livings, representing an annual income of two millions sterling, subject to private patronage, are mainly disposed of to the humblest and devoutest clergymen, without reference to any earthly or political considerations? If so, let him move a return of the number of Liberal clergymen enjoying livings owned by Conservative landlords. Let him explain why the clergy resist Irish disestablishment in a phalanx almost as solid as that with which the Dissenters,

reading the same Bible and worshipping the same Christ, advocate it, if he would show the Church pulpits unpurchasable by any interest. But I need not confine my statement to any one Church. Look abroad through Christendom, and decide whether the scholarship, the ability, the ingenuity, and the eloquence, which still maintain its dogmas, are not retained by fees. Does that learned Oxonian believe that the world was made in six days? Does he believe that on the seventh day God rested, and was refreshed after the fatigue of creation? Does he believe Athanasius, when he says Christ is Almighty God, rather than Jesus, when he says, 'My Father is greater than I'; and does he believe that all who adhere to the latter belief shall without doubt perish everlastingly? Does he believe that God has prepared everlasting fires, that he sends millions into the world knowing that they will eventually burn in the same, and that among those who will suffer that vengeance are all disbelievers of the orthodox creed? Does he believe that Newton, Hume, Channing, Franklin, Schiller, Goethe, Comte, Mill, Carlyle, Emerson, Mazzini, Garibaldi are all destined to be damned, and that the generation they have been somehow empowered to train is to follow them to perdition? Does he believe that God has assigned as the one Plan of Salvation a scheme which the majority of the best brains constructed by himself find utterly incredible, — a scheme which the chief men of Science find contradicted by every fact of nature, and the jurors of Philosophy find revolting to reason? If the scholarly graduate does not believe this, why does he preach it? Has he not been knocked down at the bid of some grand Abbey, or Chapel, or Cathedral? Has he said, 'Get thee behind me,' to Promotion? What has poor undowered Heresy to offer the young minister?

Who shall look for the scholarly divine to utter the talismanic word in his heart, when he knows that at that moment the walls around him must crumble, and he be left to take his chance with the hunted foxes, but without even their certainty as to holes?

"Some foolish people, gentlemen, had fancied there was one wing of the clergy about to withdraw itself from the market. I say foolish, because such an exceptional course could be pursued by no aggregate interest; not because there are not eccentric religionists who are now and then unwilling to exchange their convictions for the whole world. The particular clerical body to which I allude is constituted of those called Ritualists. These men had been showing such a restless and reckless antipathy to our most valuable religious standards that, albeit they had not much sense, some seemed to think they could not be bought up by the Establishment. They stood between their altar and the court of law. On the altar was throned Almighty God, claiming, in their belief, certain definite obeisances; on the bench sat an Englishman authorized to continue to them the advantages and properties of the Establishment on condition that such obeisances should be withheld. As many genuflections as you please, gentlemen, as many altar-lights for God as you desire, only you must go out of our Church with them, as your Master went out of the Synagogue! A plain choice was here to be made between God and man. The result was never doubtful. The Ritualists would like to be on the side of God; they must be on that of the Property.

"Consider these things, I pray you, gentlemen, and confess that it is but a straining at gnats to object to the selling at auction of the five churches, which I now again offer to the highest bidder, — saint or sinner, — without

condition, save that no nonconformist shall preach in any one of them, be he the angel Gabriel. Set in them clergymen who shall teach men how to invest successfully in heavenly scrip. Let the children learn, as they did at the Big Tabernacle, that fleeing to Jesus means tea and cake at a distinguished brother's house, and limitless measures of the same hereafter. Let young and old there study the law and the profits. How much was the popularity of Christ's name increased in mediæval Europe after it was stamped on a gold coin, and his leadership (*ducatus*) meant a ducat! And is not the name of God on our own coins? Wherever our race goes, this sanctity of the profitable thing appears — as, across the ocean, in the Almighty Dollar. Other races may be proverbially 'gay,' 'romantic,' 'theoretical': we are shopkeeping; and in the sacred name of British Trade I offer you these Cures of Souls. Who bids?

"Going — going — *gone!*"

ST. ALBAN'S

THE reference to the Ritualists in the auctioneer's harangue made me determine to visit St. Alban's Church. I have always had a little niche in my heart for the protomartyr of Britain. As saints go, he was, perhaps, the most honest we have ever had in this region. He had none of that pious ingenuity which, at Rome, could convert a statue of Jupiter into Peter with his keys. He said plainly to the barbarians, "These deities to whom you offer sacrifices are not deities, but devils; and he that offers prayers or sacrifices to them, so far from securing the objects of his desire, will have everlasting tortures in hell for his reward." The deities thus blasphemed were not accus-

tomed to postpone their retaliations to a future world, as poor Alban soon had reason to know. The clergyman and worshippers at the London church named after him were, about the time of my going there, giving some indications that they would prove equally uncompromising with Alban toward their opponents. That, at least, would be a sign of life, and therefore hopeful.

I went early enough to see them lighting their candles, and could not help thinking of the foolish virgins trimming their lamps. Give us, O buried Ages, of your oil, for our lamps of the Present have gone out! Yet there was a singular archæological interest about the scene. The legend of the Romans and Huns, above whose slain hosts two spectral armies arose to continue the battle in the air, seemed realized in the ritualistic controversy. These vestments and candles were the ghosts of ancient banners and war-fires, once the insignia of real religions. Would that one could add just enough to the forehead of yonder strong-headed priest to enable him to trace to their sources the candles on his altar! — gathered there, as he might be amazed to find, from the torches of Isis, Demeter, Ceres, from the Shechinah of Israel, from the altars of Sun-worship, from the Baal-fires, or Bel-fires, and Bon-fires, which still light up certain dark corners of Europe where paganism managed to linger longer than elsewhere: for the pagans (*pagani*, rustics; or heathen, dwellers on the heath) hold on to old religions which have been trampled out in the cities.

A poet looked while the sun shone upon a sod, and a flower answered. A poem flowered in his mind at the same moment. It was the face of a goddess smiling from the earth in those tinted petals, who should be named Demeter. By Zeus, the Sky, she has conceived, and the

floral offspring he will name Persephone. But now Winter comes — Pluto, the god of Hades, he shall be called — and snatches the flower away. Demeter, mourning her lost child, searches through the earth, attended by sunbeams for torches, and finds Persephone at last (a seed) in the Underworld. The sunbeams assure the partial victory of Demeter: they lead the flower to upper light and air again; but on condition that she shall pass one third of the year (winter) with Pluto. This was the simple allegory dramatized in the Mysteries of Eleusis, revived in Rome in the myth of Ceres and Proserpine. It fell upon the stony ground of literalism in unimaginative Rome, and the common people worship Ceres as the supreme power over the fruitfulness of land and cattle, and even of mothers. The temple raised to conciliate her in time of famine at Rome becomes the temple of the farming and labouring classes; hence, presently, of political importance. In it the decrees of the Senate must be inspected by the tribunes of the people. Allied thus with the Democracy which is to sway Europe, Ceres gained a kind of immortality. Europa herself, after whom the continent was named, was probably a mortification of the same goddess; and we call our grains *cereals* after Ceres. It is not wonderful that the despised Christians were glad to ally themselves with this religion of the people, nor that the two should be jumbled in the brain of Constantine, — who was wont to consult pagan oracles as to how he should propagate Christianity, — and should through him pass together to mould Western Christianity.

Thus it happens that, as Constantine had "Soli Invicto" on his coins, while the cross was on his banners, the priest here in St. Alban's, bowing before a cross, says, "Light of lights." From Eleusis, not from the Bible, he recites,

"He descended into hell." Then he goes on with his brief discourse to declare his altar a real altar, with God actually and supernaturally present upon it. This is the immortality which Ceres has obtained. The story should have been told of her, rather than of Tithonos, that the granted petition for immortality was followed by such decrepitude that the recipient was glad to be transformed to a grasshopper. To this miserable form has the beautiful myth of Egypt, Greece, and Rome shrunk, as observable at St. Alban's.

Nevertheless, there was a certain fervour about the sermon that set me asking whether Ritualism itself may not be, in a way, a Proserpine lost in Hades, a seed for which sunbeams are searching. Hides there not a germ of life in this doctrine of the "real presence," little suspected by this devout somnambulist? At least he does not hold that God wrought in the earth eighteen centuries ago as he no longer does, or that his wonders were limited to Palestine. It is sad to see galaxies shrunken to St. Alban's candles, and Nature under a paten, and the long line of Seers and Prophets ending in this *poupée* in painted clothes. It is not delightful to witness a marionette performance of the sacred drama of the Universe. Yet at each moment, and with each phrase, the Ritualist was groping with bandaged eyes near the holiest truths. As one sees in caverns quaint repetitions of the forms of Nature, even to star-chambers or mimic firmaments, so does one find in the underground foliations of St. Alban's a mystical imitation of the upper-world growths of the human heart, and even of the vault of Reason. May we not hope that, as the law has come in to spoil these miserable vestments and dwarfed symbols, the Ritualists may be driven to some point where a gleam of the Day may reveal to them that it is a cellar they

have mistaken for a saloon? Indignant, oppressed, their dry breasts heated once more with the feeling that they are no longer free, — still better, their minds forced once again to do duty in considering their position in England, and their consciences roused to question whether every hour they are not accepting the thirty pieces of the Establishment for the betrayal of their Lord, — there may yet come a time when some strong human spirit shall enter here with wand of light, to touch this altar till it expand again to the green earth, and transform these candles into lamps of Science, Liberty, Art, — into the beams which search all sods where thoughts are repressed, and into constellations above, chanting to holier fires within that Real Presence which fills and thrills the Universe.

AN OLD SHRINE

THE sun shone fair on old Canterbury on the day when the new Archbishop was to be consecrated; and on that morning I made my way to the little church of St. Martin, on the hill near the city. Thence I gazed over the ruin of the old Christian church, which was built on the preceding ruin of an ancient British temple, until my eye was fixed on the stately Cathedral. Time gradually drew its perspective about those towers, and they stood as Hercules' Pillars at the end of a voyage of twelve centuries. But not even time can measure the vast distance between little St. Martin's here and the Cathedral there. Through what ages of sunshine and frost, by what waterings with tears and blood, did this small brown seed which Ethelbert permitted to be planted in his kingdom expand to that great flower!

On this hill it was that Augustin the monk stood, medi-

tating on the fate of the uncompromising Alban, his predecessor, — a fate for which he had no taste whatever. As he gazed on the old capital of the nation he had been sent to convert, a spirit hovered near him, and said, "All these will I give thee if thou wilt fall down and worship me!" Augustin cried, "Get thee beh— But stay; who art thou?" "I am the chief deity worshipped by this people. Make me thy enemy, and thou shalt share the fate of Alban; make me thy friend, and instead of this little hut, where the king permits thee to worship thy saints, thou shalt have over there a palace, and a gorgeous Cathedral, with a throne from which thou and thy successors shall rule England." "Let us compromise," replied Augustin. "I cannot exactly and by name worship thee and thy fellow deities, but I will respect thy insignia and thy sacred days. My churches shall be twined with holly; they shall be built beside thy sacred wells, and near the holy oaks. Thy miracles and those of our saints will blend very naturally. In short, if thou and thy gods will only consent to be christened into new names, the change need be only so much as can be effected by a handful of water." The contract was signed, and Augustin had his throne and his Cathedral. Insignificant St. Martin's will not do for a Christ allied to Royalty.

Since then the glacial centuries have moved on, each scratching a sign of its march on some stone of the building yonder.

The most notable spot in the Cathedral, to my mind, was one of which no one has been able to give any account. Canterbury was the place of splendid shrines, and religious history is full of the accounts of pilgrimages to them from all parts of the world. Of these, the most distinguished was that of St. Thomas à Becket, a mass of gold and

gems. The great historic shrines have all their original positions well known, and in front of some of them are the marks of pilgrims' knees. But about none of these great shrines are such evidences of popular devotion as about the mysterious spot on one side; of which there is no history or trace except the pavement which pilgrims' knees have worn into hollows. Who was this unknown God? Had it been found necessary to invest a Christian Saint with the sanctity of some image of the native religion? Had Ethelbert's Queen, now St. Bertha, been costumed as a Madonna, because she bore the holiest name of the Saxon Mythology?

Much applause has been awarded Gregory and Augustin for their method of borrowing for their Church the glories of paganism. It is claimed to be highly philosophical to recognize the unities underlying various religions. But there is a difference between Philosophy and Jesuitism. Alban honestly saying — what Augustin believes as well — that the heathen deities are devils, is a nobler figure than the Jesuit in America commending Jesus to the savages as a chief who scalped one thousand of his enemies in a single day.

If there were anything needed to make Augustin uglier in the matter, it is that he hardly fulfilled the conditions under which he secured the union of Church and State. Once on his throne, he seems to have overruled the popular worship as vigorously as he could, short of incurring any peril for himself like that which overtook Alban. Canterbury Cathedral, as established by him, must be looked upon as the first Conservatory built to secure for Christianity a habitat in the North, where no unimported element was friendly to it. Those who occupied his throne after he was dead did not regard it as necessary to be

bound by his shrewd contract with the existing deities. Some bits of the famous old windows and carvings still remain, to show with what beauty the Church saints looked down upon the people; but in the crypt — copied, perhaps, from the walls of older periods — the grinning and deformed figures are still to be seen, each, probably, the representative to the newer pagan generation of some god of their forefathers. And this contrast between the saintly faces and the horrible bestialties physiognomically represents the difference between the condition of their respective adherents. Thenceforth, for the believer all that is good, for the heretic all that is bad. The land is divided among those who conform most aggressively, and they who conform not shall wear the bronze collars of the others. The succeeding generations can be more easily dealt with; for the priestly horror of any education but that which trains the neck for the priestly yoke was already in full vigour, and the very cradle-sides were made to teach that everlasting tortures by fire awaited all who should doubt or deny; these lessons being also continually impressed by a practical anticipation of such fires for notorious heretics. On the other hand, for the implicit belief, Heaven, — its radiance reflected in the palaces and cathedrals it was competent to bestow in advance upon favourites. Poor Odin and Thor, now sadly out at elbows, were fairly put to shame. For that matter, they might, indeed, have claimed brotherhood with him in whose name they were exterminated; but it was by no means a peasant befriending his fellow peasants, at the cost of crucifixion, who was talked of in England in those days, but a triumphant Prince, whose celestial glory and power over quick and dead gleamed upon the earth in the pomp of kings and in the swords and splendours of Crusaders,

Templars, Hospitallers, and what not, who bore his banner through the world.

Such was Conservatory Number One. It was strongly built. The shrine, now nameless, which had proved such a powerful rival to those of imported saints, was removed. But a day came when the wind and weather beat in upon those of à Becket, of Dunstan, and the rest, and they too mouldered away. There is hardly any roof lower than the blue dome through which the elements will not find their way. An honest monk spake in Germany, and the golden shrines of Canterbury turned to ashes. The honest monk shuddered at what he had done, and was presently ready to join those who would rebuild the Conservatory anew; but his mistake was in thinking it was his work. He merely summed up and named the composite work of a thousand years, in which German thought and Saxon honesty had honeycombed quite silently the Augustinian fabric. All the kings and priests, their horses and men, could not undo the work that had been done.

Things must undergo many repairs in order to last, and with every repair something must perish. After looking at the grotesque images carved on capitals in the crypt, and concluding that their originals were Christian caricatures of pagan deities, I passed a little way on, and saw much refuse, made by the workmen then engaged in repairing the building. The heaps presented an odd jumble. At one spot there were old pulpits, and old seats, and benches for kneeling. Who had spoken from the pulpits, and who had knelt? Had one set of dogmas been uttered and heard, or had each successive pulpit known some "wing," — in its time high, hard, or broad? One might suppose the figures of the pillars to be grinning their delight on the heaps of rubbish on another side. Many poor

saints, in whose interest they had been caricatured, were here piled in fragments, awaiting transfer to some dust-hole. The sandalled feet of one propped the nose and eyes of another; armless hands completed footless legs; and mitres, sceptres, cowls, crowns, swords had tumbled into a common confusion. Dust to dust! They were the pillars of the first Conservatory, the decorations of the second. What fragments a century of revolutions had spared, time had at length pulverized, and they must go to rest upon the dust of the gods they superseded, slowly forming the rock on which the next higher temple shall be built.

For there was a Conservatory Number Two to be built for the exotic, which the toil of centuries had not been able to acclimatize. The materials of the old one could plainly not be used, save, as we have seen, for ornamental purposes,—as the castellated turrets, which once meant utility, still decorate mansions raised in an age of peace, or we follow as sports the serious occupations of savage life. The old weapons of the Church have been broken. Earthly government has found it necessary to mitigate some of the rigours of divine law. Hell-fires can no more be anticipated at Smithfield, nor the earthly heaven be secured to believers so absolutely as before. Nevertheless, there remains the power to urge all the more the terrors and rewards of the future, and—for these must grow weak—Society may still wield its ostracisms and distribute its advantages for the coercion of opinion. The Thirty-nine Articles shall mean many things, but one thing definitely shall they mean: thirty-nine pieces of money to him who shall betray Reason for them. To them shall be given the Keys of Knowledge, and only he shall enter the University who will lay down his independence at the threshold. Every heretic shall see the differ-

ence between his own and his orthodox neighbour's coffers. As for the clever young scholars, if they become restless under the task of believing the incredible, there shall be provided the chloroform of promotion and luxury, under which surgeries can be easily performed on the mind. Has any young theologian a tendency to doubt, or to write radical books? Make him a Head Master, a Canon, a Dean, a Professor, or a Bishop.

Thus it came to pass that, on the fourth day of February, 1869, a great crowd of cultivated people sat together in Canterbury Cathedral — Conservatory Number Two of the Incredible Creed — to witness the consecration of a plain old Scotch gentleman to the task of presiding over the work of maintaining in Great Britain the worship of a dead Jew.

Before the white Gothic throne — the ancient one from which Augustin ruled within sight — I sat waiting. A buzz of gay conversation filled the building. Each clergyman who entered was discussed; the poor clergymen in seedy coats, their wives in old-fashioned bonnets, were greeted with titters. Bonnets, in proportion to their antiquity, retain their ancient power to render their wearers invisible to many. Some of these country faces were fresh as roses climbing on cottage doors; about others hovered the faces of children whose love they had gained; now and then some appeared on which were reflected the sad smiles of invalids over whom they had bent. There were signs that these and their husbands — they of the seedy coats — came from regions where the ministry of Christ still retains a meaning. These had not come for a picnic, like those whose mirth they excited.

Gradually all became still; the solemnity of the occasion wrought its effect, and we returned to our thoughts.

An old window, refashioned out of the fragments of some older one, attracted my attention. It may have been that which is the last memorial of à Becket in the Cathedral. If so, he is in a very chaotic condition. A horse's head here, a human leg there, an old mitre linked on to a nose and chin, make a somewhat grotesque impression. While I was endeavouring to piece together St. Thomas again, the time arrived when the clergy should piece together all that remained of the broken materials that once went to the making of a real Archbishop of Canterbury.

An old Gregorian chant is wafted to us from far away outside. A breathless stillness falls upon the multitude. The distant strain is very sweet; it may have been the very chant which Augustin and his monks sang as they marched from the seashore to Canterbury. At any rate, it came out of the sacred heart of a Past when faith was real; it was such music that built the walls of cathedrals, and its true refrain is in that music before which their walls are falling.

The chanters now enter the building, where the organ takes up their strain, and the slow beat of the footsteps of the procession keeps time, — as it were, personating the march of centuries. The ecclesiastics enter, and among them the slightly bent but still stately old man — the centre now of all eyes — who is painfully going through his part. Two young men in full evening dress carry his train, which stretches some yards behind him. Could I be mistaken in thinking there was a shade of humiliation on his face?

There was something sadly unreal about the whole affair; but where can the eye alight on anything in the religious world more real?

When the ceremony was over, I went back to St. Mar-

tin's. The two most eminent Deans that Canterbury ever knew were there. They stood together, gazing silently on the window stained with a picture of St. Martin in the act of cutting his cloak in two to give half of it to the naked beggar crouching near his horse's head.

While we were all sauntering about the diminutive building, a voice arrested our attention. A strange-looking man, with limp white cravat and threadbare coat, had got up into the little pulpit. His white locks fell about a face wrinkled with care, down upon his shoulders. His glittering eye held us as that of the Ancient Mariner did the Wedding Guest. Thus he spake: —

"St. Martin's Church faces Canterbury Cathedral. The lowliness of the one and the grandeur of the other do not alone mark different eras of the English Church; they mark two totally distinct religions. The one means the Saint who sacrifices his raiment for the needy; the other means a Saint who sacrifices the needy to his raiment. What are our grand cathedrals, with their great revenues, but the rich, gold-embroidered cloaks of a Jewish peasant, whose position has in England become princely?

"I am a poor country clergyman, with a large family, and one hundred and fifty pounds a year. For thirty years I have bent shivering, like the beggar on the window there, near the door of a magnificent Cathedral. Before the altar of that Cathedral a Bishop — who has been unable to do any work for ten years — moulders away, awaiting the day when he shall be carved there in stone, when he will do as much good as he does now. Fifty people get their living out of the revenues of that Cathedral. They keep up a daily service for about twenty-five daily listeners. These attendants are from wealthy families in the neighbourhood, who have nothing else to do. The common

people never go there. What can I see in that Cathedral but a great pile of loam in the centre of a barren field? What could I not do for my own culture, for my own ability to serve, for the poor and ignorant around me, if the wealth of this useless heap were distributed for the religious advantage of the people? As it is, what do I find under the shadow of those majestic towers? I will not speak of the daily anxiety, and the effort to make both ends meet; nor of a certain happy girl who has faded into the pale and careworn mother who toils and suffers at my side. But there is the need of servility to the wealthy, who think themselves St. Martins if they throw us an occasional shilling; there is the parasite of ignorance creeping over my children's minds; there is the subtle scepticism and despair deposited by each day in my own.

"Yet a compensation has come, though late. I have been trained by sorrow to know that the religion of the Church is not the religion of him who, to those who cried, "Lord, Lord!" — but left the naked unclothed and the hungry to starve, — replied, "I never knew you!" I see the saintliness of Martin well enough; and I know that, were he now living and powerful, the sword which there passes through his velvet cloak would pass through and through every Cathedral and every big ecclesiastical salary in England, and the humanity of to-day would receive that which was bequeathed to it by the humanity of the past. I discern, with eyes sharpened by pain, that the faith of the past built cathedrals and splendid shrines because they believed them to be gateways of eternal salvation, and that they who now enjoy them do so without acknowledging the faith that built them. Is yonder great endowment to be administered in the letter or in the spirit? If

in the letter, it belongs to the Roman Catholics; if in the spirit, it should be applied to those aims and ideas which constitute the real faith of the English people. The bequest of the faith of one age cannot belong to that faith which another age has abjured. Do the English people believe in eternal hell-fire, in devils, in the potency of saints, without which no cathedral was ever yet built? Do pilgrims swarm along the Old Kent Road as in Chaucer's day? Amid the conflict of sects, the surgings of scepticism, the only shores of belief, as solid as that on which were built and endowed our cathedrals, are popular education, freedom of thought, political liberty, and the rescue of the masses from pauperism, disease, and vice. Therefore, though to me there is left only a weak arm and a feeble voice, the last effort of both shall be made here and now. To the Church I bid an eternal adieu. And it is given me to prophesy the end for which I cannot work — that a Spirit is advancing, which shall send those idle Cathedrals to follow their master in doing good; which shall scatter the Archbishops' revenues and thrones and vestments as King Henry scattered the jewels and gold of à Becket's shrine; and of all the grand establishments which the Universe has disestablished, not one stone shall be left upon another. The twelve centuries which to-day looked down from the towers of Canterbury, and saw the proud array of Bishops and Clergy, who leave the great causes and forget the heavy wrongs of the present to fulminate against stiff-necked Jews and defunct Pilates, shall be followed by an Age which shall look down from a loftier height upon Truth's golden harvests waving over the spots whereon they stand. All this I see, O my brothers, as this day I turn from the Church, with its splendid insignia, and come hither to begin anew the path of my ministry

where the Church began — with the Saint dividing his cloak with the beggar."

When the old clergyman had ceased, he tottered and nearly fell. The two Deans, who had been gazing on the stained windows, sprang forward and bore him to their own carriage, in which he was driven away.

Sometimes I have thought that this scene, and the strange sermon, and the aged seer himself, must all have been a dream; but, again, certain burdens of warning that have since issued from Canterbury and Westminster suggest that others besides myself must have been impressed on that occasion.

ZÄUBERPFEIFE

DURING the famous trial of Saurin *v.* Star and Kennedy, I went to watch the case in the interest of a silent and unrecognized party thereto. The incident of most interest to my client was this: on the production of a scapular in court, the Lord Chief Justice requested that it might be handed up for his inspection, confessing that he "did not know what a scapular was." Has it come to this?

Running through the European mythology one finds, in many variations, the legend of the magic music to whose measure all must keep step. From the falling of the walls of Jericho before the ram's horn of Joshua, or the rising of those of Thebes to the lyre of Orpheus, the old story passes to the magic horn with which Roland, at Roncesvalles, called his warriors from afar, or the flute by which, as he reappeared in fairy romance, he freed his lovely May-bird from the wicked enchantress. Adopted by Christianity in Germany, we find the magic pipe making the Jew dance among thorns until his wickedness is

punished. And in England the same protean pipe is discovered sounding one of the first notes of Protestantism. "A mery Geste of the Frere and the Boye," first "emprynted at London in Flete-streete, at the sygne of the Sonne, by Wynkin de Worde," relates how the boy received, as one of three gifts, a pipe of magic power: —

> All that may the pipe here
> Shall not themselfe stere,
> But laugh and lepe about.

This original "Tom, Tom, the piper's son," did not confine his cunning instrument to making cows and milkmaids dance. He so wrought upon a Friar that he capered until he lost

> His cope and scapelary
> And all his other wede.

Was this profane lad but Henry the Eighth in disguise? Was his pipe the bugle of Cromwell? Whatever it may have been in history that made the English priest dance out of his cope and scapulary, we know what to-day represents the magic pipe, to whose sound all must move, and even mountains open, as they did before the Pied Piper of Hamelin. It is the steam-whistle. This it is to whose shrill, remorseless note the age goes burrowing, tunnelling, bridging oceans, soaring over Alps and Rocky Mountains. The great steam-shuttles weave races and nations together. Can a people who travel by steamships fall back to swimming on a log in their religion? Men cannot for any great length of time be content to pass six days of the week in the Nineteenth Century and recur to the means and methods of the Year One on the seventh. The Lord Chief Justice does not know what a scapular is. Some successor of his will be equally at a loss about my Lord Chief Justice's Wig. And the dance must go on till

scapular, wigs, and surplice shall all be found only in the Museum.

Sharp, startling, by no means pleasant to the ear, is this steam-whistle, piercing through our quietest hour, invading our religious repose, dispelling slumber. It is, at present, too close to us. Only in its far echoes can we hear its softened tones; there its notes are spiritualized to the sounds they must bear to the ear of the future, when it shall be said, Happy were they who dwelt near the fountains of those strains that built our hundred-gated civilization! Noises reach not so far as music. The horns of Oberon, of Roland, called men to war and dismay; but the struggles have passed away, and to us those horns bring only gentle and prophetic strains.

So pipe on, pitiless engineer! Assiduous thou only to clear thy track, and bring certain bales and freights safe to yonder mart; but even now, to the wild echoes thou hast set flying, the very dust marches into shapes of beauty. Above the bass of Commerce is the clear tenor of Fraternity. Lo, there is a music on the air, as of the breaking of millions of chains! From Italy, Russia, America, Spain, the echoes return in the happy voices of liberated hearts and homes. The dragons crawl away to their caverns. This one generation, with its vulgar steam-whistle, has witnessed the vanishing of more shadows from the earth, has seen more men and women disenthralled, more rays of intellectual light shed abroad upon mankind, than any ten generations which have preceded it; and, ere it ceases, that shrill signal shall swell to the trump of the Last Judgment, bring to the bar of Humanity every creed or institution of the earth.

BUNHILL FIELDS

UNDER the gray October sky I started forth to witness the formal reopening of Bunhill, or Bone-Hill, Cemetery. I passed by the spot where Cromwell after death hung on the gallows; by the old fields where the martyrs died, but where now the stately market stands; by the house where Milton was born, possibly by that where he hid himself from the wrath of the Restoration. "Milton, thou shouldst have lived to see this hour," when my Lord Mayor, and my Lord Shaftesbury, and members of Parliament, and noted Clergymen, are coming together to compete for the best eulogy and profoundest homage to the men whom their predecessors hunted to their graves.

Around the vacant space in the centre of the great city huge factories stood roaring at their work. Their brick walls and big signs frowned upon the vacant ground, seeming to say, "Why is this waste? This parcel of ground, with its idle gravestones, might at this moment be coining millions of pounds." But the commerce of London, surging up against the confines of the silent field, was there restrained as by a spell. Commerce had indeed made an effort to appropriate that ground, but had heard the command, Thus far and no farther. The religious hearts of England had gathered round it, and formed a sacred circle which no pecuniary interests could overpass. And the silence of this field loudest chanted the requiem of those whose bones moulder in it. For here rest men and women who, while living, similarly withstood those potent interests which recoil before their dust, when self-interest said to them, Sell us your souls; do not stand by a faith which brings you only a crust of

bread; give up those idle visions which are carrying you into prisons; take sides with us, and we will load your tables with plenty! The sacred circle in their breasts, whose walls did not then fall before such interests, finds its fit monument in the silent sanctity of Bunhill Fields, and in the sentiment which still finds something more useful than gold. The Unitarian Lord Mayor, the Nonconformist Member of Parliament, and the Nobleman of the Church of England, utter in accord the homage of the hour. Not one of them, it may be, believes the dogmas of Wesley, or Watts, or George Fox, or Lardner, or Defoe, or Bunyan; yet alike they bow before these mighty shades. For it is only in the present, where personal interests or prejudices are affected, that men raise their little creeds above essential nobleness and moral grandeur.

The ceremony was over. About one tomb especially the crowd gathered. On it lay the carved figure of John Bunyan. On one side is a picture of the pilgrim with his staff toiling under his burden; on the other, the burden has rolled off as he clasps the foot of the cross. It bears an inscription showing that it has been of late repaired under the presidency of an Earl whom I need not name. The same nobleman was good enough to patronize the Pilgrim in his address on the same day; he called the old tinker, with gracious familiarity, "a glorious old fellow." One was forced to reflect how different he was from the Earls who in old times conceived that the best place for Bunyan was Bedford Jail. When the nobleman left I was fain to follow him, and the first thing he did was to pick up a hard stone and fling it at a man walking a little before him. The man turned: could I believe my eyes? — it was John Bunyan! The noble lord not only stoned this pilgrim, but called on the clergymen around him to do the

same; and many of them did so. Wounded, the poor man went on his way, until, at last, he fainted. I followed, and asked him his name; but even as I did so, though the likeness to Bunyan remained, I saw that it was a certain heretical Bishop.

Returning again to the sepulchre garnished with the nobleman's name, with his denunciations of those who stoned the prophets of England still ringing in my ears, I sat down, alone now, before the tomb. "Alas!" I cried, "can men see the true and great only when their names are traced in dust? Shall we forever go on raising the crosses of the past over our churches, and crucifying the sacred causes of to-day? It is easy to praise the Bunyans of three centuries ago; but how about their true brothers whom we meet in the street? When the Son of Man cometh, shall he find faith in the earth? or would not the very men who now worship his name crucify him, even as they crucify every sacred human cause which represents him?"

The lips of the stone figure seemed to smile with their old serenity, and the voice said, with a meaning gathered out of the intervening centuries, "Steadily believe concerning the things that are invisible."

I listened for some further word. Whether it was the whispering of the wind, or the hum of looms, or fancy's coinage of the voices in the street, it seemed as if there came to me, as I sat there, these words: —

"Yes, steadily believe and endure as seeing the invisible. There never was heroism, nor martyrdom, nor saintly devotion, which is not now discoverable in every part of the earth. Their sacred camp is ever near. Where the scholar is devoting his life to rescue the weak and ignorant; where the thinker gives his hand to the undowered cause of a

hated truth; where the man of Science follows Nature with a faithful love, which refuses to divide its loyalty with superstition, whatever the bribe; where in loneliness, with courage and devotion, the gifted and the true are pursuing, amid doubt and misgiving, over crag and torrent, the Truth that has called to them, — there, be thou sure, are Bunyans, and Miltons, and Knoxes, and the next pilgrims in the procession of faithful souls that can never end. But do thou hasten hence. Not by the kissing of their bones, or the garnishing of their tombs, or the believing of their creeds, can the brave and free be honoured; but by an independence and fidelity like their own. He is most like Christ who stands as bravely before his Church (so called) as Christ did before the conventional creeds of his day. Rise and go hence; seek not to live by substituting for virtue of your own the praises of others' virtues; borrow not their oil for your lamp; heed thine own aim."

AN ENGLISH SINAI

ENGLISHMEN are still fumbling about Mount Sinai in the East. Even from the noon of the nineteenth century it is only through a perspective of six thousand years that men can see the summits where, amid smoke and flame, the laws of God are published. Yet Mount Sinai were a hillock but for the man that stood thereon; and wherever a right and true man stands, there the earth rises heavenward, and the world trembles under the touch of God.

The road by which the Pilgrim sought his Sinai lay across the lonely heath that stretches toward the little village of Christchurch. Lonely as it was, he felt himself, journeying thither, but the next in a procession of those

who, in ages past and present, had found something to attract them through those barren fields. Into the sea stretches Hengistbury Head, where, in early days, Saxon, Dane, and Roman successively landed, and build fortresses from which they sallied forth to conquer and rule the land — each to disappear in due time, leaving some contribution of blood or power to be wrought into the character and laws of this people.

By many a superstition is this old region haunted. In the distance rises St. Catherine's Hill. There, where the chapel of that Saint stood, the ghosts of the old pagans buried in surrounding mounds were wont, it was said, to throng, seeking to be shriven, and so rescued from purgatory. Legend also says that it was originally intended to build Christchurch on that hill, but after the materials had been carried thither they were borne at night by invisible agents to the spot where the church now stands. In the course of building a beam was found too short, and it was miraculously lengthened. This beam was left uncovered, in order that the worshippers might see it, until very lately. The great square tower is a landmark in the distance, and as one approaches it the barren heath spreads into the green meadows that fringe the course of the Avon, which, having passed the homes of Sidney and Herbert, the altars of Stonehenge, and the soaring spire of Salisbury, has become serene in its silvery solitude, as it reflects the old church borne to its banks by the more silent stream of Time. For many generations are traced in its various architecture. The finest part is Norman, and has externally a beautiful lattice-work in stone, and a carved representation of cottage tiles. These architectural characters bear us back to the origin of cathedrals. In early times the rich could have in their castles or man-

sions each his private chapel or oratory; but the poor must needs combine their humble means to provide a temple for them all, worthy the holy ones they adored. But this building which held their common shrines and altars was at first but a larger cottage, with the same roof-tiles and lattices as the humble dwellings around it. The dormer windows of the cottage are still preserved in the steeple, which is the roof elongated so as to be a guide for pilgrims or wayfarers to the sacred home which was for all. But cathedrals have so long been separated from the life of the poor, — their significant signs have so long been mere architectural ornaments, — that those for whom they were originally built can no longer recognize any thread connecting their homes with them. The sexton of Christchurch explained that the tile-work was probably meant to imitate fish-scales! The internal construction of the cathedral means just as little to the worshippers; the nave is no more a *navis*, or ark of safety, the transept no more a hedge separating the sacred from the profane. Wherever these are now built, they are artificial ruins.

The old reredos at Christchurch represents the pedigree of Jesus and the adoration of the Magi. Beneath is Jesse asleep: out of his loins grows a tree whose many branches curve into niches for the reputed ancestors of Christ. In the centre the mother reclines, upholding the infant, before whom the Wise Men, and with them a crowned King, are prostrate. From the time when the moral grandeurs of the earth were represented in the bending of Scholarship and Royalty before the peasant who bore about him only spiritual splendours, pass we over many ages to the modern part of Christchurch, which holds the shrine we are seeking, — the monument of Shelley. There, beside the fatal boat, his head supported also by a faithful Mary, lies

the scholar who would not bow to the one before whom his ancient brothers came from the East to bend. His face finds in this marble the repose which the world decreed he should only attain in death. Perhaps it is because the ancient positions of the holy child and the king are now reversed, and the knees of the Church-Christ have become quite supple before aristocratic privilege, that the most notable object in this Christian Cathedral is the memorial of one on whom, while living, the Christian world shrieked out curses. He who replied to such curses that he had rather be damned with Plato than saved with those who anathematized him, has here his cenotaph among those whose only records are that they died under the blessing of the Church. In this old haunt of superstition its direst foe has his monument! Should this marble form, in the soft twilight, throb with the life and consciousness of Shelley, possibly he would not feel any nearer to the symbols around him, but rather prefer the old persecution to the homage secured by the potency of a baronet's demand.

Indeed, a modern Spiritist might easily suppose that the phantom of Shelley had been already at work in the choir, where old carvings represent a fox in the guise of a priest preaching to a flock of geese; a farmer praying while a solemn dog laps his bowl of milk behind him; and a king and a priest conspicuous in hell. At any rate, we may be sure that these were carved by the Shelley principle in Nature; and such ornaments in the church of the eleventh century implied an infidel's memorial in that of the nineteenth century. Yet, could he walk these old aisles, uncongenial as he might find all his contemporary environments, the poet might bring with him a perception of a subtle relationship to those whose aspirations built the gray walls, and to those who, from windows passion-

ate with heavenly light, look with warm glances upon his pale marble.

The poet, says Schiller, is the son of his time. The poets who appeared on the horizon in the earlier part of this century were not the morning stars of the new era, but rather the fiery shapes about an era going down in blood. Of them one alone from the evening star of a setting is recognizable as the morning star of a rising day. By his side is Byron, in whom the ages of egotism reach their final flower and perish; with Shelley comes the first streak of the day of Humanity. The one will have his private sorrow ride him like a wild foaming steed driven by a demon; the other will have his grief spring up in human sympathy, his wrong signify every man's right.

Were our Sciences equal to rightly reporting the embryology of Shelley, many a phenomenon in the present mental and moral condition of England would be made plain. A magician in his Field Place nursery dressing up his sisters as demons to obey his potent wand; an alchemist in Sion School experimenting to find the elixir of life; a practitioner of the Black Art at Eton — where as yet Chemistry is a prohibited study — engaged, as he confesses to the terrified tutor, in "raising the Devil"; a mysterious boy who will not fag, and has that young world crying at his heels, "There goes mad Shelley!" a lover already, and writing with the beloved the romance of "Zastrozzi," — he has drawn some drop of sap from every stratum of superstition beneath his feet, and passes them by swift transmutation to the incipient radicalism which breaks the shell at Oxford and walks forth a horror to students and professors.

There follows a prelude of ominous dreams. Oxford consists at the time of a number of professors who are

busy milking a veteran and barren cow for students who assiduously hold a sieve for pail. Their labours are suspended for a moment by the apparition of a young gentleman, son of a Member of Parliament, who goes about cursing the King, denying the existence of God, and predicting the extraction of food for the millions from air and water, the instantaneous communication of thoughts over any distances, and the universal travelling by air. It is not, of course, a long work to put this wild creature on a stage-coach, and send him off, before proceeding to work with the heifer and the sieve again. It is true that the laws have prematurely decided that an Oxonian shall not be burnt for writing an atheistic tract, but there still remain exile from college, exile from a father's house, and exile from the heart that is nearest.

Now let us raise our thanks to those who alone never fail us, — the blind conservatives; to the professors who gave us a prophet whom they might have made into a metaphysical bookworm; to Miss Harriet Grove, who resigned us her lover to be the lover of mankind; to Sir Timothy Shelley, M. P., who enabled us to get out of his proposed politician a champion of Humanity. It makes one tremble to think that Shelley was once a baronet's son, under the roof of Oxford, at an age when, as in so many other cases, the Spirits might have been whispered out of him! How much we owe to Scholastic stupidity can be especially appreciated by a generation which has seen a Prime Minister, long dwarfed under the spell of Oxford, released by its suicidal simplicity, rising to a stature knightly enough to grapple with the greatest ecclesiastical wrong of his country, and to raise the flag of rationalism over the Episcopal Bench! Yes, Oxford, — thou dull whetstone of Saladin scimitars, — in our praise to Con-

servatism, the great nether stone of the mills of God, we cannot forget thee until thou also shalt be ground exceeding small!

Shelley, said Leigh Hunt, seemed like a spirit that had darted from its orb and found itself in another planet. "He was pious toward Nature, toward his friends, toward the whole human race, toward the meanest insect of the forest." "I never knew such an instinct of veneration," says Hogg. Robert Browning has described Shelley's poetry as "a sublime fragmentary essay toward a presentment of the correspondency of the Universe to the Deity." This was the man for whom Oxford had nothing but a curse! This was the "atheist" for whom the England that adored George the Fourth as the finest gentleman in Europe could furnish no home! Such reverence, wonder, worship, never before or since fed with their sacred oil a purer spirit; he ascended bravely the smoking mount, and returned to the calf-worshippers below with the light of eternity on his face, and they knew him not!

Shelley was the first-born of a generation of souls commissioned to revolutionize the thought and faith of England. After him there was a Shelley in every sane man born of an English mother, and the siege against Superstition began, never to be raised. The tragedy of Shelley's life was the warning of the Church to all who should ever attempt to think freely and bravely. It was a proclamation of piracy against every barque that should cast its old moorings and sail the seas with God. His life was never lived; it was scattered like bits of some exquisite mosaic never pieced together. They alone know the splendid design who can carry out in imagination, and colour with the pigments of their own hearts, the great forms suggested by the fragments of his song and his life. Such

— so has our Christendom steadily declared — such, so outlawed and ruined, shall be every life which is hurled against us and our dogmas. Do we require more lamentations over "Lost Leaders," more recantations in Scotland or Cambridge, more humiliations before Convocation, to prove how potent is the threat? Bend or be broken! is still the word of the Church to the scholar yearning for his ideal life; live the life, think the thought we prescribe, or perish with all your hopes unfulfilled around you!

But, sad and fragmentary as was his life, it shines out like a rainbow above those who have surrendered. Beside their finest embroidered ensigns we lift this strip torn by shot and shell from the banner of a great cause, and know that there is still room for the lilies to blossom upon it. Lo, beneath the tattered life and name and work of Shelley let the scholars of this day gather, and take their oath of knighthood. What part has a scholar with the savage creed that wears the scalp of Shelley at its belt? What place has he in the assembly of those who count the belief in an angry, jealous, arbitrary Jehovah to be pious, and call the aspiration which soars above the idols of fools atheism? Why should the man of culture exclude from his social circle the man who talks bad grammar, or dismiss the servant who believes in witches, but welcome the surpliced or kid-gloved believer in hells, devils, and Balaam's talking ass? The scholar is not the retained advocate of the party that pays best. He is not the attorney for commerce, nor the professional casuist of those who would combine the advantages of conventionality with those of simple truth. Better he should again be a hermit than dwell in society at the cost of honour. As yet, alas, though subtle as the serpent, our Scholarship has also its double tongue, uttering now that which is true,

next that which is sordid. From the day when Shelley was banished from Oxford, no scholar has remained under the flag of the common Christianity save through a visible servility. But it is spiritual perjury! If we demand that the banker shall be honest in money matters, that the soldier shall be brave, that the judge shall be just, shall we be satisfied that he who is consecrated to Reason shall weakly or meanly part its sacred raiment among those who would feign trick out their lucrative creeds or customs with its divine sanctions?

Shelley brought the Orthodoxy of England to its Judgment Day. Up to his time there were great and honest scholars in the Churches; but the cruelty, the coarseness, the ignorance inherent in those Churches was then revealed, the falsehood was exposed; and only by some kind of bribery, conscious or unconscious, can any genius or real culture be found there longer. We ought to be able to depend upon the honour of the Scholar not to compromise the purity of the light he is set to feed and guard. There is needed a Scholar's caste, removed from the world of Self-seekers; a brotherhood of those whose verdict is the dictate of absolute reason and rectitude; the fraternity of those who, amid a world that weighs eternal verities in their relation to gold and fashion, steadily say, "Unto their assembly, mine honour, be not thou united!"

We have lived long since Shelley's time; the brave thinker finds many a warm hand to clasp his where the exiled poet found but few, and those the hands of fellow exiles; but superstition still reigns over the conventional world: it is cruel as ever; and he can hardly be sure that he has fought the good fight, and kept his trust, who does not feel that he has read a chapter of his own experience

in the life of Percy Bysshe Shelley, and drunk of the cup of which he drank. For, though no man knoweth his grave unto this day, he saw God face to face, and brought upon the tables of a broken heart the laws of those called out of spiritual bondage.

THE REJECTED STONE

SOME years ago I was wont to repair on Sunday mornings to Smithfield to hear the orators of the open air discourse on the great problems of these times. There is no theory or heresy conceivable by the human mind which was not ventilated on that hallowed acre. No eloquence that I could find in any Church seemed to me comparable with the rudest speech of these unkempt infidels, who showed what fruit stakes of wood, quickened by fires fed with human blood, may bear after some generations. The butchers who now occupy that spot never hewed and hacked meat more cleverly than their predecessors cut up dogmas; and the market hardly compensates for the loss of this unroofed cathedral, or furnishes more genuine food for the body than was then dealt out to the mind of the artisan. But its worshippers betook themselves to the parks and squares. Here, however, they were interrupted; the police were empowered to make them "move on." One Sunday morning I saw in one of the open spaces a man walking backward, pursued, apparently, by a mob, in whose faces he was shaking his fists. Drawing near, I found that it was a street speaker and his audience fulfilling the condition of moving on. Thus for a year or so they moved, until the new railway arches at St. Pancras were built; under these the preachers, lecturers, and disputants are now permitted to collect themselves and their

thoughts. There I have followed them, and listened through many a summer evening to such wisdom as can alone lift up its voice in the streets.

A few orthodox preachers appear on the scene, to pray and sing and utter the old inducements of future woe and bliss; but they bring their listeners with them; and it is a performance of actors too poor to have engagements, with the cast-off scenery of regular establishments, and hardly excites more than the smile of those who pass by to attend the real attractions of the place. As one approaches, he might fancy that he had got into a court-yard of Bedlam. A confused din of voices coming from the centres of contiguous groups, each struggling with the other in the air, pelts the wayfarer like a consistency of rain, snow, and hail. But let one stop and take heed; he will find himself at a focus in the whispering gallery of the world. There is no question discussed in the great Universities, or Church Councils, or Parliaments but is discussed here.

On a certain night I stood for an hour between three groups, one of which was discussing the authority of the Catholic Church, the second the miracles, the third the existence of God. Archbishop Manning never urged a stronger argument for the necessity of a Church authorized to interpret the Bible than was there uttered by one of the poorest of his flock. "You admit the authority of the Bible as the word of God?" he asked of his antagonist. — "Certainly." — "But you say every man must put his own interpretation upon it?" — "I do." — "Now, suppose a lawyer were to go before a Court of Law with a case, and claim the right to put his own interpretation on the laws of England, what would the Judge say to him? He would say, Sir, these laws have been interpreted by our Courts

before you were born. I have got to follow the precedents. I can't set my own private opinions, much less yours, against the former decisions of this Court. And if it has been found necessary to establish Courts to interpret the laws of England, is it not just as necessary to have an authority to interpret the laws of God?"

While the poor Protestant was fumbling about for his reply to this I gave heed to the assailer of miracles. "Why don't they happen now?" he cried. "Because the time of miracles is past. They were needed to call the attention of the people to Christianity then. Well, are n't they needed to support Christianity now? John Stuart Mill don't believe it, Professor Huxley don't believe it, the foremost men of this age don't believe it. There are thousands on thousands of people in London who pay no attention to it. Now, you just raise to life out of the graveyard one of our dead children in the name of Christ, and the churches won't remain empty." Such was the echo of Strauss, of Parker, of Renan, which found its way through the lips of an artisan in patched clothes. But the largest crowd was gathered around one who was fiercely denying the existence of God. "If there is a God, why are you permitted to suffer? Why do ignorance, crime, and wrong run riot through the land? What would any man among you do if he were omniscient and omnipotent? Would he not be found in every home of misery and want and sickness, relieving distress, restoring health? Would he not remove from the world tyranny, ignorance, and sin? Are we to suppose that there is an omnipotent God who does n't show as much benevolence toward his creatures as a man would who had the same power? Look at the earthquakes that swallow men up like flies," — and so on, with much more of the same sort.

Here were the sheep; where were the shepherds? Chanting empty services to emptier pews; standing beside their cold altars and crying, Ho, all ye that hunger, come and hear us read about bread that was sown, harvested, and eaten in ancient Palestine.

Seest thou these great temples? There shall not be left of them one stone upon another which shall not be cast down. Their builders have rejected the stone which evermore breaks to its own measure all that falls upon it, which grinds to powder that upon which it falls. The oath of the Universe is pledged that only that shall stand which has for its corner-stone MAN. Amid cathedrals built for the splendour of Popes or the glorification of God, institutions raised on the assumption that the people were made for them, not they for the people, dogmas holding the human heart and reason fit sacrifices for them, the steadfast forces of Fate have quarried from the rejected instincts and necessities of the masses that rude block lying in the mud at St. Pancras which shall one day be recognized as the corner-stone on which alone any temple can rest securely. The Voices at St. Pancras are not the voices of ignorant working people; they are, to those that can receive it, the voices of Elias, of half-clad John in the Wilderness, which must first come. Only before one who, in conformity with human nature, can increase, can their fatal negations decrease.

The worship of the Nazarene peasant and carpenter has its Avatar to-day in the interest gathering about the little and the lowly. At last an age has arrived which begins to understand the secret revealed to St. Augustin, that "God is great in the great, but greatest in the small."

First came Science, the one true representative of the Apostolic Succession in this age, reversing all estimates

of high and low. Studious rather of actual flies than of possible angels; turning from the infinite to search into the infinitesimal; finding the philosopher's stone in every pebble; circumnavigating the raindrop and reporting its curious tribes; pursuing insects as ardently as suns; reading in flowers the laws of constellations; tracing the bursting of cosmical rings and the generation of worlds in a spinning drop of oil; exploring primeval forests in frost-pictures on window-panes; following each step in the ascent of the worm to man; showing the consent of solar systems to the motion of a finger, — Science has come to this generation wearing on its head the dust, and has taught us to see in that dust a crown more glorious than ever adorned the brow of Royalty.

Next came Poetry, turning at last from the emptiness of the glittering to the treasures of the leaden casket: Burns, and the "wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower" disturbed by his plough; Wordsworth, with his reflector turned to the field, holding a celandine; Hood, setting to sweet minors the sighs of the sempstress; Leigh Hunt and Keats, competing as laureates of the cricket and the grasshopper; Carlyle, rising to song once, as the moth found its pyre in his candle; Goethe, twining the mystical tendrils of souls about the little Gypsy Mignon; Browning, telling of the destinies of empires bound up with the carols of the barefooted Pippa from the silk-mills; the tender humanities of Béranger, of Lowell, of Whittier, and of Walt Whitman, who shows the Leaves of Grass as fit subjects for his epic as Homer found for his the Heroes of Troy.

The whole transcendental movement of New England, which gave to America its only distinctive literature, which sketched its ideal in Brook Farm communities and realized

it in the abolition of Slavery, unfolded beneath the breath of the Seer of Concord, who knew —

> There is no great, there is no small,
> To the Soul that maketh all;
> And where it goeth all things are,
> And it goeth everywhere.

I am not unmindful that the chief Minnesinger of our time still dresses his Muse in court costume, and still rehearses to charmed drawing-rooms the deeds of kings and knights; nor that those he has inspired are more listened to as they sing of the Medeas, Atalantas, and Tristrams, than Clough lingering with the peasant dance amid the heather, or Allingham and Barnes, whose morning-glories climb on cottage-doors, or Robert Buchanan setting the footfalls along the Strand to melody. But may not the drawing-rooms be under an illusion about their favourites? As the Pre-Raphaelists, seeking an extinct Art, ploughed the furrows of an Art to come; as Culture, recoiling from vulgar comradeship, travels eastward till it gets westward, — even so, by many blind ways, even those most antiquarian, the dream of Poetry leads to the one Shrine. Tennyson will voyage with Ulysses, rather than with Paddy on his emigrant ship; but at last on Californian sands they will sit together, and see the old world with the same distrust, and say, "We will return no more!" That which has enabled Tennyson to touch the heart of his age is the degree to which he has represented its vague and profound scepticism. Subtly interfused with nearly every poem he has written is the spirit he has received from the popular unrest, the moral misgiving and intellectual doubt, whose waves are steadily drowning all that cannot float. The Woman's Rights Reformers find their texts in "The Princess"; and "In Memoriam" is the

sustaining air for all Left Wings. The secularist lecturer takes from the "Lotus-Eaters" his burden against the present, and from "The Two Voices" his curtain against the future. Vainly will men fight their shadows. Carlyle is still compelled to further the human equality he made necessary when he tore crowns of painted paper in pieces; Father Newman stands powerless before the Frankenstein of Rationalism he conjured up. The Spirit of the Age is the divinity that shapes our ends, and cares little for our rough-hewing of the same; it can allow seeming reactions and illusive eccentricity; for, whatever tacks the ships may make, its magnet is hid near every compass, and will bring them all to one port at last.

The novelist, — the real preacher of our times, — once minding only high things, now aspires to things of low estate. The romance of the past gathered about the castles and mansions of the great, and sought the company of lords and ladies. But these are now left to penny novels read by ambitious domestics, incurious concerning their own familiar lot. The romances which have really made an impression on this age have been those which have had for their themes the operatives of factories, the artisan radical, the dens of Field Lane, the Toilers of the Sea or *Les Misérables* of France, or the poor Uncle Toms of the Plantation. The success of Charles Dickens is the most significant literary phenomenon before us. This graduate of Fleet Street has woven the haunts of wretchedness and sin in London into a texture of pathos, humour, and beauty. No one can walk those streets with the same eyes as before, since he plunged into their turbid life and emerged with hands laden with pearls, — pearls from the hearts of thieves and outcasts. There is a divine sparkle in every heap of rubbish. It is as if our coal-dust should

crystallize to diamonds. Humanity, forgetting the fine people of Walter Scott and Bulwer, turned to acknowledge a debt to this figure-head of London deeper than is due to all the sermonizers around him. Not the Churches, but him, we thank for the brightest rays that shine with Christmas mornings. Children unconsciously twine the laurels of their happier life about the brow which has laughed Squeers with his ferule out of existence, and caused the flowers of gladness to bloom along their paths, so long blighted by Puritanism: Chadband and Stiggins read on their merry faces a reign of terror, others the radiance of a new era in our civilization. And when at last that grave lay open in the ancient Abbey, to close at last upon some part of all of us, and the people and their children came and heaped it with flowers, each flower was a symbol of the fragrance, the tints innumerable, which had bloomed at his touch out of lives and hearts that were dead, through him made alive again.

Lastly, what has been the history of Art in England? With splendid antecedents, from decorating Southern palace and cathedral with gorgeous tableaux, Art came hither to suffer a decline graduated according to the liberation of the people from the past it expressed, up to the day when a particularly English Parliament ordered the finest pictures in the country to be burnt. No longer to be dragged at the wheels of the most exquisite of chariots is this unromantic Englishman; he will betake him to the driving of his own ugly cab. How shall the flower thrive when the stem is broken? The Englishman had utterly lost the faith which had culminated in the art of Raphael, concerning whom he cried, Away with your Madonnas! give us your fat naked women instead of them! So Raphael, and the long line of post-Raphaelists, gave those

mixtures of paint and patriotism, of figment and pigment, which passed here for high art, until the true prophet of English Art came; meek and lowly he came, riding on an ass!

But at this point of our pilgrimage we reach the house of an Interpreter, at whose feet we may well sit in silence for a space.

Near the southwest corner of Covent Garden, a square brick pit or well is formed by a close-set block of houses, to the back windows of which it admits a few rays of light. Access to the bottom of it is obtained out of Maiden Lane, through a low archway and an iron gate; and if you stand long enough under the archway to accustom your eyes to the darkness, you may see on the left hand a narrow door, which formerly gave access to a respectable barber's shop, of which the front window, looking into Maiden Lane, is still extant, filled in this year (1860) with a row of bottles, connected in some defunct manner with a brewer's business. A more fashionable neighbourhood, it is said, eighty years ago than now, — never, certainly, a cheerful one, — wherein a boy being born on St. George's Day, 1775, began soon after to take interest in the world of Covent Garden, and put to service such spectacles of life as it afforded. No knights to be seen there, nor, I imagine, many beautiful ladies; their costume at least disadvantageous, depending much on incumbency of hat and feather, and short waists; the majesty of men founded similarly on shoe-buckles and wigs! . . . "Bello ovile dov' io dormii agnello": of things beautiful, besides men and women, dusty sunbeams up or down the street on summer mornings; deep-furrowed cabbage-leaves at the greengrocer's; magnificence of oranges in wheelbarrows round the corner, and Thames' shore within three minutes' race. None of these things very glorious; the best, however, that England, it seems, was then able to provide for a boy of gift; who, such as they are, loves them — never, indeed, forgets them. The short waists modify to the last his visions of Greek ideal. His fore-

grounds had always a succulent cluster or two of green-grocery at the corners. Enchanted oranges gleam in Covent Gardens of the Hesperides, and great ships go to pieces to scatter chests of them on the waves. That mist of early sunbeams in the London dawn crosses many and many a time the clearness of Italian air; and by Thames' shore, with its stranded barges and glidings of red sail, dearer to us than Lucerne lake or Venetian lagoon — by Thames' shore we will die. . . . He attaches himself with the faithfullest childlove to everything that bears the image of the place he was born in. No matter how ugly it is, — has it anything about it like Maiden Lane, or like Thames' shore? If so, it shall be painted for their sake. Hence to the very close of life Turner could endure ugliness which no one else of the same sensibility would have borne with for an instant. Dead brick walls, blank square windows, old clothes, market-womanly types of humanity — anything fishy and muddy, like Billingsgate or Hungerford Market, had great attraction for him; black barges, patched sails, and every possible condition of fog. . . . No Venetian ever draws anything foul; but Turner devoted picture after picture to the illustration of effects of dinginess, smoke, soot, dust, and dusty texture; old sides of boats, weedy roadside vegetation, dunghills, straw-yards, and all the soilings and stains of every common labour. And, more than this, he could not only endure, but enjoyed and looked for *litter*, like Covent Garden wreck after the market. . . . Even his richest vegetation in ideal work is confused. . . . The last words he ever spoke to me about a picture were in gentle exultation about his St. Gothard, "that *litter* of stones which I endeavoured to represent." The second great result of this Covent Garden training was understanding of, and regard for, the poor, whom the Venetians, we saw, despised; whom, contrarily, Turner loved, and more than loved — understood. . . . Reynolds and Gainsborough, bred in country villages, learned there the country boys' reverential theory of "the Squire," and kept it. They painted the Squire and the Squire's Lady as centres of the movements of the universe, to the end of their lives. But Turner perceived the

younger Squire in other aspects about his lane, occurring prominently in its night scenery as a dark figure, or one of two, against the moonlight. . . . "That mysterious forest below London Bridge" — better for the boy than wood of pine or grove of myrtle. How he must have tormented the watermen, beseeching them to let him crouch anywhere in the bows, quiet as a log, so only that he might get floated down there among the ships, . . . which ships also are inhabited by glorious creatures — red-faced sailors, with pipes, appearing over the gunwales, true knights over their castle parapets. . . . Among the wheelbarrows, and over the vegetables, no perceptible dominance of religion; in the narrow disquieted streets, none; in the tongues, deeds, daily ways of Maiden Lane, little. Some honesty, indeed, and English industry, and kindness of heart, and general idea of justice; but faith of any national kind, shut up from one Sunday to the next, not artistically beautiful even in those Sabbatical exhibitions, its paraphernalia being chiefly of high pews, heavy elocution, and cold grimness of behaviour. . . . This religion seems to him discreditable — discredited — not believing in itself; putting forth its authority in a cowardly way; watching how far it might be tolerated; continually shrinking, disclaiming, fencing, finessing: . . . not to be either obeyed or combated by an ignorant yet clear-sighted youth; only to be scorned.

Thus was trained the first artist whose eye was atwin with the country, through which it ran to and fro like the eye of the Lord, — a veritable Peer, by divine right, of England. Art thou he that should come? Behold, the poor have the Gospel preached to them. The apotheosis of cabbage-leaves, sailors, fish-women is at hand; these shall decorate sea and land, and shine in the firmament.

Turner was himself blinded by excess of light, no doubt; and the eyes, long trained to copying dark old pictures by altar-lights, gazed upon this dawn of English art only at cost of seeing a spot on the heart of its sun,

or of sore eyes. But ancient art sank fossilized to its stratum when Turner began to paint England, — its Labour, its Sorrow, and Death. The Pre-Raphaelist Brothers are the first to see that the old flowers have withered, must be henceforth honeyless forever; and they will wander back to the old clime and age whence the seeds of them were wafted. Let the shadow go back on the dial beyond the age of Raphael! Let us repair to the light-fountains of the morning world, when as yet there was some childlike faith and enthusiasm among men! Thither went the earnest pilgrims only to find a desert, but a desert from which they could see, as never when near to it, the seed of all the faded arts of Greece and Italy thickly strewn in Covent Garden and Maiden Lane, — their first grass blade prophecies appearing in the glories which Turner had thrown on the walls of English homes.

Happy for the wild prophet, for the eye-dazzled school he founded, and for us — the people — that the Interpreter arose whose words we have already read; who, always eloquently, albeit sometimes fitfully, has managed to utter to this English race the great admonition, that no Art can ever spring up here unless it spring from the hearts and homes of the people; that never until the homes of the poor are happy can the mansions of the rich be beautiful; and — this above all — that any true Art must be the fair expression of the faith that is, not of creeds that have had their day and their flower in Greece and Italy.

Heine stood with his friend Alphonso before the cathedral at Rheims. "Why," said Alphonso, "cannot such structures be built now?" — "That," replied the poet, "was built by an age of convictions; ours is an age of opinions."

How little does the copyist in the Venetian, or Floren-

tine, or English Gallery understand the practical need which created the work he imitates! He would repeat, for applause of dilettanti, a picture which was wrought to save the unlettered poor from hell, and allure them heavenward; he would make a prettiness of saints and demons who on the old canvas waged a war with eternal issues for the soul of the peasant, who thus only could realize the mighty drama of heaven and earth. The domes are copied when the shrines for which they were built have perished; and the spire in which the roof of the cottage was transfigured, pointing the peasantry from afar to their common religious dwelling, remains only to show the poor the particular spot with which they have nothing at all to do. For some time yet these things may call themselves Art. The graceful serpent having glided away elsewhere, we must stuff this its cast skin as well as we can, and persuade ourselves that its faded spots are the stars of heaven. Meanwhile the living line of grace and beauty in its seeming death is already putting forth for eyes subtle as its own the jewels that shall adorn its new sheath.

What convictions have we corresponding to those which sculptured the Phidian Jove or the Milonian Venus, or painted the great Italian pictures, or built St. Peter's dome? None. Then for the present no real Art. The one thing we really believe in is Scepticism: this is the inspiration of our Science, of our clamour for more education, of our democracy; they are all the utterances of the clear and vigorous Misgiving which distinguishes this age. But in these directions alone can we find the tendencies which, shadows as they are, point toward the faint gray that must flush to the dawn of Art. Our very Scepticism having sent us into Town-halls and Corn-exchanges in

England, and into Free Schools, Universities, and State-houses in Germany and America, these begin to gather a certain elegance about them. The American Schoolhouse rises in the smallest village like a castle. The Birmingham Town-hall has more poetry about it than any of the Churches around it. The Hoe cylinder press has a touch of transcendentalism in its gentle power. The gas-fixtures are putting forth pendent lilies. There are graceful forms visible at the cattle-shows. A tint of beauty shines upon all these green shoots, that mark each where some sinew of necessity has given its stroke of work in good faith.

Poor things are these. Be it admitted. But whence came those splendours of ancient art we copy and recopy? Those illuminated letters of old manuscripts were but the shapes of hut or tree or animal footprint with which the savage marked for his fellow the fact he would convey. The blending tree-branches, the trefoil flower, swell to the Gothic pile; and the sunrise is photographed on the flamboyant wall. The cornice was the rude Northman's shield against the snow; the fringe on the tower was made for crossbows. The simple devices of necessity in one age become the ideals of another. The serious occupations of their ancestors become the sports of the luxurious. The primitive trademarks become heraldic arms. There is not a beauty shed upon us by the fading Arts of the past which was not born of some effort of man to adjust his life to the emergency before him, just as the Covent Garden greengrocer worked a hundred years ago, as now, all unconscious that one sane mind at least would find his incidental "litter" fit to grace the summit of St. Gothard.

Yet I would not say the Arts of the past have accomplished their work. Locked up, here at least, from the

people, — especially on the one day when they might see them, — they have not yet done the only work they can do: they have not stimulated the horny lens in the labourer's brow into an eye. There is beauty enough all around us, had we eyes to see it. "Mr. Turner," said a sagacious lady, "I never saw anything in Nature like your picture there." "Don't you wish you could?" answered the artist. The artist is he who sees a thing; the rest of us see but a little surface of any object. When the people have eyes, Apollos and Madonnas will walk the streets before them. Can any art equal, O mother, the shining hair and blue eyes of thy child? One day, an eye like that which looks from the parent to the babe will be taught to scan the vast cartoons of Eternal Beauty covering earth and sky, and not only the one darling lineament of it revealed by love.

Who built the grandeurs of Baalbec? the conviction that induced three hundred of the Carthaginian youth to lie victims upon its altar for the good of their city. Baal, Jupiter, Jahvé, — the Sun in his manifold apotheoses, — they have had their kingdoms, their sacrifices; but Humanity has its temples and altars yet to come. Already the flower of the American youth has shown itself ready to die for the most despised of races; and over their graves shall ascend the conviction that to create man himself, to rescue him from degradation and unfold his powers, is the high task of the coming Art. In its light, the finer souls shall look upon the meanest abode where a human Spirit dwells with a reverence equal to that which ancient Syrians felt for the temple of the Sun; and what was once done for saints and gods shall be done for men and women. So wrought the original Creators of Art. A beggar sat for one of the apostles in the Vatican, a barefooted flower-girl for one of its angels. But I dream of a yet higher Art,

which shall make the beggar an apostle of God — not in paint, but in reality; which shall transform the flower-girl to an angel in deed and in truth; under whose touch dead hearts and string brains shall come forth, like rock from the quarry, to rise in the walls and domes of a humanized world. Of the creations of that future Art the greatest sculptures and pictures of the past are but sketches and studies; its destiny shall be to realize those patterns "seen on the Mount" in purified towns, happy homes, clean and sweet tenements, universal education, beautiful health, and, above all, in securing to every human being the freedom to carve his or her own being into the character for which each life exists, — the statue worthy to be unveiled in the presence of God and man.

THE PILGRIM'S LAST REFLECTIONS

After all, one of those gentlemen so recently employed by the upper classes to laugh down the rights of man in Parliament might not be without something to say for himself. "You have the majority, it is true," he might say; "so had Herod and Pilate when they joined hands. But I know that one with Truth is a more real majority. The rights of man? Read the statistics of false measures, the statistics of gin and beer; walk through St. Giles's with your pockets shut tight and your eyes wide open; visit the police court; watch the crowd gathered about the prize-ring; and tell me what you think of their sacredness. How would you like such people to make laws for you? Linger a little under the arches at St. Pancras, and listen to the religious ranters; then put it to the vote of the assembly what shall be your creed."

Lately I read the legend of a youth caught up in the

air by an angel, with whom he floated over the world, that he might see the whole of it. The angel went too near the stars for him. "Let us go lower," said the youth; "I love the earth." The angel went lower — near enough for him to seethe out lines of continents. "Lower yet!" said the youth; "I love the smell of the earth, its scented trees and grass; and the bright ships, the fishermen, are dearer to me than hemispheres and continents." So the angel went lower still. But now they saw sad scenes: a poor slave and his wife pursued by bloodhounds; they saw them plunge in the river, hand in hand, to find freedom in death. They saw an army besieging a city; shot and shell bore death among women kneeling with babes in their arms. The city falls; the survivors are given over to the cruelty and lust of the victorious soldiery. They saw the dens of cities where the human image is seared out of men and women by vice. And now the young man's wings began to droop. "Higher, higher!" he cried to the angel. "I have seen enough — too much; let us soar higher!" — "Nay, not so," replied the angel; "thou hast seen, not too much, but too little; we must go lower." Then, lowering their wings, they skimmed the earth like swallows, and they saw men and women coming from far and near to break every fetter of the slaves whose cry they had heard, they saw hovering near the pillaged city a host with white banners binding up the wounded, warring upon war; and amid the dens of vice they saw busy workers building schools, asylums, hospitals; nay, even amid the wretched and vile they found many heroically vanquishing the dangers and temptations of their hard lot, and coming closer still, saw tints of kindliness and feeling in tainted hearts, — in all, the hope and prophecy of a fairer destiny.

May it not be that our philosophers and politicians also too generally come but close enough to see the outlines of nations, or the aggregates of populations?

And now to you, O freethinkers, liberals, emancipated souls, the Pilgrim utters this his final word.

We have deeply learned that God is our Father! we need to feel as deeply that every man is our brother. Who of you, if his own son or brother were the victim of some delusion that darkened life, would spare effort to relieve him of it? Yet all around us are the children of our common Father tossed from the delusion that God is a Tyrant to the delusion that there is no God at all. As we look into the past, we see what men have done for the love of Christ, — what they have surrendered and endured in their misdirected zeal and passion for him whom they adored as a Saviour. As much as they loved the dead, let us love the living Christ — Humanity. Surely Truth and Spiritual Liberty should not have less power to animate and inspire, or to command sacrifices, than Superstition!

There is a story of the Holy Grail which the Laureate has passed by, but which we may remember. In the days when men wandered through the world seeking that cup, made of a single precious stone, holding the real blood of Christ, a Knight left England to search for the same in distant lands. As he passed from his door, a poor sufferer cried to him for help. Absorbed in his grand hope, the Knight heeded him not, but went on. He wandered to the Holy Land, fought in many wars, endured much, but found not the precious cup; and at last, disappointed and dejected, he returned home. As he neared his own house, the same poor sufferer cried to him for help. "What dost thou require?" asked the Knight. The aged man said,

"Lo I, am perishing with thirst." The Knight dismounted and hastened to fetch a cup of water. He held the half-clad sufferer in his arms, raised his head, and proffered the water to his parched lips. Even as he did so the cup sparkled into a gem, and the knight saw in his hand the Holy Grail, flushed with the true blood of Christ. And you, my brothers, may wander far, and traverse many realms of philosophy and theology, to find the truth which represents the true life-blood of the noblest soul; but you shall find it only when and where you love and serve as he did. If you can but give to the fainting soul at your door a cup of water from the wells of truth, it shall flash back on you the radiance of God. As you can save, so shall you be saved. And be you sure that when you are really moved by the outcries of famished hearts and brains, as by the wailings of helpless babes, — when you deeply long to bear light and hope to men, — the ways of doing so will open before you, even as undreamed energies to fill them full shall be born within you.

THE GOSPEL OF ART

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THE lavish way in which wealth was shown devoting itself to useless objects, in the Hamilton Sale, enabled us to realize epochs of luxury which sometimes seem fabulous. Three small tables brought together £17,500. One can imagine the feelings with which poor people, who can hardly earn bread for their families, would read such a fact as that. What would be their emotions? Would they reflect on the happy transformation of their rags and wretchedness a small portion of that money might cause? Would they feel angry that so much should go for a little ornamental wood and metal while human beings, said to be made in the image of God, go so cheap? I suspect, on the contrary, that the poorest would experience a certain pleasure and elation in the thought of such magnificence. To enjoy such luxury and splendour is the latter-day heaven. A haggard hermit in his cell, with his brain full of visions of celestial bliss, does not feel envy or wrath at the glory of divine beings. He would be loath to have them lose it. It is a joy to believe it all there, and he even makes his own condition more miserable to enhance that heavenly luxury. True, the hermit hopes some day to share that bliss, but even on earth, by his faith, he does share it. The poor man now has lost that ancient vision: heaven has either faded away, or been spiritualized into an eternal sabbath passed in church. The poor do not enjoy going to church on earth, and the modern

[1] This and the three following sermons, "The Martyrdom of Man," "Consolers," and "The Madonna of Montbazon," were delivered at South Place Chapel in 1883, and published, first separately, and later bound with others, by E. W. Allen in London and John Haywood in Manchester.

pictures of heaven have little attractiveness. But the supreme splendours of earth have a great deal of attractiveness; and although the poor are in want and ugliness, there is a certain satisfaction in the signs of the actuality of this sensuous ideal. It is something to witness splendour even where it is not shared. It is like a beautiful dream. The poor lad enjoys his peep into a palace almost as much as the prince who has got tired of it. The poor who witness the magnificence of the rich have a great compensation in seeing it from the point of poverty. What is the finest dish to a man who is surfeited? The imagination can only bring out lineaments of beauty on a dark background. Poverty supplies the dark background against which wealth shines with a beauty unknown to itself. A philosopher exclaimed, "Ah, if the rich were only rich as the poor fancy riches!" But it is impossible. Satiety smothers imagination. Familiarity breeds contempt. The rich are tantalized; and when some new toy comes along,—if only a pretty table made by some toiler in his shop,—they throw away their gold like chaff in the hope of securing a sensation of real beauty. But no man was ever transfigured till he had first sweat blood.

Meanwhile this grandee himself is the sensation for the poor. He walks in their eyes with fairies around him. If the man who paid £6,000 for Marie Antoinette's writing-table had been recognized in Whitechapel the day after, he would probably have received more homage than any saint in the calendar. The perspective of poverty turns him into a picture. He is a figure of the good time coming, pedestalled on a table inlaid with six thousand pounds. The pounds appear exquisite gems to hungry eyes; to his eyes they are dross, gladly exchanged for a small writing-table with some romance about it.

For I am far from casting ridicule on that man. In the present condition of Art very few pictures are equal to the high effect of a table at which Marie Antoinette sat, and around which hover visions from the revolutionary apocalypse. The rich man turning his gold into beauty and the poor taking off his hat to him, alike testify and confess that, after all, happiness is not to be found in mere wealth any more than in poverty, but in visions and emotions of beauty. Men are fooled all their days by mistaking what is real, what illusive. A man spends his life heaping up money. To what end? It seems real to him; but when he has followed that notion into age he sees that he has passed by realities to accumulate their counters. The realities are opportunities for thought, conversation, hours of repose, realization of the joy in every-day emotions of affection and of beauty. The money is worthless except to make a machinery to secure these ulterior ends, and the ends have been forgotten in the machinery. The apparatus, therefore, is at last seen to be the illusion, however real it appeared, and the inward delight which seemed visionary is found to be the only real thing.

The ministry of Art is the highest because, when true, it awakens in man the emotions which lift him to the highest possibilities of his existence. I have remarked the admission of Schopenhauer, the prophet of Pessimism. In the general misery of the world and of existence he finds one exception, the emotion excited by a work of art. Human life, with its round of cares, is like the wheel in Hades on which Ixion was bound: but when man gazes on a work of pure art, when he listens to sweet music, the wheel of Ixion pauses. Schopenhauer maintains that this fact cannot alter the general conditions of misery. Very few have either the culture or the opportunity for dwelling

amid works of art. That may be true for the present, but it does not prevent our hope and endeavour for a coming time when Art shall be brought near to the life of all men, in its highest forms. For the rest, I am inclined to think there is much truth in the pessimist view of nature and human life apart from Art. Even by the arts of commodity mankind are brought into relation with a higher world. Take away the carpet, then take away the floor, and try to live on the ground: you will have got to nature unadorned, and all the moral and mental weeds, and their worms, will reduce you to savagery. All civilization is the result of a new creation. But when the man has got into this new creation he is only in its lower story. His floor and walls cannot shut out the pains and meannesses of life. Nay, he must so bind himself to conditions of hard service, for needs of his animal nature, that his house is too often the prison of his higher faculties. To build and support that house he must do what the elements demand, what climate and trade prescribe, not what the heart in him would prompt. A few poetic intervals in the prose of compulsory business is the most he can hope for. Thus he is mainly in the grip of nature still, and is withheld from an ideal life.

Now, it is the mission of Art to redeem man from much of this servitude by surrounding him with a new creation formed of the ideal elements within him. The whole object of existence is happiness. Whether a man seeks his happiness by martyrdom, or by sensuality, it is that he pursues. If a man seek momentary happiness at cost of more permanent happiness, he but illustrates Zoroaster's saying, "Wicked spirits are of dull reason." Seeking joy, a moth is consumed in candle; seeking joy, a saint is consumed in his cell; seeking joy, a drunkard is consumed in

alcohol, and a sensualist in lust. His brief ecstasy cannot be denied to either, any more than the terrible price paid for it. In each there is a noble longing, — a longing for fuller existence, for freedom; some prisoned power trying to burst into beauty. If each of these moths could only get the same ecstasy in a painted flame, — find the bliss without the ashes, — the mad desire would rise smokeless and pure. But because that cannot be done in ordinary life we praise that man as wiser who fulfils the harder prosaic conditions, and sacrifices part of his happiness to secure the rest and the best.

All this is in the natural world. But there is a supernatural world. There is a light that never was on land or sea. There is a melody born of melody by which man is lifted out of these laborious or perilous conditions. Glimpses of this higher world are vouchsafed to all. There are few lives in which there have not occurred here and there the moment when some strain of music, some beautiful scene, a grand picture, or a thrilling oration, a poem, an emotion of love, or communion with a kindred intellect, has not awakened a serene joy, a lofty happiness, which all he has toiled for could not purchase. There is an electric touch in Wagner's "Meistersinger." To the shop of Hans Sachs, poet and cobbler, Eva the heroine comes in her distress, — seeking help in her troubled affairs. Trying to escape from impending wedlock without love, her true lover present also in the shop, she listens to Hans Sachs, the great-hearted singer, whose words seem trivial but deeply reveal that he knows her danger and will save her. Then suddenly the maiden darts forward and clasps the shoemaker to her heart, — not her lover, but the poet, — and cries, "O Sachs, my friend. Thou dearest man! But for thee had I been wrapped in childish

blindness. Through thee I control life's treasure. Through thee I recognize my soul. Through thee my heart finds its bloom. Were I free thou shouldst be my husband." The lover looking on might well be inspired by that outburst of pure intellectual homage to sing his nobler strain which wins the maiden's hand. It is a fine expression of the magic of pure art, whereby it not only stills danger, but calms the tumult of passion, — pains of the past, anxieties of the future, lost and forgotten in a present joy that holds no sting.

If a heart is happy, what matters it how cheap the cause? Why, said the old prophet, why do you spend your toil for that which satisfieth not? It is difficult to be satisfied with pleasures which involve disproportionate pains. A little child, which enjoys a glittering toy as much as if it were gold and rubies, is ahead of the slave of conventions who weighs his pleasures in fashionable scales. The child's eyes, turning spots of paint to lustres of opal and diamond, seem slightly lunatic; but of such is the kingdom of heaven. As science ascends it goes over on the child's side; concerns itself profoundly with dust, and insects, and wanders about the fields picking grasses and shells and chipping stones. For all these small and cheap things are symbolical to science, raising it to a radiant realm of intellectual laws.

Science and Art are justly wedded in one department of government. Art also deals with the symbolism of things, but sees them in their relation to the interior universe of human thought and feeling, rather than, like science, to the external universe of laws. Art, therefore, when great, leads on and expresses the spiritual evolution of humanity. I speak, therefore, of the Gospel of Art. Every Gospel, every religious movement that brings glad

tidings, a nobler promise and hope to humanity, first takes shape in Art. The remains of ancient Greek Art, which now make a frame round the symbols of Christianity, are chapters of an ancient gospel which held up before man an ideal of his own perfection. As we walk through the classic galleries, and look silently on those grand sculptures of a buried world, the Apollo, the Herakles, the Jupiter tell us of the majesty of man at his best. Herakles, wearing the skin of the monster he has slain, shows us man civilizing the earth, grappling evil in every form, clearing land and sea of brutality. The Apollo Belvedere shows us a diviner force arising in man. He has exchanged the club for an arrow, animal force for skill. He need not be so large in size, for his senses have gained nicety. Apollo has just sped his arrow at the Python: without rage or fear he looks calmly or even beamingly upon the evil form he has destroyed, showing in his own beauty the form which has a right to succeed the ended Python power. Aphrodite combines the ideals of physical beauty. She rides on a lion, because beauty must rest on health; adequacy and strength in humanity must master the lower brute force. There is the pathetic group of Laokoön and his sons bound and crushed in the coils of the serpent, symbolizing in their agony man held and destroyed by the evil he cannot conquer, — whether a ferocity of external nature, or an unmastered evil habit. And there is the nymph doomed to be eternally trying to carry water in a sieve: she gazes upon the water disappearing through the sieve with such wonder and despair as many a Greek heart must have felt at seeing its fellow beings trying to secure the waters of spiritual life and purity in the sieve of religious fable and formalism.

Such, indeed, was the end of this Greek gospel writ in

stone and in paint. Its power to curb and control man having ceased, it passed over to the Roman conquerors of the world to decorate the very luxury and brutality it was meant to restrain. On the destruction of Corinth, the Roman general gathered up the great works of Greece to grace the spectacle on his return. In Rome the finest sculptures were set out in imperial gardens. The figures of divine beings were regarded in some cases as statues of thaumaturgists. Alexander Severus had statues made of Abraham and Jesus Christ to be placed in his collection opposite Orpheus and Apollonius of Tyana, all as conjurors or miracle workers. So ended the gospel of Greece.

But meanwhile in old quarries beneath Rome, where the bodies of slaves were thrown, a poor population, who had become believers in Christ, had found refuge from persecution. There, in catacombs, they dreamed of their Messiah as about to return, as casting down the throne of their cruel oppressors, and filling the world with his kingdom of love and peace. And there, while the splendid relics of Greek art were decorating imperial revelries and atrocities in the splended city above, these poor believers scrawled upon those subterranean walls the symbols of a new Gospel. There they drew pictures of the dove, the anchor, the olive branch ; there the lamb is seen on the top of a mountain, crowned with halo of light, while from beneath burst forth streams of water; and there is the picture of the Good Shepherd carrying on his shoulder a goat, — the goat he was presently said to part on his left hand for eternal burnings. These symbols are scrawled rudely enough down there, but they were the germs of a new Gospel, and they flowered into those great pictures of Christian art which are now the admiration of

the world. It was these pictures, of the old Italian masters, that really shaped for the people their Gospel of Christ. Theologians may derive it from written scriptures, and may make it as dismal tidings as they please. But that which first won and has retained the faith and affection of the people was never a theology, never a dogma, but a Gospel painted on human hearts and on walls around them, long before copied thence by Giotto and Raphael, by Angelo and Leonardo,—a gospel of gentleness and purity, of inward virtues and graces expressed in the forms of Jesus and his mother and friends, just as physical and intellectual perfections had been expressed in the fair statues of Greece. It was one Gospel following another. It was man climbing from his physical and intellectual to his spiritual glory. And yet, although the waxing power and wealth of Christendom gave greater completeness to the expression, the beauty of the new Gospel was never more fully felt by those who gazed upon the splendid Italian works, than by those who amid darkness and wretchedness scrawled the symbols of their faith upon the walls of the catacombs. Had the emperors and patricians known what beautiful visions surrounded the subterranean outcasts, they would gladly have exchanged their palaces for those gloomy cells. Those persecuted ones in their dreams were dwelling amid the gold and jasper of paradise. Such is the power of the Gospel of Art.

Unless Art exerts this power it is not high Art. And, judged by this standard, there is little to be seen in our time which can be called Art, except by courtesy. In going through our galleries of contemporary Art we find plenty of skill, finish, evidences of hard work, but soon discover that the pictures have nothing to say to us. We look till we get tired, and sit down, and then look again,

and when we leave, — generally with a sense of relief, — we are just the same as we went in. No transformation has been wrought in us. But a great work never wearies; a great work never leaves us unchanged. Where sunshine falls, some violet or daisy ought to answer.

I am impressed by the feeling that the Art of to-day has little to say, but is saying it with marvellous skill. Suppose Tennyson or Browning should write smooth verses in a perfect manuscript, and publish them in fac-simile. These verses say, "The rose is red, the violet blue; the orange is yellow, the rainbow is pretty," and so on. And then, if the public should say that is not poetry, there is no new creation in that, how were it if the poet should answer, Ah, but just look at the beauty of that handwriting! See the neat curve of that O, and the wave of that R, and the smoothness of the whole thing! All very well; but when we look for poetry and find penmanship, we cannot help feeling disappointment. And even if the poet goes higher, and asks us to admire the beauty of his language, his rhythm and rhyme, we still must feel that poetic art is something else. We cannot carry on the business of the world in that way. In this the kingdom of Art lags behind the kingdom of use. The judge will not accept a lawyer's rhetoric for fact and argument. Some one told me of a barrister addressing the court in pompous rhetoric, when a judge interrupted him with the question, "Is this a jury case?" — "No, my lord," said the barrister. — "Oh," said the judge, "I thought you must be speaking to a jury. Surely you cannot hope to influence the court by such fine talk as that."

In our galleries of annual Art we move through hall after hall of fine talk, highly coloured rhetoric, but there is no great truth it has at heart, no burden of hope or

prophecy, almost nothing that thrills us, fills us with happiness. What picture have you seen that spoke to your heart, summoned tears to your eyes; what picture was there from which you could hardly tear yourself away, and which you still carry with you in an ineffaceable impression? In the presence of the Apollo Belvedere no tongue can speak. I defy any one to look upon Raphael's Transfiguration without tears of triumphant joy. I do not wish to be hypercritical about the Art of to-day; it has some graces and perfections of expression which the old masters had not; but, as I expect an orator to carry some point, as I expect a physician to cure his patient, and the warrior to conquer, and judge everybody by the earnestness with which he does something; as I cannot applaud the rhetoric that does not convince, the splendid armour that does not prevail, nor any beauty without charm; so I cannot pay homage to the fine art of our time as a whole. The exceptions are those works — too rare, yet the more precious — which show a tendency to interpret the life of our own time, by showing it in universal relations. Lately I went through the house where such an artist long sat at his beautiful task. The books and furniture of the dead poet and artist were set out and labelled for sale. What débris! Old Roman lamps, and dingy angels on old panels; jugs and bowls and broken scoriæ of splendour long dead; stringless harps and lutes and mandolins. In Rossetti's pictures they were transfigured, as may now be seen in the exhibitions. As science reveals our nature gliding in early forms, swimming, flying, so teaching us what we are; as mythology discovers our mental nature similarly passing through old dreams and fables, revealing the substance delivering us from the outgrown form; so did the art of Rossetti create the past anew by gathering what was of

eternal significance in its sentiment and aspiration. He once painted a knight and lady who walking in a wood met themselves; and in most of his pictures of the earlier world thoughtful men and women meet themselves, though it may be some in Paradise or Hell long perished out of thought.

There are other artists in whom such high aims live and abide among us; there are even signs that the life which put forth the "Pre-Raphaelist" Germ will become a fruitful branch. But, on the other hand, it is to be feared there is even a reactionary tendency, as shown in an increasingly realistic treatment of nature. What is the use of a man trying to paint a portrait of nature? In the first place, he cannot. A mirror set up before a landscape will catch a more exact image than any artist; and if, with chemicals, you render that image permanent, and colour it, you have a photograph. That is a portrait of the landscape drawn by the sun, painted by imitative skill. But it is no work of Art. "Art is called Art because it is not nature," said Goethe. The artist is there to select and combine the forms of nature into new creations; just as a writer combines his dictionary so as to make the words express thoughts. If in music a musician imitates natural sounds, — lowing of cows, voice of cuckoos, — the more he is cow or cuckoo the less is he musician. We do not need Art to acquaint us with the surface facts of nature, the details or the groups of nature, but to reveal the possibilities of nature. He is to show us the soul underneath these hard, unsympathetic surfaces of things. The gardener is doing that to some extent, and every man who turns some bit of chaos to an order corresponding to the need of man. The artist is to do that in a higher plane. He is to deliver us from this treadmill of day and night, this wheel of heat

and cold, of life and death, by clapping wings to nature and human nature, turning every dry fact into a symbol of supernatural truth and beauty; so that our few years of life shall represent an eternity of emotions and experiences.

That kind of Art will come when it is called for. That may be a long time yet; for our rulers have decided that Art, far from being a Gospel, is so profane that it must wear a veil on Sunday. That is just the way to make Art profane. The representative cannot come until there is a constituency for him. At present, the one point of contact between the masses and art is in the theatre. Unfortunately, it is not a Sunday institution, but by way of compensation it is not a preaching institution; it is doing the work of every art, — it rounds the little life of toil and sorrow with a sleep of care, a dream of beauty, — refutes the dismal dogma with a revelation somewhat ideal pervading the coarseness and tragedy of every-day life. Every nightly play is like a fragrant water lily growing out of mud and floating on the turbid stream of the struggle for existence. In that stream he is drowned who is not held up every day by communion with beauty. And a man may be drowned in the struggle for wealth as in that for daily bread. Study this thing! If you have no love of artistic beauty you should go and look at pictures every day, — such noble pictures as those in the National Gallery which represent the genius of an age inspiring some great man, like Bellini, Fra Angelico, Rubens, Turner. Look at them; go again, until you like them; then till you love them, which will be because you understand them. And that again will be because you see your nobler self in them, — your individual self merged in the poem of humanity.

Carlyle had a sort of contempt for Art. He pursued

inartistic reality for threescore of his years and found it a skeleton. Then when too aged and weak to pursue it longer, a fair lady, a pure artist, came to see him, sat with him, and one day brought her easel. She covered her palette with a chaos of colours; then made her canvas a similar pretty chaos. Then the old man beheld his features growing out of that chaos. He looked into his own eye. It was mystical. All those bright colours were required to make his time-worn face. He smiled as if once more a child. Again the artist came, — for months the old man was beguiled; his path to the grave was fringed with these flowers, each of which revealed that happier self he had sought amid seeming realities which had proved illusions. But you will find your spiritual portrait in every work of Art. Once deeply conversant with ideal beauty, Nature will never be cold and hard around you again; you will see in familiar faces a loveliness never seen before; you will find out that you have been living in a poem all your life; and then, instead of surrounding yourself with the costly cumbrous furniture prescribed by fashion, you will be able to select, if not the flowers of art, the remembrances of them, — books and poems, engravings, or even photographs, — which will all be grand outlines of your soul. That is art which awakens the imagination. A cultivated imagination is the great colourist; to a cultivated imagination a photograph, not of nature but of a great work of art, conveys half its power, at least. But I would also have you remember that if Art is to be to you a Gospel it is to be received, as it were, on your knees. With such reverence every great picture was painted. There is a picture by Giotto at Assisi of St. Francis recalling from death a woman who has died without confession. He recalls her to life long enough to confess. The woman is seen raising

herself on her bier, and to the Saint who kneels before her she pours out the secrets of her soul. So kneels great Art before dead nature. By its power it raises the silent world into conscious life, gives nature a voice. To the true artist, to the kneeling devotee of ideal beauty, nature whispers her secrets. Such secrets from the heart of nature are in every true work of art, — in every poem, drama, painting, or statue, — not to be gained from flowers, or landscapes, or from any object which has not been raised to life by the genius of man; and if you can get at that secret you will have gained a new light on the secret of your heart and life.

"THE MARTYRDOM OF MAN"

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THIS is the title of a powerful volume. In my own mind it is also associated with the man who wrote it, and his martyrdom. Poor Winwood Reade! What a man was that! There rises before me the face of that pure scholar, with its melancholy smile, and the dark eye, sometimes flashing as if sun-kindled, but habitually softened and shadowed by looking so long into the eyes of Death. If ever that mysterious flame men call genius haloed a brow, it was that of Winwood Reade; if ever true and tender heart beat in a breast, it beat in his. His spirit was of ethereal fineness, his culture of the rarest, and the round world which he had travelled was spiritualized in his poetic thought. Swiftly fell consumption upon him; while he wrote Death sat by his side. They who witnessed that decline, who knew what rich freight was day by day sinking down to the dark water's edge, presently to disappear, were wont to feel a bitterness of spirit. But the young scholar, whose genius flamed up more brilliantly as his form wasted away, used his intimacy with Death to learn a secret which only in the "dark valley" can be revealed. He learned how many men and women, and even nations, are spiritual prisoners of the Shadow of Death, even while living, through the belief that only beyond the grave are heaven or hell reached; and from beside the grave opening to receive him he warned these lifelong victims that the only victory over death is to concentrate themselves on life, to expect nothing, dread nothing beyond, to cherish the blooms of love and fulfil the happy task ere the night cometh.

When at last the eagle was brought low, the last pen from its wing fallen, he found a home with kindred minds. He was taken by a gentleman and lady who used to gather with us here, the late Dr. Humphrey Sandwith and his wife, to their beautiful mansion at Wimbledon. There they watched over him tenderly to the end. One day when they happened to be walking in the garden while the invalid slept, a fanatical woman, — one of a number who had been trying to reach him, — managed to get to his room unperceived. Mrs. Sandwith, returning, heard the evangelical scream, found poor Reade in silent distress, with this wild person praying beside him. The invader was ejected; and that apparition of Woman haunted to insanity by superstitious terrors was the last martyrdom of Winwood Reade. Surrounded by tenderest sympathy, he faded out of existence in his thirty-seventh year. They, also, who so watched over him have since passed away in premature death. Wealth, culture, genius, there in their fit abode, made the most and best of what time and opportunity were theirs; but, alas, evil inheritances from nature withered up all the gifts that human love could bestow. What Winwood Reade wrote was universal history, and that he called "The Martyrdom of Man." His book might be called "A Short History of the Human Race." He sums up the evidence of races, the testimony of ages, and affirms that life is a martyrdom. "In each generation the human race has been tortured that their children might profit by their woes. Our own prosperity is founded on the agonies of the past." We are to suffer for the benefit of those who are to come. But instead of the famine, pestilence, and war which our ancestors suffered, we are to have a season of mental anguish in order that posterity may rise. "The soul must be sacrificed; the hope in immortality

must die. A sweet and charming illusion must be taken from the human race, and youth and beauty vanish never to return."

Such are the closing words of the volume. Had its author lived longer it might have closed with a more cheerful chapter, showing that illusions rarely vanish so long as they are sweet and charming, but only when they have become haggard and bitter. When Winwood Reade had written this very book some of his literary friends, and his publishers also, tried to persuade him to alter the religious portions of it, warning him that it would provoke the anger of the public. But he would alter no word; the book has had wide circulation, and provoked no anger, though every chapter holds more far-reaching "blasphemy," as the foolish word goes, than anything put forth by the freethinkers now in prison. Winwood Reade said: "It has done me good to write this book; and, therefore, I do not think it can injure those by whom it will be read." There surely he was right. If it did him good to think and write so, why should it not equally do good to others? He could not have found it good had it been the burial of sweet and charming illusions, the vanishing of youth and beauty. It is not to be denied that there must be instances when cherished beliefs are violently torn out of the mind, just as there are violent deaths. That is always deplorable. When people are all trained to think, which always means to think freely, their hereditary errors will die a natural death, will die because their continuance in the mind is a sort of dotage, and they can no longer afford comfort and happiness. The most cherished beliefs of the world were once in Frigga, Bertha, Venus; many of those deemed witches in the Middle Ages were persons celebrating the rites of their beloved goddesses in secret, even at

risk of being burned alive. Then came the love and worship of the Madonna, so long and passionately cherished. We now wonder that our ancestors could have found happiness in such superstitions. Jahvé and Jesus will appear just as remote to our posterity, and they will wonder how anybody in 1883 could cling to such conceptions. But we who now live, and can closely observe the beliefs around us, may see that Jahvé and Jesus are cherished names, not cherished conceptions; or rather that these ancient deities are no longer loved, no longer supply consolation and hope, and have been silently superseded by new ideals in the heart though their names be still on the lips.

In other words, mankind still generally hold on to their illusions so long as these supply happiness, and surrender them only when happiness is sacrificed to them. In all time, and in every land, the martyrdom of Man has been the sacrifice of his happiness to consecrated forms which imprison the ideals that originally instituted them. Men never required to be burnt at the stake, massacred, imprisoned, for disbelieving doctrines sweet and charming to human nature. The laws of evolution could not fail to make all men adapt their intellects to things dear to their hearts as to their interests. It is only where the heart has joined the intellect in protest that ease and self-interest are overcome, and men prefer suffering to conformity. The inward happiness is then sacrificed to the old form; and the pain of the broken chrysalis means the freedom of its bright-winged prisoner, going forth to feed on the rose the life once nourished on the leaf.

Let us consider, for instance, the doctrine of a divine providence. It is blasphemy, according to the Common Law of England, to deny the providence of God. Why should the law punish that? Because while it might be

useful to the fortunate to have their prosperity considered God's favour, the unfortunate did not like to attribute to a supreme being their misfortunes. But if the miserable denied that their miseries were providential, they might presently deny that the lot of the wealthy is providential. The next step might be to inquire whether that good fortune was fairly got, or perhaps to demand a share of it. Still, and despite coercive laws, the notion of a providence has declined in the proportion that social sympathies and self-reliance have been developed. After its account of the explosion at Westminster, the London "Times" said that an explosive canister placed near its own office was providentially upset. It seemed to imply that the "Times" had a special providence among its employés, a precaution neglected by the Local Government Board. The word "providential" here only meant "lucky," but its use in this case curiously suggests the fundamental arrogance of the notion in which it is founded. Among people who think of others as much as themselves the word should be tabooed. Applied to one's own good fortune as compared with another's bad fortune, it is a fawning acknowledgment of favouritism. To believe that the advantages of this world are gifts from God cannot compensate the fortunate, if they are good-hearted, for the pain of believing that the sufferings of the world are deliberately inflicted. Where belief in a providence has been abandoned, it is because it was found not charming at all, but painful.

There are some to whom the belief is not painful enough to overcome their fear that if it be lost other and pleasanter beliefs may follow it. There is a beautiful city on the Ohio, well called the Queen of the West, which has just suffered by a terrible flood. While a large part of this city, Cincinnati, was under water, and the energies

of its citizens were taxed to give food and shelter to the poor whose homes were flooded or swept away, a Sunday came; the preachers preached about the calamity, and a paper reporting twelve of their sermons has reached me. The burden of nearly all of them is that God had sent that calamity, — as a judgment for sin, according to some; to remind men of their littleness, according to others; to supply an opportunity for charities, said a few. So spake the pulpit its prescribed theories. But meanwhile the citizens went to work and proved that they did not believe that the sufferers were especially sinful, and shielded them from the "judgment," just as if it had come from a demon; they made the flood show, not their littleness, but their greatness and strength. When a human providence sent them help from other regions, in the form of a large sum of money, they declined to use a penny of it, and sent it on to poorer towns and villages suffering by the same flood.

There are many cultivated and wealthy people living on the higher parts of that city, and no doubt many a child there has been taught to thank God for its happiness. Looking from a secure height upon the submerged houses below, such a child might even think it a pretty sight, and thank its providential parents for allowing it to go somewhere for a good view. But when that little form of healthy selfishness has grown to its social self, its human relatedness, it will require more than any twelve Cincinnati apostles to make it feel grateful to God for a picturesque providence that drowns and pauperizes people. Such a providence will suffer in contrast with the human rescuer, the generous citizen, with the charitable heart of those very clergymen, saving men from forces of disorder which they feel bound to call divine.

The whole world is growing up from such childhood to such maturity. It requires laws and sermons, threats and bribes, to make even a few assent to the dogma of a providence, for it has become an odious idea. Were it not for custom, it would imply in the social man a certain selfishness to thank for his personal welfare a deity equally responsible for others' woes. Such dogmas do not die by logic of the mind, but by recoil of the heart. And they who cannot deliver themselves from such "bodies of death," but must drag them into their pulpits, colleges, court-rooms, are martyrs; they are consumed on the altars where they are bound, whether by need or sacrament. The sun does not look down on a sadder sight than a scholar of the nineteenth century, spellbound in his prison of air, forced to corrupt the pure morning with breath of ancient charnel-houses full of dogmatic dead bones. I doubt not many such envy the freedom of those prisoners for blasphemy, whose rude scorn and scoff is more really reverent than to flatter these mummies, and set them up for the adoration of civilized men and women. Among the many charities of our time, should there not be a society for salvation of the clergy from shams? Men bound by sacraments to ancient creeds should excite our compassion. If they believe the creeds they must needs be ever haunted with visions of the hopelessly damned; if they do not believe them they are conscious casuists or bound-thinkers; in either case they are "spirits in prison" whom the charity of our age should deliver. There is more reason for propagating the gospel of our own age among the clergy, because their martyrdom is the sign of martyrdom of man. We should remember them as being all to some extent bound with them. When a clergyman is able to enter his pulpit, disown the Christian name, and preach just what he can ap-

prove to his own mind and heart, without imperilling his professional position or prospects, then this nation will be free, just, civilized; but not till then. And do you realize how many reforms are waiting for such freedom and justice? Do you realize, for instance, that the frightful evil of overpopulation cannot be arrested because no man can instruct the common people on that subject without being sent to prison, as Mr. Truelove was? Do you realize that the punishment of men for caricaturing Jahvé's appearance to Moses means the power of Syrian phantoms to lock up, every Sunday, institutions which might refine and delight millions, who are this day victims on those blood-stained altars? Do you realize that because slavery has found its last stronghold in religion, it is impossible to convert untold millions of wealth, frozen up in ecclesiastical icebergs, into streams of benevolence which might make England an earthly paradise? It is my conviction that there is not one wrong, not one evil, moral or physical, in this great nation which may not be traced to the root of a guarded superstition. That means that every belief, defended by law, involves human sacrifices. Did not man suffer by it, it would need no protecting law. Unless, therefore, the established religion can be converted from its Syrian paganism, its mediæval barbarism, from the unspeakable anachronism of its creeds, it will surely terminate in a revolution which will leave of it not one stone upon another. There is an Englishman growing up in the public school, and another in the university, who will meet together before a generation ends; and when one shall baptize the other, the temple will either be purged of its money-changers or its destruction will be swift and terrible.

The Christian religion is based upon the idea of the martyrdom of God. In the person of his Son, God is said

to have borne the sins of the world, for them to have suffered, died, and gone to hell. Considered as a myth this does not correspond with the phenomena to be explained in the same satisfactory way as more ancient myths, — such as Prometheus, Adam and Eve, or Cain. For a true fabulist could hardly say God died to save man while man is not saved. There is a myth which comes nearer to the facts. It relates that in the beginning the great God promised certain powerful spirits in his creation that he would never attack them, — neither by night or day, neither in the earth or the air. After they had obtained the divine word, these powerful beings behaved so badly that God considered how he might destroy them without breaking his word. One day he caught them up into a kind of a mist which was not precisely earth or air, and in a light that was not exactly night or day: and then and there he slew them. However, after thinking over the matter, this deity came to the conclusion that, if he had not broken his word, he had so bruised it that he must atone for it. So he retired into some far cavern of the universe to do penance. In his absence the affairs of the earth went on so badly that men called vehemently for their god, not knowing what had become of him. At last a messenger was sent to inform them that their God was doing penance for having broken his word. They asked what sufferings the penance required, and were given a long list of the agonies, deaths, starvations, wounds, violences which the deity had to undergo. Mankind then asked how long this penance was to last, and were told it must be many millions of years. Whereupon men gathered together, meditated on the nameless sufferings this god had to undergo, considered too that in all that time the world would be virtually without a god, and they then addressed a petition

to the great God begging that mankind might be allowed to bear his sin and sufferings for him, so that he might be restored to his throne in the universe. To that the god consented, and henceforth all the evils and agonies of the world, all its plagues and wars and other horrors, were held to have been transferred from an offending God to innocent humanity.

This idea of man vicariously suffering for God is earlier than that of God suffering for man, and the fact hinted is one traceable in all histories of man's devotion to the idols of his imagination called gods. Their sins are many, multitudinous as the cruelties of nature whose forces were personified in them. Let any one read his Bible, or any Sacred Books, and remark how many ferocious things man ascribes to his deities while accepting the whole blame for himself. If a deity drowns mankind in a deluge, it is because men were so violent; if he stings them with serpents, it is because they were stiff-necked; if he slaughters them by thousands, it is because they did not worship him accurately. It is always man's fault. Poor man, so patient, so humble under gods of his own creation, dependent on his smitten arm for their every altar and sacrifice! And this man, who has covered the earth with superb temples for his gods, even where he could only house himself in a hut; who has loaded their altars with his flocks and fruits, though his children might cry for hunger; who has spared not the fruit of his body, nor his own body, if the altar demand it — what have the gods given him in return? Did they aid man to take one step on the path of civilization? Did they help him in one struggle with the hardness of nature? They cursed the first giver of the fruit of knowledge, branded the first tiller of the soil, and the worker in brass, and him who brought fire to men, and cast down

the towers built by man; all the slow conquests of the earth by art and science, from Eve cursed for seeking knowledge to Darwin cursed for finding it, have been achieved by man over obstruction from his own temples, turned to fortresses against the progress of their own builder and sustainer; and yet man has patiently borne and suffered all these oppressions, served his hostile gods, and called himself a miserable sinner! The worst man known to the annals of crime never committed half the evil ascribed to the best god known to the fables of divinity. If the deified Jesus himself should really cast one goat, were it but a literal goat, to be tortured by devils through eternity, it would be greater wickedness than all the crimes of mankind put together, and the nearest crime to it would be to worship a being capable of such an atrocity. But I do not believe man ever really worshipped such a being; he has knelt before him, cowered before him, sacrificed himself before him; but these gifts were and are apologies for not loving him. And finally our human martyr, who has borne upon himself the sins of his gods, is now ascribing to them all his own virtues.

It would seem to have been full time when tidings came of gods bearing the sins and sorrows of humanity. Foreshadowed in fables of Prometheus and Herakles, this idea first took shape in Buddhism and elsewhere made the early gospel of Christ. That gospel was speedily buried away beyond resurrection, and for sufficient cause; it must have been fatal to the existence of a priesthood or an ecclesiastical system. If it had been admitted that Jesus bore all the sins of the world, had paid all man's debts, suffered all his penalties and liabilities, the whole machinery of redemption would thus have been transferred from earth to heaven, and the vocation of the priesthood would

have been gone. Paul and the earliest apostles had that faith in the absorption of all sacrifices into one, the divine sacrifice; of all priests into one, the High Priest at God's right hand; the whole thing was done and settled; and all they had to do was to go through the world and tell the news, proclaim the glad tidings of a salvation accomplished for all mankind, so that they might abandon their altars, do without priests, and pass their time singing their joy, and eating together the eucharistic symbols of this celestial sacrifice by which humanity had been ransomed from the dark and evil powers of nature.

But such a transcendentalism as that could not last long amid hungry priests. The martyrdom of the god was but a brief interval in the eternal martyrdom of Man. A little space and the martyred god is himself turned into the exactor of human martyrdom. He ascends from his cross only to burden man again with the sins he had professed to bear, and to exact the debts he had professed to pay. Again patient man resumed his burden, again toiled to pay his debts to God for values never received; and, while toiling under the burden, was good enough to praise God for having borne it an hour or two.

These ancient fables speak of non-existent beings as existent; but in that they tell truer than our senses. These non-existent beings own two hundred millions of the public wealth in England, — enough to enrich every poor man in it, — and are still able to lock their people in prison who are disrespectful to their names. On the eve of the day of Crucifixion I attended the funeral of a noble woman who, forty-nine years ago, was the bride of the brave bookseller, James Watson. In the very month of his marriage her husband was sentenced to prison. He was as honest a man as ever lived, but he and his young wife had to pass their honey-

moon exchanging notes and kind words through the gratings at Clerkenwell. Who parted, who so crucified those loving hearts? Jesus. Watson sold Paine's "Age of Reason"; wherefore the crucified lover of enemies put him to pass a bitter winter in a fireless room, five feet by seven, sleep on straw, with insufficient food, in company of the morally and physically diseased. No such Jesus as that ever existed; yet was he and still is he potent enough to do all that for the intimidation of thinking men. Watson diffused cheap literature among the people, published his unstamped "Poor Man's Guardian," and he and Hetherington—whose widow is still with us—and five hundred other men were incarcerated by that same mythical phantasm that cursed the first giver and recipients of knowledge in Eden. And this season of the suffering forgiver of enemies finds him casting into prison three men stung into rebellion against an irreligious religion daring to claim his name!

As if man's earthly sufferings under his imaginary gods were not enough, it was forever dinned in his ears that, after all, his sacrifices would generally prove unavailing, and that there would be a Judgment Day when all his slips, mistakes, omissions of pious punctilio, would be punished with torments. Well, the Day of Judgment has already dawned; in it man appears face to face with the gods, and he appears not as criminal but as accuser. Omar Khayyám, the Persian poet, seven centuries ago, saw that the need of forgiveness was not all on one side.

> O Thou, who man of baser clay didst make,
> And e'en in Paradise devised the snake;
> For all the sin with which man's face
> Is blackened, man's forgiveness give — and take.

But in seven centuries we have learned more than the great Persian knew; we have learned that it is the sacer-

dotal snake which devised a delusive Ghost in its own image that in man's terror his paradise might be stolen. Under many civilized disguises this prostration before deified baseness has gone on, but it draws to an end. Man, now cultured and scientific, is passing judgment on the phantasms of his ignorant worship, and into outer darkness they must go. Be not deceived about that, — they must go. If any man worship a deity that is the supreme expression of his thought, a deity that needs nothing from man, that deity may stand. If any man believes in an immortality which he has thought out, and which does not defraud this life of its equal sanctity, that may stand. But the deities and doctrines rooted in no living thought or love, mere relics of the past, are already dead, fruitless branches, though they be not yet gathered for the burnings.

It is very difficult at present to strike the balance between human happiness and unhappiness, so heavily is man weighed down by sorrows for sins never committed, impoverished by sacrifices not required, oppressed by cares that are delusive, and foreboding of evils that can never occur. When that clear morning comes wherein man shall laugh with the sun at the ghosts and nightmares that torment him, nature will wear a very different aspect; and this not only to the immediate victims of the delusions, but to those most free from them. For all are socially and politically bound up together, and a preponderance of insanity can make sanity miserable. It is the keenest pain to be in spiritual discord with neighbours, friends, relatives. Nor is it possible for any one to be completely free of the delusions around him. They linger in his nerves, in his sentiments, and perpetually tempt his weaknesses.

How often do we hear even liberal people talking about human sin and sinfulness? There is no such thing. The definition of sin is transgression of God's law; if any of a Creator's laws are transgressed, he alone can be blamed who created the transgressors. If there is any sin about human errors and misdeeds, that sin is rightly placed where the first Christians placed it, — on the shoulders of the crucified god. What man has to consider is solely the bearing of his action on his fellow man; that may be evil, unjust, criminal; but there is no sin about it, and all the feelings or retributions based upon other than practical human interests are gratuitous additions to the real evils of the world. It is high time the whole burden of sin were lifted from the soul of mankind, with all its related fictions, many of them represented in laws and customs by which life is restricted and depressed.

Not long ago I read an essay on the self-sacrifice of Freethinkers, in which the writer estimated how much they lost by not believing in God and immortality. Let it be conceded; but is not that loss enough without adding to it the hatred and contempt of their fellows? Why should those without Christian hopes not be pitied, — nay, why should they not be admired for surrendering so much, — by those who deem their doctrines so precious? That would be the humane way, and it would be the usual way were it not for this silly notion about sin. It almost makes one blush to admit that there are still people who fancy that God is concerned with what people think about him, or do not think about him, and that to deny his existence is a sin. Poor God, what would he do without the aid of our demonstrations, and our pious editors, judges, and jailers! When that load is lifted from the world, when all the intellectual virtues are encouraged without the slightest

reference to any heavenly or earthly authority; when, as a natural consequence, all divine service turns to human service, all churches consecrated to humanity, the long martyrdom of Man will cease. So I firmly believe. It is an old discovery that man is nature in little, but it is a truth steadily dawning upon us that this small human compendium is stronger than the huge world it represents. Man is the natural master of the blind giant forces around him, by reason of the fact that in him their laws come to consciousness. He alone can see how and where to apply his force. The force of all the Alpine snow tumbled in avalanches, the volcanic force of Etna, are less effective than the force of a child's hand intelligently directed. Their stupendous force is utterly wasted; yet is it subject to law, and man, by knowledge of their law, is able to make these blind Titans fight on his side against themselves.

In this way man has largely mastered wind and wave, and many an evil in the world. If he still fails and suffers anywhere, it is in some region where he still prays instead of commanding. It is in some department where his real power, that is, the power of nature in conscious activity, is not put forth. The fear of some god higher than the God in himself arrests his genius and his omnipotence at that point. And there he must remain a martyr until he discovers that his pain and disease, his crimes and animalisms, are due to his consecrated chaos, and will disappear when that is dethroned and mastered by the God in his own brain and heart.

CONSOLERS

CONSOLERS

THERE is a book called a "A Search for Winter Sunbeams." It was written by an American politician, — a man who had passed most of his life as a busy partisan and member of Congress. Winter overtook him with fronts that fall upon the hair, and colds and coughs, and weariness of the brain, and he started out in search of sunbeams. He might have found the obvious sunbeams in the far south of his own country; but the winter of his discontent would have followed him; he would have been forced to make stump speeches amid the orange groves and pull party wires amid the bananas. So he came over to Europe, passed to the south and travelled from region to region precisely as the warmer sunbeams might lead him. But in the course of his journey he found that the sunbeams he was searching for were not all, nor chiefly, those which come straight from the sun. There were brighter and more healthful sunbeams which had been caught by art on its canvas, or stored in its sculptures; sunbeams built up in the Alhambra, garnered in the gardens of Italy, incarnate in the happy villages and populations of various climes. He forgot his party and politics, forgot his aches and pains, and became happy as the little child he placed as a vignette in his book, — a child trying to catch the sunbeams playing around its head.

However, this traveller's book does not fulfil all that is suggested by the vignette. He has shown how a man of wealth and leisure may escape winter by travelling away from it, forget physical troubles by repairing to scenes

novel, amusing, and picturesque; but he does not solve the problem how they who have not such advantages, helpless and weak as the child, may find sunbeams playing around their head, or how the beams may be captured. Still less has his light and merry search anything to say upon the deeper problem how amid winters of the heart, its sorrow and darkness, sunbeams of hope and consolation may be obtained. Who can tell us how to find winter sunbeams without leaving our own homes, and without forgetting griefs which will not be forgotten?

Another book I have lately read, "Rabbi Jeshua,"—under which name an anonymous author disguises his portraiture of Jesus. He draws, without recourse to the supernatural, his Eastern pictures of the teaching of multitudes by the good Rabbi, and shows them uplifted by his voice, gladdened by his sympathy, healed by his wisdom, and by reaction of their faith in him. Then the author of the book describes himself as going about in this vast metropolis which professes the religion of that great and wise teacher, to find what impression has really been made by his life and thought. He goes to the church of the Ritualist, and of the Calvinist, and then to the lecture of the man of Science. But in none of these did he find anything that would bring comfort to the poor and unhappy. Then, as he goes on his way, disappointed and unsuccessful, he found in the streets a crowd surrounding a child that had lost its father. The Calvinistic divine, to whom he had been listening, came by, and said to the lost child: "This all comes of your sinfulness and perverseness, your disobedience and ungratefulness. The beadle must now take you to the poorhouse." The priest came by, and said to the child: "Flee to the arms of the Church, repent with fasting and tears, submit yourself to

the direction of a ghostly father, and turn from the vanities of the world, and you will be happier than if you found your parents." The professor came up, and said: "Your father was in all probability an ape. His vital force has been translated into another mode of motion, and you will never see him again." The child was little consoled or encouraged by these; but a woman took the child to her heart, sought out the father, and placed the wanderer in his arms.

That parable, however, has one dreary defect. By the lost child is typified the human heart in its sorrow and helplessness, and we are left to sad surmises as to why it should be so. If it has any father, why should he fail to look after it; why should he leave it to the woman's heart to seek it and save it? If he has been so careless of it, does he not deserve what the scientific lecturer said of him; and would not the woman have done better to have sought help for the wanderer in human pity?

And, in fact, that is just where the human heart *is* seeking the lost child's father. The child wandered because the father wandered, — lost himself in the world of illusions, and went to find an Olympian Father in abstract laws of the universe, or in the dogmas that deified old personifications of them. The revival of ancient Hebraism brought on by Printing and Protestantism had the effect of almost destroying in English Christianity the result of the evolution by which Jahvé was superseded by the Father. We have derived so many political benefits from Printing and Protestantism that we do not always remember that their primary effect was to diffuse the Bible among all classes as an infallible revelation, raising the Old Testament into equality with the New, and so restoring Judaism in the form of Puritanism. By reason of its violence Puri-

tanism pervaded the whole Church; Jahvé was restored to his throne after he had been bowed out by the early Church, and after God the Father had been substituted. It must be credited to the founders of Christianity that they deliberately superseded the arbitrary elemental deity, the remorseless ruler by force and fear, with a title distinctly human and tender, — Father. And all the movements of modern Liberalism, inside the Church and outside, have been for the recovery of that early Christian idea of the Fatherhood of God. It is now the essential spirit of what is called Theism. However haloed with abstract speculations, this divine Father means the same thing, whether as First Person of the Trinity or as the parental deity of Channing; he meant and means the exaltation of the human heart, the apotheosis of Love. And Love is a deity acknowledged by many called Atheists. The difference between those who exalt Love and the Theists is that the former see it expressed in the eternal Life of Humanity, while the latter embody it in a Person. I am not concerned, at present, to balance their respective arguments or advantages, but only to point out that they are both parts of a general movement which identifies religion with the highest human spirit. That is the Father, that is the Saviour, and they are separated by an abyss from all deities like Jove and Jahvé, who were held not amenable to the morality or sentiment of mankind. To an ancient Jew or a modern Moslem, every Christian is an atheist or an idolater; worshipper of a man instead of the one Creator and King of the universe. And it is perfectly true that the divine ideal of Christendom was in the beginning, and is now again, that of a good and kind Parent, of limited power, pitying and helping his children to the best of his ability. It is the worship of Love in its conflict with Ma-

levolence, of the good as opposed to the evil powers of the universe. Whereas the ancient Monotheism worshipped the Creator as source of Good and Evil alike.

Practically, then, primitive Christianity, modern Theism, and the religion of Humanity are substantially one in their distinction from the older pagan and Judaic ideas of deity, in that they find the object of worship in, or reflected in, the highest nature of man, — of man as parent, man as sufferer for his fellows, man as a great Heart in the universe known only in the heart-beat of man. And this amounts to a feeling that the divine pity is coextensive with the pity of men and women,— unknown beyond that. All the ancient systems tended to lead mankind to this conclusion. Though they believed in Almighty Powers which sent forth destroying angels even in their own sunshine, they did not love them. They identified them with their calamities, and looked to man for love and help. The late "George Eliot" is said to have remarked on the depth of pathos in the words of Job, — "Have pity, have pity on me. O ye my friends, for the hand of God hath touched me." Every touch of Jahvé's hand meant trouble; for pity Job appealed not there, but to his friends. And he might not have found them "miserable comforters" had they been sound-hearted men, true friends, instead of theologians bound to take sides with the Power that permitted his plagues, or, as they believed, directly sent them.

And "miserable comforters" are they to this day, who are so fettered to the ancient Syrian deity that they must needs tell all sufferers that their afflictions come from God. Still the effect of their theology is to turn the heart away from that cruel power, with the cry, "Have pity, have pity on me, O ye my friends, for God hath none!" And as

the heart of Job prepared the way for a new God, — the God of Love, the Father, — even now the suffering heart of the world is bringing us all once more to the same deity, — a deity known through the wisdom, tenderness, and sympathy working within mankind.

When from this deity within man passes out into nature, a nature no longer overcast by any jealous Jove or theologic curse, he finds that it is full of beauty. Whereas, to one full of fear, and a sense of sin, the blue sky and the bright world seem a mockery, the heart which realizes the divinity in itself may freely seek its sunbeams even in winter; as it can find in every season its peculiar beauty and use, it can find even amid sorrow the consolers of sorrow. The reason why the consolations which may be derived from nature are not found is because there survives so long the habit of looking for them where they cannot be found any longer, — namely, in supernatural aids which prayer implies, and in providential succours which do not arrive.

We have before us the too long neglected task of resolutely cultivating those parts of our nature which are the true antagonists of pain, disease, and grief. We have to turn and make acquaintance with the real Consolers, — the ministering angels which have so long sat veiled within and around us, unrecognized by our star-gazing eyes, their proffered resources unheeded and unenjoyed. When the Job of the present time is driven to cry, "Have pity, O ye my friends," he must first of all see that he is summoning his real friends, and not those pretended "comforters" which do but add to the weight of the hand that has smitten him, — comforters cruel as his plagues, telling him he is chastised for some secret guilt. He must summon his true friends, whose names are Courage, Cheer-

fulness, Hope, Good Humour, Prudence, Philosophy, Sympathy. There is a medical journal, the "Lancet," whose name suggests antiquated practice, but whose advice is sometimes wise. Let me read you what it says of "Good Spirits."

With the aid or under the influence of "pluck," using that term in a modern sense, and in relation to the daily heroism of life in the midst of difficulties, it is possible not only to surmount what appear to be insuperable obstructions, but to defy and repel the enmities of climate, adverse circumstances, and even disease. Many a life has been saved by the moral courage of a sufferer. It is not alone in bearing the pain of operations or the misery of confinement in a sick-room this self-help becomes of vital moment, but in the monotonous tracking of a weary path, and the vigorous discharge of ordinary duty. How many a victim of incurable disease has lived on through years of suffering, patiently and resolutely hoping against hope, or, what is better, living down despair, until the virulence of a threatening malady has died out, and it has ceased to be destructive, although its physical characteristic remained? This power of good spirits is a matter of high moment to the sick and weakly. To the former it may mean the ability to survive, to the latter the possibility of outliving, or living in spite of a disease. It is, therefore, of the greatest importance to cultivate the highest and most buoyant frame of mind which the conditions will admit. The same energy that takes the form of mental activity is vital to the work of the organism. Mental influences affect the system, and a joyous spirit not only relieves pain, but increases the momentum of life in the body. The victims of disease do not commonly sufficiently appreciate the value and use of good spirits. They too often settle down in despair when a professional judgment determines the existence of some latent or chronic malady. The fact that it is probable they will die of a particular disease casts so deep a gloom over their prospect that, through fear of death, they are all their lifetime subject to bondage. The multitude of healthy persons who

wear out their strength by exhausting journeys and perpetual anxieties for health is very great, and the policy in which they indulge is exceedingly shortsighted. Most of the sorrowful and worried cripples who drag out miserable lives in this way would be less wretched and live longer if they were more hopeful. It is useless to expect that any one can be reasoned into a lighter frame of mind, but it is desirable that all should be taught the sustaining and often even curative, power of good spirits.

That is better advice than the old Job-comforter kind: "Meditate on the grave," "Prepare to meet thy God," and so forth. There is a famous old book called *Ars Moriendi*, the "Art of Dying," come down from a time when the Art of Living was to make life a mournful little portal to the grave. In it is a picture of a sick man with a devil at each ear: one says to him, "Think on your treasures"; the other, "Think on your friends." The moral seems to be that only devils would divert the dying man's mind from death and eternity. But time has transformed those devils into angels. Or, at any rate, if we enlarge the meaning of "treasures," it may be said that no advice to the sick can be wiser than that they should think upon what resources are left them, and especially on the friendship that is around them.

The majority of troubles in this world come of ill health, but not the severest. It is difficult to call in Cheerfulness in the presence of death, or to summon Hope when the object of hope is in ruins. But there are resources even against such griefs as these. They are little drawn upon because of a certain pious superstition which leads many to nurse and prolong the grief of bereavement. A loving heart has such natural horror of disloyalty, and every sacred feeling so clings to the memory of a lost object of love, that Prudence and

Philosophy may seem cold-hearted when they attempt to heal the pains wrought by death. Nevertheless, they are not cold-hearted consolers when they forbid the heart to cherish any grief artificially, or when they counsel us to anticipate the healing touch of time by adapting life to what cannot be changed. There used to be a proverb in India which said, "Cool to the widow's heart is the flame of her husband's pyre." The widow was gladly consumed beside her dead husband because she believed herself going to share his paradise. Her faith remotely survives in the desire of some loving hearts to be buried alive, as it were, with their beloved dead, to take no interest in life, and partake no pleasure. But Prudence must plead that such is a loyalty unworthy of a worthy object, because it lowers the vitality on which duty depends, and extends an individual sorrow to others. We cannot suffer alone. The very sharpness of suffering ought to warn us not to let its shadow go too far, or remain too long to chill the happiness of others, or to paralyze our power of fulfilling the high ends of life. It might be difficult to attain calmness under bereavement when it was believed to be the chastising rod of a god. For then every affliction meant a sin, and the afflicted felt that their own guilt had brought down the blow. Their mourning was a dismal penance. But in those who know that death, when not itself a relief, is only part of the unmastered evil in nature, — with no personal purpose in it at all, — there ought to rise a resolution to limit its effect as far as possible. That Philosophy is not heartless which inspires a mourner to say, I will not add to the death of my dear one more deaths, — the death of Hope, of Helpfulness. Death shall not make all my home a grave. Death will draw us all beneath the ground soon enough anyway;

but it shall not have more than its due, nor blight the blooms still alive in the sunshine.

It is not to be supposed that sharp sorrow will philosophize. No doubt, in the gradual growth of a true religion, a purely human sense of mutual obligation, there will be developed resources of spiritual strength now little dreamed of; then much that is now hard to reach will be instinctive. But whatever may be the calmness and grief that brave spirits may reach, there will never be any real consolers of broken hearts except Love and loving work. In the Age of Reason people have got to be to each other all that guardian saints and Madonnas were supposed to be in the Age of Superstition. No doubt, those imaginary beings bring great relief to the millions that believe in them. Their faith clasps those phantoms till they live; their gracious faces look down from altars and walls, and say, — "We are not God, or we would heal your sick and raise your dead; but we can feel for you, love you, and our love shall fill up the vacancy left in your heart."

The true friend stands between the hardness of nature and the soul its iron has entered; and can do far more than any Madonna or saint. No parson's perfunctory solace, no general human sympathy, is adequate: but they who by love have won love, they who have bound to themselves the heart of a friend, will find even their desert putting forth flowers. And, because this is so, we should all cultivate friendship to its fulness, knowing that to every life there must come dark days or years when the countenance of a friend must stand as the countenance of divine compassion itself. Have we not read the tale of the prisoner of many years who, beholding no sign of life but a spider weaving its web across his window, kept up his courage by daily watching that; and of him who from his fortress

cell could espy only a blue flower that every spring returned to bid him hope? But what are these little signs of life and hope in nature compared with the loving look, the tender word, the warm hand which affection can bring to the gloomiest abode of grief?

"What can I say to console the sorrowful, the bereaved? I cannot utter the old formulas, about resignation to the will of God, and meeting again in heaven: I cannot insult sorrow with cant; what, then, have I to give?" Nothing, unless you have a real heartfelt sympathy; nothing, unless you do really feel the warm pulse beating and emotion swelling towards the sufferer; but, if you have that to give, you need no words nor doctrines. The sinking soul will feel your sustaining power, and find a strength not to be given by any device or advice.

Finally, let me say concerning the general presence of pain and evil in the world, that there is no reason that mind or heart should view it with despair. The thinker who has ceased to look upon special sufferings as providential may more freely combat them, and more rationally interpret them. The savage who, whenever he burns his fingers, thinks it was done by a fire-god, will not learn the lesson nature has taught him about fire. He who has ceased to regard pain as the divine rod will study what pain really is, and the means of mitigating it. And already emancipation from superstition about pain has proceeded far enough for the mind to perceive many benefits flowing from it for the benefit of the world. This is especially true about death, even in its saddest aspects. When death seems premature, it is nearly always the arrest of some weakness or evil which might propagate itself and cause widespread evils. Our affections cling to the weak, the diseased, the insane even, perhaps even more than to our

more vigorous friends and relatives. We employ all medical science to preserve them, at whatever risk to the community. And in that we do well, for we throw a fair counterpoise against the forces of destruction. But while we resist these forces we need not hate them as Satanic powers. They are engaged in promoting survival of health and happiness. They are arresting the transmission of disease and pain. They are preventing the world's living energies from being sacrificed to its invalidism. And though we must wrestle against such forces, we may remember that the same nature that inflicts pain gave us our hearts to pity it. If we did not help the sick and suffering, we should lose a more important health than that of the frame, — health of heart. Better an invalid world than a heartless world. Therefore the human heart and mind, while wrestling with the dark agencies of pain and death, may not sorrow without hope. They are to be consoled by the thought and truth that by their failure the welfare of the world is promoted, as well as by their success. And I believe that in the future, when the generation is born whose parents are Science and Humanity, there will be found a chloroform for grief as there is for physical pain; it will be found in a nearer and more vital relation of the individual to the general human heart. When Humanity has become to each soul as the great being it loves and serves, to be loved as Christians love Christ, it will be an instinctive reflection that our private pain or grief is a shadow of the universal benefit. The coming man will not have to reach this view by long reasonings and experiences; every heart will drink it in with the mother's milk; every heart will be sustained by the feeling that, however lamentable the law, it *is* the law that the destructions of ignorance make the survivals of wisdom, the fatality of disease is its

means of extinction, and death the essential condition of real life. And this instinctive trust to an inevitable law that means general welfare will no more impede the work of sympathy, love's effort to save, than belief in heaven impedes the same. What matters it to the mother that she believes her dying child will go straight to heaven? She struggles to keep it with her all the same. Is it dead? Then she may rest upon her belief that it is in heaven and that God took it from her for some good reason. But the mother's love is a law, and will not surrender even to heaven, till vanquished. Just as little will those considerations of universal welfare which are taking the place of celestial visions affect the sentiment of personal love, or the services of sympathy; only, when love is helpless to save, when the blow of nature has fallen, it will find in the truths of science equal consolers, as they whisper of a happier world which every pain is preparing, and a perfected humanity in whose victory the sting of death is lost.

But this consolation will not be like the resignation of blind faith to the incidental cruelties of the law as well as its benefits, — not resignation to the sting of death as well as to death itself. Death should have no sting. The laws of the universe work remorselessly, violently, without reference to man, except when man has had the wisdom to tame them. They are to be humanized by science and sympathy, so that there shall be no pain unsoothed by skill, no premature or violent death. That is the better world for which all good people are to work; and none can better work for it than they who have suffered, and know best what the severities of rude nature are. Therefore the best consoler, after all, is loving work. Sorrow cannot utterly master any heart which is occupied with con-

genial work. No need that it be conventionally charitable work, for all true work benefits all. Only let it be loving work, — whether in the home or in the world, — employing mind and powers, and it will console the heart. There will be in it, however unconsciously, a sense of doing something to soften life for somebody, to help others against such miseries as it has known, a sense of being in harmony with the great army of workers throughout the world steadily pressing back chaos, rescuing man from the harsh action of necessity by the arts that heal and soothe, the reforms that extend benefit; a sustaining consciousness of fighting the good fight along with the noble army that ever cries, "Come, all ye faithful, all ye who suffer, and forget your private griefs in the doing of some work, however little, which shall help build the happier world that shall not know wrong, nor anguish, nor despair!"

THE MADONNA OF MONTBAZON

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MONTBAZON is an old castle, situated on a hill rising beside the valley of the Vienne. Over a peaceful valley of that region called the Garden of France, this castle frowned for centuries. For it was the stronghold of a succession of half-barbaric dukes, who held the whole district in awe. When Tours was the central kingdom of France, and its princes and bishops were engaged in gradually subduing and harmonizing the surrounding dukes, perpetually rebelling and filling the country with terror, nearly the last castle to yield was Montbazon. Its warriors were fierce, exacted tribute from all around them, and carried feudalism into a time which found it extinct nearly everywhere else. There are many wild tales of ferocity haunting this now uninhabited castle. And these traditions converge finally into one of different character. It was said that a gay and worldly young nobleman, returning from the chase, or other expedition, found all still in the castle. Entering the saloon, behold a sight of horror! He had left there a young wife, to whom he was tenderly attached, and now he found only her head, cut off from her body, lying on a golden dish. This never-explained tragedy so wrought upon him that he fell upon his knees and consecrated himself to a monastic life. He put on hair-cloth and cowl; threw aside his sword and his splendour; abandoned his castle. Multitudes were drawn to visit this aristocratic hermit, and it ended in his establishing a sort of religious order. It was a particularly ascetic order; no luxury was allowed, and of course no marriage;

its members were entirely separated from the world. Such is the tradition, probably mythical, but not the less characteristic of the reaction pretty sure to follow a long history of luxury, lust, and ferocity. Throughout that region of France, which for centuries was more than any other given up to excesses, now largely prevails the order of Perpetual Adoration. The members of this order devote themselves to perpetual adoration of the Virgin Mary, their aves and prayers never ceasing for an instant. They drill themselves into absolute indifference to persons and things around them. If any young sister of this society is detected in having the slightest interest in anything or anybody; if she gets fond of another sister, or prefers one abbess to another, or one confessor above another, or gets to like her own room more than another room, she is instantly removed to some distant place, far from her preferences.

This kind of pietism belongs to the same type as the self-annihilation which makes the old Buddhist ideal. But there is a difference between the conditions under which it was reached in the East and in the West. In the East this religion of self-extinction would seem to have come of satiety. It is related to the worst feature of Oriental society. The people of India, for instance, marry when they are children, and they are old before Europeans are middle-aged. The resources and enjoyments of life are often exhausted when they ought to be beginning. In the legend of Buddha it is related that as a young Prince, with already several wives, every art was brought to amuse and delight him. On one occasion all the beautiful dancers were brought, and they danced until the Prince withdrew. Then the dancers sank about the floor and slumbered. The Prince did not sleep. He arose in the night and went to the room that had been the scene of the revelry, and

looked at the dancers. Some of them were snoring disagreeably; all were lying in ungraceful postures, their mouths open, their sparkling eyes closed, their bloom gone. The Prince was disgusted; he resolved that he never wanted to see them again; he left the palace and became a hermit. It was not so that the Prince of Montbazon became a hermit, or that societies of self-annihilation arose in the Garden of France. It was not by the exhaustion of desire, but by religious reaction from its excesses, that western asceticism arose. The desire remained as strong as ever, and the denial of it could not have been maintained even in convents had there not been joined with it a prospect of paradise, where the desires would be more completely satisfied. When, a few years ago, the play of "Paradise" was crowding a Paris theatre, a grand ballet of angels foreshadowed that dream of heaven for which Europe once gave up the world. Buddha gave it up in order to be forever free of such pleasures, which had become wearisome to him. Or rather such is the sense of the legend, which probably reports not so much the great man himself as the system he abandoned.

From the distance of a league I first saw Montbazon. With that perspective the remnant of the castle appeared as a square pedestal supporting a gigantic image. Approaching nearer, the castle was seen to be entirely covered with vines, mosses, flowers, leaving hardly visible its apertures and turrets, from which archers once rained death on besiegers. Above the high walls so sweetly foliated, stood the image, — the largest bronze statue in Europe, — the Madonna of Montbazon. She overlooks the entire country which she is supposed to protect. There where ancient Romans set the god of War, and where for a thousand years only that martial inspiration was known, the Ma-

donna stands with her child. Hotels and streets are named after the image; processions circle around it: it is a landmark for many miles around; Athena on her Parthenon was hardly more reverenced. A landmark, too, for the procession of the ages and generations of mankind is that Madonna. So she will appear if seen in spiritual as well as aerial perspective.

On the close view there was something rather amusing about the image. The head was encircled by what seemed a strange kind of halo, made of darting rays of light. But examination proved these to be the diverging points of a lightning-rod. The rod ran up the Madonna's back and branched out into a circlet of points. It seemed rather droll that the pious people should have thought it necessary to protect their protectress, to shield the Queen of Heaven from the lightnings of Heaven. I went away to an old barrow, piled up by a prehistoric people over their dead, and from that monument, compared with which Montbazon Castle is a thing of yesterday, gazed through an hour of the summer morning upon the stronghold so tenderly invested with vine and blossom, and upon its victorious Madonna and Child. The castle, long associated with traditions of brutality and terror, originally built without trace of beauty or of anything but force and fortification, now looked gentle with its green raiment and its statue, and it had a soft voice, too, on the morning air, which said: "After all, these grim walls had their task in the world, and have performed it. My dukes and warriors were ferocious, but they were not so savage as those who raised that mound on which you sit; even so much skill and wit as made these walls grew here by superiority to that which could only heap up battlements of mud. The savage strength passed before the barbarian;

that again before the semi-barbarian; and I also, when my hour struck, dismissed my fierce dukes, turned into a hermitage, replaced the songs of revelry with saintly hymns; and behold me now, further transformed, friend of the flower and the bird, my mission to bear the gentle mother and child aloft over the hall where a fair woman's blood was the last sacrifice to the god of War." So spake the old fortress; and its voice repeated the testimony of ages.

Seen, then, in the perspective of time and history, what was this scene? It was meant only to commemorate the spot where the last of its dashing nobles became a saint. But they who raised that statue builded better than they knew. Humanity planning above their unconscious hands slowly raised there a sign for all nations in the image with its coronet of defences against the lightning. It is Woman, her feet set upon ancient feudalism, her head crowned by science.

From the dawn of history until now, every reign of savagery and barbarism has disappeared under the soft siege of the Mother and her Babe. I do not mean that it was under the gentle influence and persuasion of woman, but through the inevitable necessities of maternity and of the home. Women also have been warlike; there have been veritable as well as mythical Amazons. Under the amours of Mars and Venus the ancients represented the admiration of women for warlike exploits. But experience steadily modified and mastered that passion. It was found that so the home could not be built, and the babe reared. Where the maiden admired, the mother mourned. Even war itself requires the birth and growth of men, and for this were demanded intervals in the wild play of destruction, and households protected from the desolations of war.

demon of bloodshed must keep his face far enough away to be forgotten. The social standard is that of the home. It is love, peace, and happiness, and steady improvement without violence. All we need for further advancement is that the family spirit, the heart and mind of woman, shall be brought to bear as fully and powerfully upon intellectual errors as it has been upon the social ferocities on which her foot is securely planted. In the "Agamemnon" of Æschylus it is shown that the first signs of compassion on the hard face of Greek theology were associated with their two chief goddesses, Athena and Artemis. First Athena manifests human pity, and by her intercession Artemis is softened: and in the later play of the same poet she softens the Furies themselves. The masculine deities remained hard, unsympathetic, unyielding in their cruel pursuit of mortals. Their ferocity proved fatal to their own altars. Happily, these deities had admitted "woman's suffrage" in the celestial councils, and it ended in a female dynasty. One after another the gods faded out of human belief, and passed into mythological extinction; until a day came when Napoleon asked Laplace why, in his book on the Mechanism of the Heavens, the name of God was not mentioned. "I have no need of that hypothesis," answered the man of science. In fact, the hypothesis had ended long before; the only god thenceforth to be sought was the Divine Love, that principle which man feels to be too good to die, though all else fail,—the Love which immortalizes him. This inward deity lived on through the crumbling of blood-stained altars, to survive in the Madonna of Catholicism and in the Supreme Love of Theism. And such has been of old the course of all deities related in time and essence to that feudal castle over which the Madonna of Montbazon triumphs. You

will find at the beginning of old theologies some shadowy name, some Brahm or Saturn, a divinity fallen asleep, shelved, without temples, who, though nominally connected with the later deities, was really superseded by them altogether. It is these latter, compassionate saviours, incarnate in humanity by human mothers, who inherit the earth, leaving the elemental and barbaric deities to be mythologic monuments of man's steady recoil from unmoral force.

The recoil is to go farther. There are other gods, aye and goddesses, in whom survive traits of the ancient fear and cruelty, which must pass under foot of the maternal nature so soon as that nature is crowned by science. For the love and wisdom which are to save the world from actual evil cannot much longer be identified with any high name of man or woman. The best of these have been defiled and changed into symbols of the power that would crush us. The gentle Jesus has been made into an awful judge consigning souls to hell. His lowly mother has been made into a Queen who affronts every mother by the false claim that every mother is impure but her own immaculate self. The Madonna of Montbazon is now a queen, her child a king. These ancient symbols have followed the formations of human society. In the beginnings of religions we find deified mothers. It is because society was patriarchal. The parent was a despot. When government became monarchical, the father became a king, the mother a queen. So the Catholic Madonna is no longer a mother; she is a Queen. And because kings and queens were despotic in that era, the Madonna in the north was swept away by the Protestant revolution for freedom. So she and her child cannot represent the recovered ideal of the home. They have done their work, like the feudal ruin on which they stand; like

that they must take their place beneath ideals higher than themselves, the maternal principle crowned with the protecting science of humanity.

Nor let it be understood that this maternal principle and spirit are confined to any sex. It is not confined to woman, nor is it limited to mothers. It is the maternal principle; it is the spirit of love in man or woman which folds its arms around the world and bears humanity upon its heart forever. It is the supremely moral force that flows out, like the sap that is feeding the varieties of earthly growth, and raising death into life. This is the force which requires the protection and guidance of right knowledge. Otherwise it will feed weeds as well as flowers, and poisons as much as fruits. I honour the mother; she is girt round with a beautiful mystery of deep and suffering love which may well bring a man to his knees: but maternity itself requires the direction of science. Without that direction it may not only bring disease and pain into the world: it may not only weigh down its own energies with offspring it is powerless to support and educate, but it may merely go on adding to the amount of ignorance and error in the world, and swelling the obstructions to progress. The mother with her babe is ever the creator of the world. That which she instils into that child's mind will make or mar the generation of which it is born. So the mother needs knowledge. And the science of the world can do no better service to mankind than to weave about her brain the crown of knowledge, which shall give security to the holy forces working in her heart.

Yet, as I say, spiritual maternity is not confined to her. The forces which find in her their obvious type animate all the love, the devotion, the self-denying fortitude, and affection, which, in hearts of man and woman, make the

living atmosphere of the world. And while these forces, allied with wisdom, set free by knowledge, build the fairer world, they are the very powers which in misdirection sustain superstition, cause desolation and sorrow, and cast before swine the heart's priceless pearls. In a Theistic Annual issued by the Brahmos of India, I read an article on the Divine Mother, in which the writer expressed his belief that Brahmos ought to call god their Mother instead of Father. He says: "The Christian Madonna and Hindu Amba convey all that is holy." Amba is a general word for Mother, but it is also the name of a mythological character. She was the reverse of that which is conveyed in the term mother. She was disappointed in her affections, and retired to a forest, where she concentrated all her heart and soul into prayer for one thing. That was that she might obtain revenge on the king who had been the means of her disappointment. Siva, god of destruction, heard her; but he could not grant her prayer so long as she was a woman. She ascended the pile, was burned, and born again as a man. In that form revenge was obtained; the author of her misfortune was pierced with arrows. It is to be hoped the Brahmos will never call their divine mother Amba. For that ancient picture of a woman so potent in prayer, so vehement in her love, so full of devotion, that she was able to transform her nature and turn all her womanly qualities to the deadly work of the destroying deity, is precisely the picture of what the heart powers become when left without the regulation of wisdom. The best, when corrupted, is the worst. Neither the Brahmos nor we can get any power which shall help us to restrain ourselves and guide others, by repairing to the exhausted cisterns of mythology. Amba and the Madonna are mere mythologic signs from the past to the present. We need real powers

to meet conditions as serious as any which the world has ever known. In the progress of the world the cry is again heard: "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him." Who are they that have done this? No one, and yet all. The march of the world, the unconscious movements of mind, the minglings of races, interchanges of ideas, have availed, against all opposing efforts, to remove from the human heart its former lord, and leave his tomb empty. Only a few grave-clothes remain where once was a source of restraint and awe, of authority and hope. Nothing can be more serious than the moral situation of to-day, with its religious interregnum, wherein the passions of men are as keen as ever, their opportunities multiplied, their restraints reduced to a minimum. But I believe that again the ancient traditions of the world will be justified, that the seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head. It is plain that human society must hereafter depend upon friendliness between man and man, upon obligations of honour, upon sentiment, sympathy, and the love of peace; it must depend on these because the old hopes and fears are gone; and it is difficult to see where the new resources are to be found except in that sex with which those qualities are constitutional. No doubt there are unwomanly women as there are unmanly men; but the exceptions do but confirm the rule that with women are preëminently associated the moral and spiritual qualities which alone can make life worth living. By such elements, which have their completest culture in the home, the very heart and brain of woman have been organized. She is a result of their evolution. Where ancient theology expressed this fact in a physical way, seeing in the Madonna and her babe literal incarnations of the divine, reason sees a spiritual truth. The seed of the woman is the moral

genius of woman, that which she implants in the heart and mind of childhood, and diffuses throughout the social world of which she is the centre. To the emotions and principles, which can alone build homes and preserve them happy, she is pledged not only by her nature, but by the perpetual necessity that is upon her. Her all depends upon them. Should such qualities fail, her whole sphere were a desolation. But under the new conditions her influence must be largely increased.

And how is that increase to be secured? Not merely by giving her a vote, though that would be just and right. Still more, as I think, by increasing her resources of knowledge and culture, whereby she may grow with the growing world, and adapt her influence and strength to every new phase of the world's unfolding thought and power as it arrives. Because our predecessors did not recognize this we have come upon a serious peril,—that is, a separation between the masculine and the feminine characters. There is nothing more painful and more dangerous than to find young men outgrowing their mothers intellectually, and coming to look down upon their sisters. To look down upon those to whom they once looked up is to part with the true restraining grace of their lives, though they are apt to discover that only by long and often sad experience. The time arrives in many a man's life when too late he realizes that the old feeling he had when his mother was his holy Madonna belonged to the depths of his being, and he would be glad to give up much of his learning and all of his pride to bring it back again. But it ought not to have been lost, and it will not be lost when parents realize that unless daughters grow in knowledge sons cannot grow in morality. Only by an equal culture can the high human powers commingle harmoniously, mutually restrain-

ing and guiding each other. If the scholar and thinker is to be also dutiful and true, loyal in love and friendship, kind and pure in life, it will be because these influences have addressed him in scholarly and thoughtful ways. They cannot be derived from those in whom they are associated with ignorance or with beliefs inferior to his own. The Madonna of the future is to be rescued from the priest; she is to be raised above the feudalism of dogmas, however covered with sentimental ivy and flowers, and her head is to be crowned with the nimbus of knowledge.

Take care, ye fathers, that your daughters are educated! Do not suppose that it is less important than that your sons should be educated. If there be any difference, it is of paramount importance that your daughters should be of trained intelligence. For Madonnas they must be to many, either of the old kind to foster superstition and add a grace to error, or of the new and human kind, to accompany each step of social growth and keep it true to the moral sentiment which alone preserves its purity and beauty. And you, ye mothers, see that you are faithful to this new world, upon which we are all entering by inevitable necessity! Try to recognize, and to realize, that things past are past, including many notions in which you may have been brought up. Do not cling to methods failed or failing, however sanctified in your memory; give up the rod that spoils the child; give up the outgrown creed he is sure to laugh at when he gets older; give up the prayer which falsely teaches him that God will do for him the good work which is to be done by himself or not at all. Study well, study night and day, how you may instil into the minds of your children right principles, which are to mould and bless those who shall bless or curse your name

when you are in your graves. And do not be afraid if you find they must be *new* principles, in adaptation to the world's new thoughts and conditions.

And to you, young men and young women, my word shall be, take care that you forsake not the refining influences which alone can make life sweet and pure and really happy. Do not imagine because you have reached a phase of growth when you can rejoice in your young strength, or in your beauty, or in your intellect, that you have no use for those homely virtues and qualities which belong to the humble fireside and the familiar tasks of life. Further phases will come. The beauty will ripen and decline. The expanding intellect will find itself needing a heart to lean on. The finest flower of body or mind can find in love alone its fragrance. The womanly soul will need some manliness to bear its best fruit, and the manly will require womanly elements to humanize its strength. And so ends my parable of the Madonna crowned by science, treading down all hardness and barren force, and my parable of the babe she bears, with whom is the hope of the world.

ELLEN DANA CONWAY

ELLEN DANA CONWAY[1]

BORN IN CINCINNATI, JUNE 11, 1833; DIED IN NEW YORK, DECEMBER 25, 1897

ALTHOUGH her illness lasted nineteen months, it was painful only at intervals, and consistent with happiness in her family and friends. In December, however, the distress increased, and she wrote to an old friend: "Life would be charming, but for these pains. After all, sixty-four is a good old age — and life's duties done. I now desire to go to sleep, and wake up no more."

A little Christmas-tree for our grandchild had been prepared, and on Christmas Eve the invalid requested that baby should at once receive her toys. "I prefer that it should be to-day." Little Mildred, fifteen months old, was soon in full glee amid her gifts, and her grandmother smiling upon her, — receiving her kisses. This was the last afternoon of happiness. On Christmas morning, about dawn, she persuaded me that the death we had combated hour by hour for nineteen months must now be received as a friend. "You would not prolong my life if you realized how I need release. I cannot wait longer. You will now have to take care of yourself." At noon she sank into slumber, and did not wake again. No struggle, no slightest quiver, indicated the transition from sleep to death. The lines of pain were smoothed away. The face resumed its youth, under the halo of gray hair, and lilies of the valley were laid upon her breast.

[1] Privately printed for distribution among personal friends, somewhat in answer to the innumerable telegrams and letters of sympathy and admiration received at the time of Mrs. Conway's death.

The long prostration was not without much sunshine. Her practical wisdom was always able to turn misfortune to some account. Some weeks before her death she said to me, "In this trouble I have found something good." This, indeed, I had often perceived. Through all her active years she had been living for others, and when at last her hands were folded, it was with an almost infantine surprise that she saw others living for her. Every day was fragrant with tokens of the affection she had inspired in all hearts that knew her. Hundreds of letters came to express gratitude for benefits she had forgotten, and happiness found by her help. On her characteristic humility was now forced some recognition of the fruits her life had borne.

Her beautiful life, her truth, her unwearied charities, proceeded from her own heart. They were not inspired by any thought of reward on earth or in heaven. During all her illness she never intimated to me, or, so far as I am aware, to any one, an inclination to speculate about the future. About two months before her death I told her a happy dream I had, and asked her if she believed in immortality. She answered, "I know nothing about it. During my illness I also have had dreams and visions, but they have not suggested immortality. The chief thing is duty." Her sense of duty, her unselfish nature, and instinct of helpfulness, developed from childhood in perfect freedom of heart and mind, found ample fields for congenial work, and had long become to her a religion too absorbing and satisfying to admit of much interest in problems beyond her powers. At the same time she was careful for the feelings of those to whom such matters were of vital importance. Of the article of death she was absolutely without fear or dread. She had desired to live that she might accomplish something; but when it was medically decided

that her strength could never be recovered, she would at any time have welcomed death but for the sake of those who clung to her. "Would it not be better that I should go in peace?" But her peace of mind remained to the end. The feebler voice still spoke with interest of her friends and any events that concerned them, and her pencil was busy with cheerful notes to them, — some so recent that cheerful replies arrived after her death.

In November she felt that her life would close with the year, and as if preparing her usual Christmas donations gathered together her jewels, heirlooms, and other little treasures, which were distributed as souvenirs among her relatives and friends. This she did almost merrily. Though it was necessary to conceal our anguish, she could not fail to know what the approaching change must mean for her devoted children and her husband. For me she had ordained the work of writing out my "Reminiscences," and on this task I entered during her life, submitting to her in July several chapters, preceded by this dedication: —

"In response to your desire, my wife, I undertake to record the more salient recollections of my life. It is a life you have made happy, and never unhappy save by the failure of your health. Its experiences during forty years have been yours also, and on the counsel and judgment which have never been wanting at my side I can happily still rely in living over again in our joint memory the events deemed worthy of record.

"Let me obey my own heart, and secure the favour of many hearts that have known your friendship and witnessed your life, in America and Europe, by writing your name on a work as yet unwritten, to which — because it is an enterprise near your heart — I now dedicate myself."

On Christmas Day, in a city gay with birthday celebra-

tions of one said to have healed the sick and raised the dead, I sat beside my dead wife, and recalled the words ascribed to Martha, "Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died." But I said, "If thou hadst been Lord, this woman had not died."

Love enough was here; science was here; but love and knowledge have not yet mastered those blind, unguided forces by which hearts are broken hourly, and which have struck down this great-hearted woman in the midst of her happiness and usefulness. That she found "something good" in her trouble was because she was able to put something good into it; and I, bereft and broken, must try to do the same. But I shall not ascribe any providential purpose to the diseases and griefs that desolate mankind, and *of themselves* work no moral benefit at all, but tend to sap the mind, lower courage, and embitter the heart.

MONCURE D. CONWAY.

305 West 70th Street, New York.

INTERNATIONAL PEACE AND ARBITRATION

ADRESSE AU CONGRÈS DE LA PAIX[1]

RÉUNI À PARIS, AU MOIS D'OCTOBRE, 1900

MESSIEURS, — Les armements des nations, sans cesse augmentés de siècle en siècle, ont atteint leur plus complet développement à une époque où la conscience populaire se révolte contre l'effusion du sang et où la paix est, plus que tout, l'intérêt suprême de l'humanité. Bien que de tels armements soient basés théoriquement sur le prétexte qu'il faut pourvoir nécessairement à une légitime défense — car c'est là la seule justification admissible de la guerre — le fait de voir que, chez certaines nations peu exposées à une invasion, ils dépassent en puissance ce qui serait nécessaire pour la défense, et que chez d'autres ils sont portés au plus haut point et forcément disproportionnés aux forces nécessaires pour repousser les seuls ennemis dont on puisse supposer une attaque, tout cela prouve que l'augmentation des établissements militaires et navals est due à de tous autres intérêts que ceux de la défense. Ils sont le refuge et la seule ressource de plusieurs milliers d'hommes sans carrière ; ils soutiennent un grand nombre d'industries ; ils créent comme des royaumes où l'ambition personnelle peut aisément trouver encouragement, titres, rang, privilèges, à une époque où le vieux régime aristocratique a perdu toute autorité et va perdant son prestige.

[1] A congress of many individuals and representatives of societies from different countries came together in Paris in 1900. Mr. Conway was one of the representative Americans attending, and presented this plan and explanation. The elimination of war by both natural and methodical means was, perhaps, the chief aim of Mr. Conway's later life.

Tout d'abord, ce sont les armements seuls qui maintiennent des rangs parmi les nations. Si toutes les Puissances désarmaient, l'égalité s'établirait entre les Nations, petites ou grandes, riches ou pauvres, et c'est là ce que les grandes nations ne veulent pas admettre. Les Gouvernements, quels que soient les sentiments personnels des hommes qui les dirigent, sont forcément soumis à cette théorie qui fait de la force de chacun la mesure de son droit et donne pour appui à sa propre volonté la volonté divine. L'orgueil déguisé sous le nom de patriotisme, l'égoïsme déguisé sous le nom de religion, qui poussent les peuples à vénérer le drapeau — en dehors de toute idée de justice et de grandeur morale — font jusqu'à un certain point de chaque drapeau le centre et la source d'une hostilité entre nations — la crête d'un coq jetant son défi à tous les tas de sable d'alentour. Et, bien que les gouvernements puissants montrent toujours plus d'aversion à entreprendre une vraie guerre contre des nations dont la force est à peu près égale à la leur, ils s'efforcent généralement d'imposer leur volonté aux autres par l'étalage menaçent de leur supériorité militaire et navale. Nous vivons sous une espèce de règne international de la Terreur.

Ainsi, alors que la suprême intérêt matériel des peuples, à notre époque de développement incessant de l'industrie et du commerce, exige le maintien d'une paix complète, il faut, pour les énormes intérêts engagés dans des établissements guerriers, l'acceptation presque universelle d'une règle de grandeur nationale basée sur la force matérielle. Et ce fait est si général que dans la plupart des guerres les peuples ont été amenés, contrairement à leurs sentiments et à leurs intérêts, à consentir à l'effusion du sang, parce qu'on a nourri en eux la fiction que leur honneur national était en jeu.

Il va de soi qu'une question de point d'honneur entre deux nations ne saurait être résolue en prouvant que l'une est supérieure à l'autre par sa puissance de massacre. Il est de même évident qu'une nation ne peut être le légitime juge dans sa propre cause. Toutefois, en l'absence de toute méthode qui établisse une règle d'honneur humaine au-dessus de l'orgueil national, la règle de la force brutale subsiste, et en l'absence de tout tribunal impartial qui mette en échec l'égoïsme national, on laisse chaque gouvernement juger sa propre cause sans appel.

Ces anomalies ont été reconnues dans toutes les époques par les hommes les plus sages et les meilleurs, mais tous les projets proposés pour y porter remède ont échoué.

L'effort le plus important qui ait jamais été fait pour substituer l'arbitrage à la guerre est celui de la récente Conférence de la Paix à La Haye. Mais tandis qu'elle a mis puissamment en évidence le sentiment toujours croissant d'humanité, et que c'était déjà quelque chose de voir la Paix recevoir un hommage éclatant de la part de nations armées jusqu'aux dents, le mauvais système a prouvé combien il est coercitif : car le monarque qui a proposé le désarmement ne peut lui-même pas désarmer, et la Guerre, après avoir rendu hommage à la Paix, s'avance et pousse son char à travers toutes les defenses de La Haye et remplit de nouveau le monde de massacres.

Les membres de cette Conférence, en leur qualité de représentants officiels de puissances jalousement armées les unes contre les autres, ont siégé les mains liées. Car pour chacun d'eux la puissance de son propre pays était l'intérêt suprême, et les intérêts de la Paix ne venaient qu'après. La Paix était forcée de payer sa glorification en concédant la légitimité de la Guerre comme méthode civilisée.

Selon les conventions de La Haye, l'arbitrage étant

purement facultatif, nous ne sommes donc guère plus advancés qu'auparavant: l'Arbitrage continuera quand l'intérêt égoïste le suggèrera, et la Guerre aussi.

On a édifié bien des espérances sur l'accord où l'on est arrivé, que les efforts d'une nation pour en amener une autre à accepter l'arbitrage ou pour rétablir la Paix ne seraient considérés par aucun des deux adversaires comme une intervention hostile. Mais cette précaution n'apparaît que bien illusoire.

Chaque gouvernement a ses propres difficultés avec lesquelles il est aux prises, ses propres projets qui attendent une occasion favorable, et il y a comme un instinct gouvernemental qui s'oppose à créer un précédent d'intervention qui pourrait quelque jour se retourner avec usure contre son auteur.

Hélas! très peu de nations ont une situation morale qui leur donne le droit d'influencer les autres! Comme à toute offre désagréable de "bons offices" on peut répondre par un *tu quoque*, ce qui serait certainement la réponse d'une nation sûre de la victoire; on ne peut en aucune façon compter sur une pareille influence. Ce que nous sommes plus vraisemblablement appelés à voir, c'est le développement de la vieille méthode qui consiste à profiter courtoisement des difficultés d'un voisin pour en tirer quelque avantage, pour être rémunéré en appui moral.

Il est surabondamment prouvé que ce système vicieux ne peut pas se réformer lui-même et que, quelles que soient les bonnes dispositions des hommes qui tirent leur pouvoir de ce système, ce pouvoir leur servira forcément à défendre le système, et que, plus vertueux sera l'homme, plus puissante sera sa force d'action pour le mal. Ses vertus doreront ses chaînes et les nôtres. La conséquence de ce qui précède est que, pour les amis de la paix, ce ne serait pas

seulement un gaspillage de forces que de rechercher pour leur cause l'appui des gouvernements, ce serait aussi introduire un élément de faiblesse. Car tout gouvernement qui fait des propositions de paix s'expose à être soupçonné d'arrière-pensées et de vues intéressées. Quelle que soit leur valeur au point de vue des affaires intérieures, les gouvernements, toutes les fois qu'il s'agit de la cause de la paix internationale, fortifient nécessairement l'un sur l'autre, tout simplement, cette espèce de solidarité, qui est celle de l'attachement à des intérêts particuliers mutuellement respectés. C'est le devoir de la civilisation d'en finir avec un pareil état de choses, de façon à ce que les éléments d'impartialité représentés dans l'état de séparation des nations puissent coopérer librement en vue d'une justice solidaire.

Si nous considérons maintenant que les armements et la faculté de massacrer ne peuvent être remplacés que par des forces d'évolution, ces forces ne peuvent pas être laissées à la sélection naturelle, le fort dévorant le faible; c'est à la sélection humaine qu'il faut faire appel pour mettre en échec ce cannibalisme international; et comme tous les appels aux sentiments moraux, à la religion, à l'humanité, n'ont eu d'autre résultat que de rendre la guerre attentive à être, toujours et avec une remarquable souplesse, morale, religieuse, humanitaire, et à conclure ainsi comme un nouveau bail, il semble absolument nécessaire d'essayer d'une nouvelle méthode.

La seule méthode qui n'a pas encore été mise à l'épreuve est celle qui consiste à s'en rapporter au sens moral et à la justice du genre humain tout entier, représenté par des hommes compétents de toutes les nations, mais sans aucun lien avec les gouvernements, afin qu'ils s'opposent, dès le début, à toute dispute particulière qui menace la paix et

que, par un jugement basé sur la raison, ils proclament la solution conforme à l'honneur de chaque pays intéressé dans la question.

Ce que nous proposons, c'est donc de concentrer toutes les forces humaines, supérieures, et elles seules, pour vaincre les forces brutales et inorganiques. Quelque apparence d'utopie que puisse avoir ce projet d'affronter l'orgueil et la passion de puissants empires avec des jugements que n'appuiera aucune force matérielle, c'est précisément là le seul recours qui reste. Quand même nous pourrions faire exécuter par la force un décret de Paix, ce serait par le fait même donner une sanction à la Force et mettre les adversaires de la Paix à même de continuer leurs faciles victoires sur la raison et sur le droit. Mais comment une nation peut-elle combattre cette force sans armes, cette force purement spirituelle, qui dit: "Oui, vous avez la puissance, vous pouvez faire ce qui vous plaît; notre force se borne à vous prouver que vous avez tort: la justice est contre vous, la loi est contre vous, la raison est contre vous; voilà les faits, ils ont été éprouvés, pesés par les hommes les plus sages, par les plus grands juristes, non pas de nations qui soient vos ennemies, mais de toutes les nations: c'est le consensus des hommes compétents; vous êtes assez forts pour n'en tenir aucun compte; vous pouvez entrer dans la voie du meurtre, mais non pas sans marquer votre nation de la honte du crime et du déshonneur."

Un tel appel à la simple vérité et à la justice ne pourrait pas retenir les gouvernements ambitieux et les militaristes, mais il ne saurait manquer de renforcer le parti de la paix dans tous les pays où le peuple est poussé à la guerre par des déclarations où on lui dit que son honneur est en jeu — car c'est là d'ordinaire le prétexte qui fait le plus d'effet.

Ce serait pour les amis de la paix un argument bien puissant, si on les mettait à même de placer sous les yeux des masses trompées un jugement représentant la sagesse et la justice de toutes les nations, jugement qui ferait voir la victoire réelle de l'honneur et qui prouverait qu'on n'y peut pas parvenir par le massacre des hommes.

Cette méthode peut, sans doute, ne pas réussir dans tous les cas. On peut rencontrer des obstacles qu'il ne soit pas possible de surmonter ou de tourner par nos moyens pacifiques, surtout en leur état primitif et imparfait. Mais nous pouvons faire de notre mieux. Nous pouvons mettre à l'œuvre nos meilleurs "ingénieurs" pour ouvrir un solide chemin à la paix sur toute la surface du globe. Si notre projet pouvait arriver à empêcher une guerre — rien qu'une — cela compenserait et au delà tous les efforts faits pour le faire accepter. Mais s'il pouvait empêcher une guerre, il pourrait en empêcher une autre, et puis encore une autre; et nous pouvons espérer que finalement les peuples de tous les pays, ayant trouvé la meilleure voie à suivre, en viendront à regarder leurs immenses et si coûteux armements comme des arbres épuisés et ne portant plus de fruits; et on demandera pourquoi ces arbres embarrasseraient plus longtemps la terre.

THE INTERNATIONAL ARBITRATION ALLIANCE

It is proposed to form an International Alliance on the following principles: —

1. In no case whatever can a point of honour between nations be honourably settled, nor a question of justice be justly settled, by proving the superiority of one over the other in the power to slay.

2. It is inadmissible for a nation to be the sole judge of its own honour, or of the justice of its own case, in any dispute with another nation.

3. The interests of all nations, both material and moral, being affected by every disturbance of peace between two of their number, Humanity itself is necessarily a party to every dispute that endangers peace, and should be represented in each such case by a tribunal competent to investigate the same, to discover the right and the wrong, and to affirm the adjustment required by justice and honour.

I. It shall be the duty of this Alliance to watch vigilantly all sources of difference or of irritation between nations, to study all the facts and collect information, such as might be useful to a tribunal of arbitration should the issue become serious.

II. Members of Associations now existing for the promotion of peace, and of such as may be formed, shall be admitted as members of the Alliance, and they shall unitedly proceed to elect, in their own country, a Council of (? five).

III. Members of a Council need not belong to any other organization. They shall be persons holding no office — administrative, political, military, diplomatic — under their own or any other government, such as might render them liable to act under governmental pressure.

IV. Members of Council shall receive no payment. When summoned together and while sitting in Council their personal expenses and pecuniary losses shall be reimbursed by their electors.

V. There shall be no president in any Council. Should a chairman be found desirable during any consultation, he shall be chosen by lot at the opening of each seance.

VI. The consultations of every Council shall be in secret, and its judgment unsigned, but every judgment shall set forth fully the facts, authentications, and arguments on which it is based.

VII. Members unable to attend their Council may send written opinions and arguments, but there shall be no voting by proxy.

VIII. Any Society of the Alliance that may believe peace imperilled should at once communicate with the Societies in other countries, and if two Societies agree that the occasion requires action the Councils shall all be summoned.

The Councils shall assemble on the demand of a Council in any nation immediately involved by the dispute requiring adjustment.

Any Council may assemble *proprio motu* to consider the necessity of action in a particular case, and may correspond with Councillors elsewhere, and an agreement of two Councils shall cause all to assemble.

IX. The Council of any country that is a party to the menacing dispute shall assemble at an early stage of the quarrel and collect all the facts relating to it, and state its views, and copies of such facts and statement shall be forwarded to each of the other Councils, to be used as documents in reaching their opinion. But the action of Councils belonging to the disputing nations shall be limited to this.

X. If the tribunal constituted by the Hague conventions fails in any instance to bring about arbitration, or shall so delay it as to endanger peace, a General Council shall assemble and adjudicate the dispute; nor shall it decline this obligation even though one or both of the disputants should not be signatories to the Hague conventions.

XI. The Councils in their several countries shall, in such case, confide their respective conclusions and statements, each Council to two of its members; these shall meet with similar representatives from the other Councils (from nations not parties to the dispute) in some impartial place, and shall together constitute the General Council, or tribunal of arbitration.

XII. The General Council shall not meet as mere delegates, fettered by the letter of the conclusions of their Councils. They are to compare these several statements, to consider freely any modifications that may be suggested, and to weigh any new fact that may have come to light since the statements were prepared. Their digest of all the statements and opinions shall be embodied in a full and final statement and judgment which shall at once be published.

XIII. Whenever two Councils belonging respectively to the disputing countries, or three Councils of other countries, or three Societies of the League, shall agree that action is too urgent for the normal procedure, as many members of the various Councils as can gather in one place shall constitute the General Council and pass final judgment as such.

ADDRESS ON
SUNDAY OPENING OF EXHIBITIONS

ADDRESS ON SUNDAY OPENING OF EXHIBITIONS[1]

GENTLEMEN,—I have no connection myself with any association whatever. I am not a member of any society or association at all. I have for a great many years —thirty or forty years—rather made it a specialty to study and to write on the subject of the Sabbath day and its various uses and character, and it was on account of my interest in the subject, without being employed and without payment of any kind, that I left my work and came up here for the purpose of trying to do what I consider my duty, and try to be of some little service. I have got beyond the point in life of having any ambition to be reported, and I hope these gentlemen will consider that I am simply interested in the subject itself. I regard the scheme of the Pan-American Exposition as a very magnificent one, the finest that I have known almost in my life, as regards this my native land. It gives a great many people a chance to know something about the New World, who have never been able to travel. Very few of us can wander about through this country and its various regions, and here we will have opportunity of finding out something about it. I think yours is a beautiful scheme; I also think that a great many people—some, indeed, of my own acquaintance in New York, some in Cincinnati, where I lived

[1] Just prior to the opening of the Buffalo Exposition in 1901 considerable controversy occurred as to its Sunday opening. Mr. Conway attended the public meeting called by the Directors to discuss the question, and gave this address.

many years and where I married — will be able to come, provided they can spend their Saturday and Sunday here and see the Exposition; otherwise not. That is my impression, and particularly that it will be the case with a large number of artisans.

It is a mistake to suppose this movement in favour of Sunday opening associated solely with Freethinkers and objectors to Christianity. Nothing of the kind. There has been all through Protestant history division of opinion on the subject of the obligation of Sunday. Calvin was a vehement opponent of the obligation of Sunday, and so were Erasmus and Martin Luther. Luther was so opposed to it that he advised his people that if anybody attempted to impose the Sunday upon them as an obligation, they ought to dance on it and play on it, and in every way assert their Christian freedom. In the seventeenth century we find those very great men — among the greatest that ever taught — Archbishop Tillotson and Bishop Jeremy Taylor (whom Emerson described as "the Shakespeare of divines"), and other divines holding these liberal ideas about Sunday.

I was just now speaking to your president of the long struggle we had in London to open for the people on Sunday the art galleries, the British Museum, and other attractions long closed. Out of thirty parishes of the English church in London, we had the clergymen of twenty-seven advocating the freer Sunday, — divines of all views, from broad churchmen like Dean Stanley to Mr. Horsford and other high churchmen, who stood by the side of Huxley, Tyndall, Sir Charles Lyell, and other great scientific men, who spoke for what they considered the great cause of the people, — liberty to see works of art and to study the treasures of the British Museum on Sunday. The movement succeeded; and although it was opposed by a certain number of dis-

senting preachers at the time, which was many years ago, there has never come from any quarter or any church a proposal to return to the old system; not one person now wishes to close any institution that was then opened.

The same may be said of the effort in which I and my family joined in New York, — the opening of the Metropolitan Museum of Art and Museum of Natural History, — which also succeeded. It was opposed very vigorously by men who were orthodox Christians, but they were convinced by the arguments in favour of opening, the result being that these places in New York were opened; all the fears of bad result proved to be mistaken, and now no one thinks of closing any of those places.

At one of the meetings in London advocating the opening of the British Museum and the National Art Galleries, Dean Stanley presided, and I remember his most impressive speech. Those present were nearly all men of some eminence, — public teachers, something like thirty or forty clergymen of the national church, several ministers of dissenting churches, several Roman Catholics, and forty or fifty men of science. He said: "Gentlemen, we have here, by a series of historic eventualities, one day free from toil for this people. It depends entirely upon us what shall be done with it. It is our business, and let us day and night consider what best we can do entirely for the benefit, welfare, and culture of mankind." That exhortation from the greatest dean, I suppose, in the recent history of the English church made a great impression on all present.

In this country, gentlemen, the only religion constitutionally established is religious liberty. We know why it happened. Chief Justice Story has told us in one of his decisions that it was largely due to the history and evils of bringing civil power and force to back religion in the Old

World that our fathers severed themselves from such oppression.

Chief Justice Jay, one of the most orthodox and religious Episcopalians who ever lived in this State, in 1777, when as chief justice of New York he was charging the grand jury of Ulster County, gave a most impressive declaration with reference to the new Constitution. The Constitution was established on the 20th of April, and Chief Justice Jay gave his celebrated charge on the 9th of September; and in it he said that it was the conviction of this country that Christianity did not depend, that religion did not depend, upon an arm of flesh; that which was good and divine would not be lost, but could not be buoyed up by force; and he hoped the day would come when this idea of establishing any kind of religious institutions by force would pass away from the earth altogether.

James Madison (afterwards President), a graduate of Princeton, a vestryman, a particularly religious man, the nephew of Bishop Madison, prepared for the Virginia Bill of Rights, in 1776, this article: "That religion or the duty we owe to our Creator and the manner of discharging it being under the direction of reason and religion only, not of violence or compulsion, all men are equally entitled to the full and free exercise of it, according to the dictates of conscience; and therefore that no men or class of men ought, on account of religion, to be invested with peculiar emoluments or privileges, nor subjected to any penalties or disabilities, unless, under cover of religion, the preservation of equal liberty and the existence of the state be manifestly endangered."

These principles wrought their way until there was a union of all men in the foundation of our Constitution, and I need not remind you, gentlemen, of the great care taken

in the United States Constitution to secure religious freedom, and that nobody should oppress any one on account of a religious institution of any kind. And President Washington, the first time that he ever came in treaty with a non-Christian people (Tripoli), sent to the Senate (1776) a treaty which opened with the following: "As the Government of the United States of America is not in any sense founded on the Christian religion, as it has in itself no character of enmity against the laws, religion, or tranquillity of Mussulmans, and as the said States have never entered into any act of war or hostility against any Mohammedan nation, it is declared by the parties that no pretext arising from religious opinions shall ever produce an interruption of the harmony existing between the two countries."

There is the statement, "As the Government of the United States of America is not in any sense founded on the Christian religion," from the great Washington. (It was unanimously ratified by the Senate.)

We also know what the feeling of Franklin was on the subject. But since that period we have suffered a great many changes, and there have been efforts to rebel against this perfect religious freedom that was bequeathed to us by our fathers. We know that President Washington, when travelling on an important tour, every hour being of importance, was delayed in a small Connecticut village and kept there a whole day, because, as he writes in his journal, it was "contrary to the law and disagreeable to the people of this state to travel on the Sabbath day." A meeting-house being near, he heard what he calls "a very lame sermon," and he had to stay in a very poor inn. No traveller would be delayed over Sunday now, in Connecticut or anywhere else. We have lived that far. Those who insisted upon the old Sabbath were just as sure then, as

absolutely certain, that they were infallible on the subject, as anybody can be about the present Sunday. But it may be that a hundred years from now people will be surprised that there ever could have been a question, in a great city like this, as to whether an exhibition should be opened on Sunday. They may look back upon it just as we look upon the absurdity of poor Washington being imprisoned for a day in a tiny village and poor inn in Connecticut, because of the Sabbath.

Franklin says: "When religion is good, I conceive that it will support itself; and when it cannot support itself, and God does not care to support it, so that its professors are obliged to call for the help of the civil power, it is a sign, I apprehend, of its being a bad one."

Well, these are testimonies from which was derived our feeling that the principle of religious freedom must be preserved; and this means substantially that those of the community who believe they ought to have perfect liberty for study, for art, for everything that is lawful, for everything that does not violate morals, should be allowed access to the means of culture on Sunday, and that it is cruel and wrong that they should be excluded from them. That is the general principle. Now, we know what the Sabbath is and has been. We know how it was treated by the old blue laws and other laws that made it a curse, so that children especially rejoiced when it was over. We believed that by adopting a more liberal and happy Sunday we should make it more precious to all in the community, not only to the orthodox or to the people who go to church, but to those who do not; because the more beautiful and the more attractive you make the day the more determined will be the people everywhere to preserve, to uplift, take care of it, and see that it is not injured.

Now, it is impossible, under the new conditions that have come about, — the railways, the enormous increase of our country to a great nation of 76,000,000, with vast cities in it, — that happiness, comfort, or even health, whether of mind or body, can be secured unless there is on Sunday some small percentage of labour. There is such labour, as we know, on every train, every trolley, in every home, and in the churches; some few must work in order that the many may be benefited. That is a rule. But in the case of an exhibition, where an exceptionally large number of people must be employed, there always arises this question of such a number having to work more, perhaps, than we would like. Now, I have attended a good many exhibitions. I spent some months at that in Paris in 1867, then in 1889, and also in that of last year, and with regard to their Sunday work I observed the smallness of the labour — everything went by itself; the machines went by themselves; very little labour was required of attendants. On the other hand, many attendants were from far-off countries; there were Swedish, Norwegian, Swiss, Russian, and other attendants, many of them women exhibiting fabrics and jewels and wares in large, fine rooms; and these were their only reception rooms. If they had not these rooms on Sunday, if these had been closed to them, they would have been out somewhere after sleeping in some closet, perhaps, trying to pull through Sunday, but they would have been thrown out on the streets, these young women. In the exhibition were their parlours, their homes. It will be much the same with the numbers that come here from South America and other distant regions to show off the products of those regions; and it will be very unfortunate, indeed, if these attendants lose on any day the advantage of being surrounded by the things they have come here to

enjoy, making this sojourn the great era of their lives, the most beautiful period of their lives, and are every Sunday tossed about in the streets of a city of which they know little, whose language they may little understand, and perhaps be victimized.

The practical case is, of course, of tremendous importance. It is of the first importance, I will say almost of supreme importance, that the Exhibition should pay well; that it should not have a deficit; that it should be a great success. It may be urged that by opening on Sunday the sentiment of a number of people in the country will be alienated from it. I believe this would not be the case. I have been in New York watching with eagerness each mention of the Exhibition in newspapers, or by my brother authors and friends in clubs, also reading reports of sermons; and, so far as I could learn, there has been no agitation about this question at all. I was prepared to write to the papers if there had been anything of the kind, but I have not been able to find that Sunday closing excited any public ripple at all. I am told it has been done in private, but certainly no public agitation has been raised in New York that would indicate that among the people generally there could possibly be any alienation of feeling. It has there not been a public question. Yesterday afternoon I met Dr. Robert Collyer at the Century Club and told him where I was going, and he said to me: "I fear you are too soon. Twenty years later all the preachers would be in favour of opening, if there were another exhibition; but the most you are likely to get now will be some kind of compromise." That was a venerable minister's opinion. Well, I hope, at any rate, that the compromise will not be serious, and, above all, that the beauty, the attractiveness of the Exhibition will not be compromised away.

At least half of the people who come to this exhibition will be persons not of sufficient maturity to appreciate thoroughly the machinery or study objects for culture. They ought to get some learning from it; but many will come to it as a sort of picnic, and they should be considered by you. There is not the slightest religion or advantage in people being long-faced or unhappy, nor any evil in their being merry as long as they are innocently so, and all the pleasure and amusement the exhibition can give inside of the law it should give them. Otherwise the exhibition may foster immorality outside. I should like to know, as a matter of interest, how many votes could be got for Sunday opening among the saloon keepers and dives of Buffalo. How many would be glad to have that rival to their traffic on Sunday; and I could wish for nothing more than for a suffrage to be taken among the scholars, among the professors and teachers in colleges and schools, among the physicians, among the lawyers; among all who are not reverend, for, excellent as the reverend gentlemen may be, it is admitted all over the world that bias is unconscious, and that they whose whole business depends on a particular use of Sunday would be judges sitting in their own case. The most impartial judge refuses to sit in any case in which he is personally interested. Therefore, opinions of that kind are professional; and I say it, although among the dearest friends I have in the world are clergymen. I myself was a Methodist preacher, and have friends in that and other churches whom I respect and love, but I know that professional bias is strong in the clergy. I think that if the question of Sunday, of its obligations, of the freedom that is claimed by the intelligence and scholarship of the time,— if all this were submitted to disinterested men fairly, to men interested simply in the welfare of the com-

munity, the intellect and culture of the country would be found in favour of Sunday opening.

The closing of the exhibition, when Buffalo has twice its population here on Sunday, will be the means of fostering disorder, immorality, and evil in the city. That is my theory. I have not been where that has occurred, but I have observed, in the Sunday exhibitions I have witnessed in Paris, Antwerp, and Brussels, perfect order and delight in the Sunday crowds. I have never heard of any complaint about evil results from any Sunday openings.

I can only add, gentlemen, that if there is any point on which further statement should be desired I will answer, if able. I fear I may have disappointed those present by not being able to say more than what you have probably considered a hundred times in your responsible position, but I have no desire or ambition to say anything original whatever (probably nothing original can be said on the subject), but only to give you opinions that I hold, as I know, in common with many of my literary brothers and, as I believe, with many thoughtful people everywhere.

DOGMA AND SCIENCE

DOGMA AND SCIENCE[1]

DOGMA means strictly an opinion, or an hypothesis. Every discovery of science begins as an hypothesis. But among the hypotheses of primitive science there was one — the theory of deities — of such vast import that it excited popular fears, gave rise to priesthoods, and to an authority able to establish that hypothesis as in itself final. In science hypothesis is never an end but a means; it can attain authenticity only by verification, and the verification is always open to question. Any theory established otherwise than by proof of its truth is an arrest of the scientific process. Such is dogma.

The development of theory into dogma was very slow. Indeed, dogma would appear to be exclusively an institution of Christianism. Although there existed in the pre-Christian world a general belief in gods, that belief was expressed in poetry and philosophy; there was no formula or creed, no doctrine legally authoritative. In the Vedas, in the Hebrew psalms, along with hymns to the gods there are expressions of atheism. "Who can tell us whether there are any gods at all?" says a verse of the Vedas. "Why do you sleep, Jahvé? Wake up!" says a psalm. In the Book of Proverbs Agur ridicules, with the wit of Voltaire, but with more than his scepticism, the omniscient people who have discovered a Holy One who holds the winds in his fists. "I'm a stupid animal," he says: "I know nothing of any

[1] In 1904 a Congress of Freethinkers from all the world was held at Rome. Mr. Conway attended as representing the United States, and delivered this address, translated into French.

Holy One. What is his name, and what is his son's name?" All the books ascribed to Solomon are pervaded by biting scepticism; so is Job. But we do not discover that the ancient freethinkers were punished for their denials. Buddha did not suffer, nor Confucius. There were struggles between rival gods as tribal banners, totem against totem, superstition against superstition, but punishment for religious or ethical opinion seems to have been unknown. Admirers of Socrates make him a martyr to philosophy, but he certainly was not; his hatred of the Democracy brought him into compromising relations with its practical enemies. And even so late as the time of Jesus freethought was unobstructed. If Jesus suffered violence it was certainly not for his teachings, but because he led a sort of mob to prevent animal sacrifices in the temple.

It is the darling delusion of mankind that the world is progressive in religion, toleration, freedom, as it is progressive in machinery. But in some things the world has deteriorated. There is now a wider diffusion of what is called education, but in religion and ethics it is largely educated ignorance. People may outgrow natural ignorance, but ignorance carefully cultured, polished, propagated, and called divine truth can rarely be outgrown, because it paralyzes the power of growth. Natural ignorance is as the young tree absorbing the rain and sunshine, and growing; educated ignorance is as the iron-bound cask, which may be pumped full of purest water or finest wine, but derives nothing from them, and remains the same dead wooden cask till it rots. The difficulty of outgrowing the long breeding in Christianism is exemplified even by the survivals in many freethinkers of the spirit of ancient faith after its letter is lost. Whence comes our belief in progress? It is said, Time is on our side, and the future is inevitably ours.

Is that a relic of the millennium? Time devours impartially the beautiful and the deformed, the good and the evil. It destroys the Parthenon of wisdom and the Colosseum of cruel combat. In reading Lucian we find him at once ridiculing the dilapidated gods of Greece, and affrighted by the more repulsive shapes of the new superstition advancing to take their place. That new superstition, Christianism, crushed the heart and brain of Greece, and to-day the land of ancient intellectual giants is occupied by a race of intellectual dwarfs.

The freethinker in America to-day stands in a position corresponding to that of Lucian and Celsus in the early days of Christianism. The United States was founded by great freethinkers. Franklin, Jefferson, Washington, Adams, and other statesmen took care to frame a constitution excluding religion from any part in the government. To-day the nation is enforcing a hard and cruel Sabbath; we are taxed to support a corps of chaplains in army, navy, and Congress; and the vast properties of churches being exempt from taxation, we are all taxed to support the dogmas whether we believe in them or not. We are all supporting propagation by the sword of dogmas in the realms of Confucius and of Mohammed. Our gallant secularists have to struggle hard to prevent a dogma from being incorporated in the United States Constitution. A large and growing party insists on overthrowing the freedom founded by our fathers. And we know well that if that dogma of God is inserted in the Constitution it will be no idle word, but the inauguration of a relentless persecution in behalf of a composite traditionary image of a vulgar majority. Freethinking journals will be suppressed; assemblies and lecturers will be suppressed; science will be intimidated under a suspended sword; every official in the nation will be

required to declare under oath his belief in the collectivist God.

And all that growing superstition labels itself science. To our nation of eighty millions a child is born, unto us is given a prophetess, who has proclaimed a new religion, — Christian Science. Judea had its Solomon, China had its Confucius, Persia its Zoroaster, India its Buddha, but America has its Mrs. Eddy. Her spiritualistic infatuation makes more converts in a year than Freethought makes in a decade. The Christian Scientists have built hard by Harvard University one of the grandest churches in America. Behold Progress!

Another dogma to which freethinkers often lend themselves is that Truth crushed to earth will rise again. Truth has been crushed to earth thousands of times without rising again. Buddha denies the gods, and is made a god himself. Jesus drives the sacrificial animals from the temple, and is made a sacrifice himself. Not long ago I received a letter from the late Herbert Spencer, whom I long knew personally, in which he warns me against an error in which he himself had long been misled, namely, the error of believing that man is a rational being. Man is not a rational being, he declares, but a bundle of passions, and his action depends on the passion that is uppermost at the time. But Herbert Spencer's error, I think, and that of most philosophers, is that of supposing that man is a truth-loving being. In personal affairs mankind likes veracity, but in religion the world is diseased, and demands the artificial temperature of illusion. The clear bracing air of truth, sustaining to science, is brutal to the *poitrinaire* heart, long nourished on illusions, and moving in a waking dream.

Those of us who have been brought up under a rigid

régime of Protestant dogmas, gradually discovered their falsity, and now see them as odious, have to wonder why we so long clung to them tenaciously, defending every link in the chain that bound us. We fight off the truth as long as it is possible. No doubt this is largely because our social and domestic affections have climbed on those stony walls of dogma, covering them with flowers and fruits, and truth threatens to tear them away and cast them into the mud.

When Voltaire in his conflict with the church creed was asked by a priest, "What will you put in its place?" he replied, "I remove from you a cancer and you ask what will I put in its place!" But while Science and Freethought are compelled to struggle against the fictions and fallacies that afflict nations, they are animated by humanity, their aim is human happiness; that is their religion; and their propaganda can never be that of the missionary who with his dogmas besieges all the world. Science can never win victories of that kind. As Tyndall once said to me, "We can only plant the tree of knowledge beside the tree of superstition, and hope that its roots will be strong enough to draw away the sap and the superstitions wither."

Freethought is a kind of applied science. Charles Darwin, whom I used to know, regarded the damage done to dogmas by science as incidental and unintentional; the scientific men by their method of exactness, by their demand for the most thorough evidence, were unconsciously criticising the vague and untrustworthy evidence on which Christianity rested. I have known personally the leading scientific men in England and America in my time, and though their writings and lectures undermined orthodox dogmas, they were tender and cautious in their relations

spurious; yet on that spurious text the whole missionary system is founded, foreign races are invaded by a gunpowder gospel and receive what the old crusader called "the curse of sweet Jesus."

There are many thousands of ingenious forgeries in the Bible, all now admitted by theologians. Christendom circulates them by millions in one hundred and fifty different languages; that is, it circulates throughout the world millions of admitted falsehoods. But if it is all for the glory of God, who cares for the falsehoods?

The supremacy of the Bishop of Rome over all other bishops rests upon a perversion of one sentence in a decree of the Council of Nice. The original manuscript is in the British Museum; anybody may examine it. There is no superiority given by the Council to one bishop over another. As Renan said, at the bottom of every institution there is a fiction.

One great difficulty of any direct propagation of freethought is that half the world are in holy livery. If the churches and temples of the world were all closed, many millions of people would starve. The officers and sailors on American ships, ordered to threaten Turkey with a deluge of blood on account of the unpaid pecuniary claims of missionaries, — these American marines may be freethinkers, they may despise missionaries, but each is in uniform, that is, in livery, and must if ordered murder any number of Moslems to get money for missionaries. The livery of politicians and legislators may not be so visible, but in truth the majority of people find it useful and comfortable to belong to parties and sects, and escape individual responsibility. But the freethinker is that man who welcomes every teacher, but calls no man master. It is well that there should be congresses of this kind, because in no

country can there be any continuous organization for any particular type of freethought.

The only bond which can unite freethinkers is the negation they have in common. Every one of us here, representing a group or groups, feels perfectly certain that the creeds and dogmas are untrue. It never even occurs to us to take a theological dogma seriously. Their growth, history, development, represent departments of ethnology and anthropology. We study them, explain them, but never answer them. When freethinkers step away from their common negation, and begin to affirm, they become distinct individualities. They accept the facts of science, but science can give them nothing final; the seeming solid facts of to-day may be all floated by new facts discovered to-morrow. We cannot therefore compete with the organizations founded on dogma. Those are for people who have adjourned their lives to another world. The freethinker considers only the world he is in; he has all the heaven there is, and aims to make the most of it.

There is an old story of a knight who inherited a grand castle, but when he went to take possession of it found the best rooms closed. One room was walled up by the testator's will because some one had been murdered in it, another because it was haunted, a third was filled with the dilapidated old furniture accumulated in the family for generations. The poor knight in his grand castle could only get a closet to sleep in.

That castle is but a too faithful picture of the world we are in. While science is revealing its palatial grandeurs, and art its power to decorate them, millions of people never enter the great halls of reason and wisdom, know not the beauty that surrounds them, dwell in the dark closets of superstition and fear. It is easy for people who

never saw the world to believe that it is under a curse. And, indeed, Protestanism in America takes pains to make Jehovah's curse actual for one day every week. Because a murdered Lord rose out of his sepulchre one Sunday, our people must show their joy by going into his sepulchre and staying there twenty-four hours every week. This weekly entombment is enforced by law. The American Sabbath is at present the most grievous tyranny and oppression in the whole world. There cannot be a grosser superstition than to suppose one portion of time holier than another, unless it be the superstition that gloom is holier than mirth. It is solemn weekly human sacrifice. And it was sad tidings, indeed, to hear lately of a royal decree in Spain restricting the freedom and amusements of the people on Sunday. And I am sorry also to observe that the Roman Catholic priesthood in America, in their competition with Protestant sects, are beginning to assist in the Sabbatarian oppression. The free Sunday was the best thing about them, their distinction, and they are throwing it away.

Napoleon Bonaparte said, "The people do not care for liberty. Those who want liberty are a few peculiar persons. What the masses want is equality." And Bonaparte secured equality by turning the whole French nation into soldiers. What he said about the indifference of the masses to personal liberty is sadly illustrated in America. Democracy loves the uniform and uniformity. The freethinkers, who know that it is through differentiation and variation that higher species are evolved, have as much as they can do to defend personal liberty, — free speech, moral freedom, emancipation from the Sabbath. We are a small minority of the eighty millions of our people, largely immigrants who have come here not to find liberty but to make money.

A large proportion of these immigrants in America are Catholics, and there has just been formed a Federation of Catholics. To freethinkers Catholicism is represented by its history, by the inquisition; and the growth of that church, now numbering fifteen millions, is watched jealously.

This jealousy is just now accentuated by the conflict between the French Republic and the Papacy. At a time when competent leadership is in apparent decadence in some foremost nations, France has preserved its high traditions in literature, art, and science. It is not easy for Americans to discern how far the conflict represents the culture and genius of France, and how far it is a simply political affair. In every revolution for national independence many different parties combine against some common enemy, but when that enemy is overthrown all the parties to the combination reclaim their share of the result. The experience of the United States has proved that, though a church may be disestablished, dogma cannot be disestablished. The Church of England was disestablished, only to be followed by the practical establishment of all the churches. The vast English Church properties were inherited by the same denomination; but whereas while connected with the State its properties and endowments were under control of the State, after the separation it possessed this immense wealth without any secular or legal restraint. The Church gained more than its former advantages, and was freed from all of its responsibilities and obligations. Having resided thirty years in London, I am certain that there is more religious liberty in the English Church than in the same denomination in America, and generally more freedom of thought and speech in England than in America. If the French Republic, after amputating the Concor-

dat, shall make a Concordat at home with Catholicism and with Protestantism, we may find reason to remember a bit of demonology mentioned in St. Matthew. It is said that when an unclean spirit is disestablished in a man he goes off and brings back with him seven other spirits uncleaner than himself, and they all enter in, and the last state of that man becometh worse than the first.

And, after all, that is the real aim of Freethought, to disestablish the popedom in the mind. So long as the unclean spirit of superstition possesses the mind, it matters not whether it is under Pope or President. Scientific investigators are not always freethinkers outside of their own specialty. There are two eminent men of science in England associated with Spiritism. Their minds always impressed me as good looms; they weave well all the threads supplied them, but are without power to discover or judge whether the threads they weave are sound or rotten. The freethinker has his *métier* just there. He can utilize and apply science for human liberation. And when I have listened to the marvellous eloquence of our great orator, Robert G. Ingersoll, I have indulged a dream that there might at some time be a training-school for public teachers of freedom, — freedom of thought, speech, and morality.

It was the belief of Friedrich Strauss, author of the "Leben Jesu," that all freedom must be preceded by emancipation from supernaturalism. It is precisely forty years since I visited Strauss at Heilbrönn. I walked with him beside the Neckar, and the same evening wrote down as nearly as I could remember what he said about his great work. This memorandum, taken from my old note-book, shall close my address: —

"Strauss said he felt oppressed at seeing nearly every nation in Europe chained by an allied despotism of prince

and priest. He studied long the nature of this oppression, and came to the conclusion that the chain was rather inward than outward, and without the inward thraldom the outward would soon rust away. The inward chain was superstition, and the form in which it bound the people of Europe was Christian supernaturalism. So long as men accept religious control not based on reason, they will accept political control not based on reason. The man who gives up the whole of his moral nature to an unquestioned authority suffers a paralysis of his mind, and all the changes of outward circumstances in the world cannot make him a free man. For this reason our European revolutions have been, even when successful, mere transfers from one tyranny to another. He believed, when writing the 'Leben Jesu,' that in striking at supernaturalism he was striking at the root of the whole tree of political and social degradation. Renan had done for France what he had thought to do for Germany. Renan had written a book which the common people read; the influence of the 'Leben Jesu' had been confined to scholars more than he liked, and he meant to put it into a more popular shape. Germany must be made to realize that the decay of Christianity means the growth of national life, and also of general humanity."

PUBLIC SERVICE

PUBLIC SERVICE [1]

THE Halls to be dedicated to-day are both architecturally and historically picturesque.

Old men sometimes have the fantasy that if they could only have been born old and gradually grown young and mated experience to youthful vigour, they could render a better account of life. Now, some such reversal of the law of individual life seems to have occurred in the one hundred and twenty-two years of Dickinson College. The history has been completely told, by Dr. Himes, Dr. Crooks, Dr. J. A. Lippincott, Dr. O. B. Super, and Mr. George Leffingwell Reed; and in the early years, where youth might be looked for, curious symptoms of decrepitude are found. Brilliant men like Nisbet and Thomas Cooper could only supply the crutches on which the college limped to its fiftieth year, and closed its doors for two years.

It reopened with a faculty of surpassing ability and learning; but physically it did not grow much, and it was only when about a hundred years old that it began to make up for that lost youth, and branch out into new edifices and schools, and fulfil the hopes of its parents, John Dickinson and Benjamin Rush.

Twenty-one years ago the College combined maturity

[1] Dickinson College at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, being in need of a building for the preparatory department, Mr. Andrew Carnegie gave a large sum for that purpose, conditional on the building being designated "Conway Hall," "in honour of Dr. Moncure D. Conway, a distinguished alumnus of the College, in recognition of his great services in the realms of letters, of reform, and of humanitarian effort."

and youth in opening its doors to women. That was under President McCauley. When McCauley graduated in his twenty-fifth year we all thought that shy gentleman with spectacles the mature conservative, and when he became president at fifty, probably few anticipated any innovation. But meanwhile McCauley had presided over a female academy in Virginia, where the teaching was no doubt reciprocal. He had learned that in culture there is neither male nor female. But there was no surprise about it. The Dickinsonian Adam was not asleep when this woman was taken from his side to be set really at his side, as an equal in intellectual rights. On the contrary, the old College was particularly wide awake, and had been brought by its hundred years of experience to give effect to the views of its chief founder.

Dr. Crooks said in his oration: "To Dr. Rush, of all the founders, belongs the honoured name of Father of Dickinson College." Now, among the collected essays of Dr. Benjamin Rush, the most remarkable, I think, is one on the education of American women. It was written during the infancy of our College, but is striking enough to be reprinted. He pointed out that the ideas and methods of female education in England were inadequate to American conditions. Rush graduated at Edinburgh, and knew England well. He says the American woman must share in many studies that in England are limited to men, because she must here be the teacher of children, must often be the steward of estates, and he goes on mentioning competencies for which his countrywomen must be educated, — competencies equally masculine and feminine. Dr. Rush could not, of course, propose coeducation to colleges with imported presidents and professors, but the evolution of those principles was inevitable, and on them is founded

Denny Hall, — trebly memorial of the honoured sisters who bequeathed it, of the advance of the College to its old Father's idea of female education, and to the enterprise of the president who, in one year, has raised it from its ashes.

Our College arose as a product and ensign of peace and good-will to man. A hundred and forty years ago Carlisle was mainly a fortress against the aborigines, whose descendants have long found welcome and culture on the very site then set apart for the soldiers. The Pontiac war and the Revolution having passed away, the fortress made way for the College. The first president was housed in the barracks. "Whereas," says the charter of 1783, "after a long and bloody contest with a great and powerful kingdom, it has pleased Almighty God to restore to the United States of America the blessings of a general peace, whereby the good people of this State, relieved from the burthens of war, are placed in a condition to attend to useful arts, sciences, and literature.

"*Be it therefore enacted*, That there be erected, and hereby is erected and established in the borough of Carlisle . . . a college for the education of youth in the learned and foreign languages, the useful arts, sciences, and literature."

The dove of peace seems to have hovered over the College. In 1794 Washington, starting out to suppress the insurrection at Pittsburg, quartered some soldiers in the small building then used for teaching; but the President's visit proved an excursion; whether or not because the rioters heard the soldiers were in our College, they at once became peaceful. In 1863 the Confederate army held Carlisle some days, but the College buildings and grounds were not harmed. The College was built on lands once belonging to William Penn; it bore the name of a grand old Quaker, John Dickinson; and we shall dedicate a hall

given by the man who is also building a palace of Peace at the Hague.

Andrew Carnegie, in his "Life of Watt," tells us that the child ruminating on the kettle is not entirely fabulous. But the story is not so wonderful as the kettle we all have to ruminate on. The familiar kettle on wheels has turned into the Wonderful Lamp. Whenever the Scotch-American Aladdin rubs it, out comes a library, or a college, or a palace of Peace, or pensions for retired professors.

I remember hearing eloquent Lucretia Mott say that many rich people were scriptural so far as never letting their left hand know what their right hand does n't do. Carnegie does not pose as a philanthropist. He insists that he is buying what he wants, and making shrewd bargains with Americans and others to secure the ends he desires. It is therefore good business for the right hand to have coöperation of the left. So far as fame is concerned, half of his gifts seem superfluous. My personal acquaintance with him is slight, but to me it appears that Carnegie is providing for his own household, which includes a large part of the human race, and gives in the spirit of Schiller's ode: —

> Be embraced, millions!
> This kiss to the whole world!

When the first Baron Rothschild died in Paris, a vast crowd gathered at his funeral. A miserable tramp in patched clothes pressed through the crowd and stood at the door of the richest family in the world and filled the air with his lamentations, tears streaming. At last a policeman came and said, "Why are you making all this noise? You are not a relation." — "No," said the ragged man, "I am not a relation. Therefore I weep."

But for this later millionaire there is a relation in every

man, however hidden under ignorance, however degraded. While many use the phrase, "Brotherhood of Man," here is a man trying to render possible that fraternity among men born unequal by creating them, as the Declaration says, by *creating* them equal through culture, or equal enough to prevent Democracy from being a levelling downward instead of upward.

In this opening century, when eyes grown old can see few shining Pisgahs of genius like those which glorified the last century, — senile dimness, you may say, — but in their place mountainous piles of gold, the hopeful sign is that these yellow peaks are shining with visions of promised lands, and giving new significance to the dream of a Golden Age. There is an old Turkish proverb, that "as the purse becomes heavier the strings tighten." A Russian proverb says, "Where gold is there is a devil, where none is there are two." But the American proverb, when it comes, may be different. Dives is paying more attention to Lazarus, — some to his soul, some to his body, — and here is one who aspires to make all America an Abraham's bosom for both Dives and Lazarus. Not any sect or section, but the whole world, — so torn with strife, — is set in his heart, and his hymn is that of Robert Burns —

> Then let us pray that come it may,
> As come it will for a' that,
> That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
> May bear the gree, and a' that,
> For a' that and a' that,
> It 's coming yet for a' that —
> When man to man the world o'er,
> Shall brithers be for a' that.

Dickinson College has been successively administered by Presbyterians and by Methodists, — by men attached

to their faith, but equally loyal to the charter, which provides for entire religious freedom of trustees, professors, and students. And this has not been a formal but a loving loyalty. In the old Grammar School, out of which grew the Preparatory School, I was lodged for a time when I arrived here in 1847. In that building went on the scientific teaching of Allen and Baird, and it was there I first came in contact with its headmaster, George R. Crooks, — a scholar, a thinker, whose soul was charity. Amid all vicissitudes I remain a sort of Crooksite to this day. Never shall I forget his discourse affirming his faith and his hope, and the exaltation of his conclusion: "Now abideth these three, — faith, hope, love; and the greatest of these is love." In later life, when we were together in London, our talk was one day about John McClintock, and I may have mentioned a notion of my father, while a trustee of the College, that McClintock was too latitudinarian. "He was boundless in his charities," said Crooks, "but not sceptical in his theology." I have for many years realized that in enjoying the friendship of those two men to the end of their lives I was brought closer to the heart of John Wesley, who excluded none. Wesley hoped to sit down in the kingdom of heaven with men called heretics and heathen, — with Pelagius and Servetus, Socrates and Plato, — and (1745) wrote to his people: —

"Lay so much stress on opinions that all your own, if it be possible, may agree with truth and reason; but have a care of anger, dislike, or contempt towards those whose opinions differ from your own. You are daily accused of this (and, indeed, what is it whereof you are not accused?); but beware of giving ground for such accusation. Condemn no man for not thinking as you think. Let every one enjoy the full and free liberty of thinking for himself. Let every man use his own judgment, since every man must give an

account of himself to God. Abhor every approach, in any kind or degree, to the spirit of persecution. If you cannot reason or persuade a man into the truth, never attempt to force him into it. If love will not compel him to come in, leave him to God, the Judge of all.

In that large spirit was conceived by Dickinson's great scholar, John McClintock, the grand and unique project of a Cyclopædia of Biblical, Theological, and Ecclesiastical Literature, on which the most competent men of all creeds and churches should be employed, — orthodox and unorthodox, — and which now makes for every inquirer his "McClintock and Strong" the monumental religious cyclopædia of its century. And with all that justice and fairness there is clearly visible the editor's theological point of view.

The importance of conforming opinions to truth and reason, with which Wesley begins his plea for freedom of judgment, has become more urgent in these later days, when social interest is passing from creed to deed. For where religious enthusiasm ebbs away from speculative theories, for which martyrdoms were once suffered, it tends to beat with equal force on the coast of practical life and moral action. But action is liable to more serious dangers than abstract doctrines. When Charles Dickens first travelled in America he remarked that where, in starting a railway train, an English conductor cried, "All right!" the American conductor cried, "Go ahead!" Beware of the blindfold, "Go ahead!" An individual may modify an error of opinion, or it may be merely academic; but when he carries it into action he is usually victimized by it, — he is committed, and cannot always retreat.

I have long observed, both in England and America, that where great public teachers and preachers have gone

silent, the assemblies that had surrounded them rarely seek new prophets, but tend to group themselves in various organizations for practical ends. I suppose they feel that they have been long enough pumped into like buckets, — brimming, running over, — and need to absorb the stream like trees, and grow and bear their fruit. But poisons grow as well as good fruits, and the unscientific may fancy them good fruits. The Crusaders and the Inquisitors were conscientious men, and thought they were saving mankind from eternal torments. "We launched on them," said one old Crusader, — "we launched on the Moslems the curse of sweet Jesus," and his church is now trying to wash out the stains of that blood. And how many stains are the foremost nations still bequeathing to posterity by the wrongs to which the ignorant rage of a few has carried them by unreasoning and precipitate action.

Sidney Smith said, "In a country surrounded by dikes, a rat may flood a province." Some small base lust of power, or trade, or greed, to which the whole world seems a big cheese for its ratlike instinct, may deluge a nation with blood; it has only to disguise itself in a flag, and mark itself with the cross, to identify its vermin purpose with the national honour and with the "gospel," should the victim resist. All the justice and conscience and brains of the country may see and detest the manœuvre till then, but let one drop of blood be shed and a nation of peacemakers becomes a nation of manslayers. In the history of the world it has been repeatedly shown that one small brainless action may outweigh all the wisdom and justice of a country, and bring on evils that never end.

Hence that dread doubleness of nations, each sending out sweet waters and bitter. Thirty-five years ago my duties as a journalist carried me to battlefields of France,

where men were mowed down like grass and villages burned and desolated. Some time after, like duties carried me to the town of Essen, in Germany, seat of the Krupp Works, the largest forge of arms in the world. There I saw two kinds of perfection. One was the town of the Krupp work-people. Socialistic reformers — Babeuf, Fourier, St. Simon, Robert Owen — have for more than a century been trying in vain to build ideal communities, and such have been successfully built only in romances. But where social enthusiasts have failed, the Krupp Gun Works have succeeded. Exploring those beautiful habitations with happy wives and children, the library, reading-room, school, baths, church, gymnasium, playground, hospital, theatre, I walked through a veritable Utopia, — all the visionary romances become real. Then I saw the other perfection, — the exquisite evolution by which the iron ore passed from furnace to furnace, forge to forge, — announcing to the scientific refiner by tints of flame, red, yellow, blue, when it was ready to advance another stage towards that purity of heart when it becomes Bessemer steel, and then attain total sanctification as a gun able to carry a shell for miles. They intrusted me to a scientific manager who knew English, and revealed certain things I was not to print, — secrets of state. He showed me a transcendent gun, — a beauty. This dainty creature was surrounded by artistic shells, as Venus might be by Cupids, each shell with a face or dial, on which a hand is turned to a figure. The shell flies, and at the exact second pointed to by the dial hand infallibly explodes. When I saw the array of these perfect guns, with their families of shells nestling around them, and the workmen's pretty and well-dressed children playing around, the touching scene recalled the early western epitaph of "Jeames Hambrick, who was shot with a revolver, one of

the old-fashion kind, brass-mounted, and of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

From a world in which humanity and inhumanity thus grow by reciprocity, and men gather grapes from grape-shot, happy homes from home-destroying guns, each individual derives a twofold nature, — in one seated reason and conscience, in the other communal loyalty. The word "loyalty" is a corruption of legality. Its supreme virtue, called "patriotism," often disguises a real faithlessness to one's country, as when the legality of slave-hunting demanded of our loyalty, our patriotism, that we should assist bloodhounds pursuing men and women seeking liberty. And we Southerners were here denouncing as unpatriotic the greatest man we had ever seen, John McClintock, for asking justice for negroes! Real patriotism is an extension of family feeling; when a man loves his family so much as to rob other families for his own wife and children, or when he seeks his country's welfare by wronging other countries, it is the human becoming brutal, tooth becoming fang.

In a nation of eighty millions, more than half of them the débris of foreign lands, swollen by a weekly importation of a population larger than that of Carlisle, the integrating force cannot be any principles held in common; it can only be a flag. Every man can see in the flag his own interests or his prejudices; and the American epidemic is *Flag on the brain, — Cerebro-buntingesis!* The flag is deified as Old Glory, but there is something higher than glory, — Justice. Let the patriotic scholar translate aright the testimony of Jesus and Paul, and hold their ensign above all banners: —

"Blessed are they that hunger and thirst for Justice."

"Let every one that nameth the name of the Lord hold aloof from Injustice."

As all colours are contained in light, all virtues are contained in justice, and all crimes are varieties of injustice.

We are about to dedicate a Preparatory School. But the whole College, and every college, is a preparatory school. Nay, our epoch is one of preparation. The famous figures of the last century have passed away, but there was a long preparation for each of them. How many obscure workers made their researches before the generalizer appeared, — the Humboldt, the Darwin? This day there are amid the sepulchres of past greatness competent men and women teaching in quietness and obscurity the coming generation; but our peril is that these guides may not realize that they are necessarily moulding the new generation in its spirit and character. There is no predestination that these shall be any better than their forerunners, or even as good. The influences tending to give American youth false aims and mean standards of life are increasingly potent. There is something like a social reversion to the military type of aristocracy, which in England is fossilized. The titles, Duke and Marquis, Knight and 'Squire, originally military, are such no longer. But here we have people trying to make themselves into a social caste, as sons and daughters of the Revolution. From whom are they descended? There were rude people in the Revolution, and even brutal, who tarred and feathered men who pleaded for peace, and drove two hundred thousand worthy gentlemen to leave their estates and seek refuge in Canada and elsewhere because, having taken oath as magistrates or officials to support the crown, they would not perjure themselves by destroying it. Many of these dames of the Revolution, if

they met their great-grandfathers, would not tolerate them in their houses. Nor would some colonial dames, — possibly descendants of the murderers of Quakers, witches, and Indians. The finest imaginative genius this country ever produced, Nathaniel Hawthorne, whose ancestors were judges and magistrates in colonial Massachusetts, was so ashamed of their cruel sentences that he discarded their name, Hathorn, and called himself Hawthorne. If any one discovers that he has a worthy ancestor, he is right in respecting him and cherishing his memory; but it is not admissible to raise an army into a patrician class, however good its cause. There is no glory in strewing the earth with dead bodies, said the ancient Chinese sage, and victors in war should mourn as at a funeral. A main argument against enfranchising women is that they are not expert in the arts of destruction. Let them cherish that distinction, Daughters of Disfranchised Peace, Gentlewomen of the Evolution, whose leaven, however hid in the coarse masculine lump, can lift it out of the vulgar notion that honour may depend on skill in butchery.

Ah, that is the parable of all beautiful victories, — victories in which none are defeated, all triumphant. Milton warned us that all that is done by violence is but half-done. Our time is full of confirmations. When I think over the evolutionary movement for removing the burdens of woman, begun in my youth, and see the legal burdens piled away as relics of barbarism, — and see that every contemporary achievement of violence has left some evil sequel, — methinks I hear again that voice saying, "Ah yes, it was a woman, — unarmed, without bullet or ballot, — content with a hidden influence, no pomp or glory, who has wrought this one only stainless triumph of your time. This is the victory of the love that is lowly, seeking not

its own. Blessed are the lowly, for they shall inherit the earth."

Sublime paradox, which young ambition may despise but gray experience knows true. The conquerors of the earth do not really possess the earth; it possesses them. Gibbon smiles at Livy, who, he says, tries to persuade us that Rome conquered the world in self-defence. But such are the conditions. Whenever a nation makes a conquest, it must live up to it or down to it; must surround every subjugated country with a Monroe doctrine, ever expanding till it involves hostility to the whole world and loss of all that free-will which alone can really inherit the earth and enjoy it. Daniel Webster's rhetoric was splendid when in the Senate he spoke of Great Britain as "that Power whose morning drum-beat, travelling with the sun and keeping time with the stars, encircles the earth with one continuous strain of the martial airs of England." But what has it profited England to encircle the whole world and lose its real soul, its free-will, so that it has had to fight nearly every race — Hindu, Russian, American, French, Chinese, Spanish, Egyptian, Kaffir, Boer, Thibetan — in self-defence; every war being one for which England now hangs its head for shame.

And the United States, now "defending itself" on the other side of the planet, are we going on the same career, to gain the world at the cost of every principle that made the soul of our country, only to find that we have not got the world at all, but it has got us?

Amid the wild play of ambitions and passions in the great world, where vast populations act inorganically like cyclones and volcanoes, one thing is left to the rational being: amid disorder he can be himself a source of order, amid injustice a centre of justice.

There is a sentence in the epistle to Christians dwelling among those world-conquering Romans, which is very striking if carefully translated: "Be not anxious for lofty things, but know the charm of things lowly." Indeed, the sense of it seems to be, "Fall in love with things lowly." It anticipates that marvellous passage in Shakespeare's "Henry VIII," where Cardinal Wolsey is portrayed before and after his disgrace and downfall. To the fallen Cardinal's young friend the queen pictures her proud enemy, hard, cruel, heartless, and the young man describes Wolsey as gentle, and to those around him smiling as a summer field. His fall from greatness was his happiest fortune, for then and not till then — these are Shakespeare's words — "he found the blessedness of being little."

It took the greatest of poets to write that phrase!

In all races and ages genius has found in the Vale of Humility not only the heart's-ease which Bunyan found there, but also the priceless pearls, and the secret of real greatness. Confucius said: "The superior man knows the light, but keeps the shade." The Persian Saadi: "Make thyself dust to do anything well." Hafiz sings: —

> In the last day men shall wear
> On their heads the dust,
> As ensign and as ornament
> Of their lowly trust.

George Fox the Quaker: "It was revealed to me that what other men trample on shall be thy meat." But a whole anthology might be made of these exaltations of humility.

All very fine and poetical, says American youth, with its talent and enterprise, but not related to the world I am preparing to enter, to bear my part with self-reliance, to gain position, wealth, distinction. And beautiful is that

young courage and enthusiasm. True culture will not chill but build on it. Every study, every lesson in these halls, brings the young mind into the presence of the historic masters of science, literature, philosophy, at whose feet he sits as an infant. His graduation means that by fulfilling every condition he has passed from small things to larger, by faithfulness in few things earned mastery of many. And he will not have completed his preparation for the larger life until he has read the law on its portal: "Whoso would be great, let him serve."

My young friend, if you are great enough to do a little thing, when that is the thing that needs your service; without self-assertion to stand by an humble cause or truth, you have your reward though you see no outward success or visible triumph. So without observation proceeds the higher evolution of the world. He whose aim was not to be ministered to, but to minister, saw not his symbol in the fine plumed cock-fighting and crowing, but in the hen gathering her chickens under her wings. All the cock-fights of a barnyard for a year do not carry on so much evolution as a hen brooding on her eggs and caring for her brood.

I warn you, young men, that if you adopt any high aim or cause, any intrusion of personal ambition into it will be an element of failure. Self-reliance is essential, but the self-reliant is precisely that man who must have the real self to rely on, and trust himself to no sham, no paraded self, — which were relying on vanity, not on his strength, but his weakness.

Who can tell how far shines a good deed, a true word, even a kind look. Says Omar Khayyám, "The whole world shall be populous with that benefit of thine which saves one soul from despair."

From early life I was charmed by the genius of the Russian novelist Tourguenieff, and had the happiness of meeting him in London. He was a grand man in every way, physically and mentally, intelligence and refinement in every feature. He was modest almost to shyness, and in his conversation — he spoke English — never loud or doctrinaire. At the Walter Scott Centennial he was present, — the greatest man at the celebration, — but did not make himself known. There was an excursion to Abbotsford, and carriages were provided for guests. One in which I was seated passed Tourguenieff on foot. I alighted and walked with him, at every step impressed by his greatness and his simplicity. Only after his death was it revealed that to this unpretending writer was really due the emancipation of the serfs in Russia.

Belonging to a family of rank and wealth, and highly educated, he lived with his widowed mother on the family estate worked by many serfs. Fond of sport, the youth went about the farms hunting, but observing closely the condition of the serfs and their homes. Under the title of "Sporting Annals" he wrote an exposure of the evil system, which reached the hands of the Emperor, Alexander II, who was deeply moved. On the death of his mother the estate came to young Tourguenieff, and he immediately emancipated every serf on it, giving to each family some land and a house. Then it was that the Emperor resolved to act. After many consultations he summoned the nobles and landowners, and told them the system must end, and they must end it peacefully. He said, "It is better, gentlemen, that emancipation should come from above than to wait until it comes from beneath." Without the shedding of a drop of blood, that great emperor emancipated ten times as many slaves as were liberated by violence in America,

and every family given a homestead. It was the noblest emancipation that ever occurred in history, and it was initiated by the pen and the example of a then obscure young man, who purposed only a small thing, justice in his own personal domain, never dreaming of larger results, and never to his death claiming credit for that only stainless reformation of his century.

At the time when the author's little mustard seed was branching out to its vast proportions, revolutionary leaders who tried to seize the kingdom of heaven by violence — in Italy, Germany, France — saw their grand schemes, for which thousands gave their lives, turned to results that entombed their ideals. Innumerable experiences of this kind, no doubt, led the wiser teachers of mankind to their faith in the small seed, the humble leaven. The Chinese sage said, "The principles of the great man commence with the duties of common men and women, but in their highest extent they illuminate the universe."

This faith is founded on reason. The vast elemental forces, which sometimes bring good intentions to bad results and bad to good, submit to the control of art and science only in their small manageable forms. There are many millions of rose-gardens, with many-leaved and many-coloured roses. But nature never made them. Nature made only the wild-brier, the sweet-brier: the scientific gardener took the brier into his preparatory school, studied its laws, added leaf after leaf, assiduous only to graduate each individual flower, until the new rose existed and spread through the world, to be in turn the basis of further culture and many varieties, — among these the brierless rose.

And may there not be a brierless character? The most important things, perhaps, in college training are those that seem incidental. The teacher gives knowledge, but

the knowledge of to-day may not be that of to-morrow; and the fine work of culture is the forging of the keys that through life will unlock all the granaries of knowledge, so that each may be fed according to his special need. And like unto that is the incidental culture of character. The play is not mere play, the chaff not without some wheat; provincial angles smoothed away, manners refine manliness, and the college becomes a sort of studio for the art of living. That is the art of living with others, by lack of which many good-hearted people are wrecked, and homes laid in ruin.

They have in Europe a so-called Holy Thorn, connected in legends with the thorn-crown of Jesus. Jesus said men could not gather good fruit from thorns, but a good many pious people seem to know better and cherish holy thorns. I have been reading a story called "Hecla Sandwith," by a new Baltimore writer, the scene of which is a typical provincial town, manufacturing not collegiate, but one of the characters is a Dickinson graduate. People of various religions are grouped together in a realistic way, and they mostly ascribe particular holiness to the thorns amid which their flowers of faith try to grow. One devout Quaker does not enter his own brother's house for many years because there is a spinet in it. Unenlightened consciences cause as much misery as vices; and when lovers reach happiness at last it is after being pierced and torn in getting through the thorny hedges of prejudice, no real principle of faith or duty being involved at all. And even a principle is turned to a stony idol when human sacrifices are offered to it. And human sacrifices are not always physical. John Wesley, a true gentleman, was dining in company, and a severe preacher grasped the hand of a young lady who wore a jewelled ring. Lifting the hand of the girl above

the table he called out, "What do you think of this, Mr. Wesley?" With a beaming look on the maid's burning face, Wesley said, "I think that hand beautiful."

If in the human world the deserts shall blossom like the rose, it will be when men and women have learned the art of making their hearts thornless. There is a flower of the mind whose fragrance is a spirit that shall render that man utterly unable to hate or to wound, and of a force whose simpleness shall seem heroic, though he be really the normal man. Lycurgus was attacked by a brutal fellow, who knocked out one of his eyes. The people seized the assailant and dragged him before Lycurgus, and said, "He is yours, by law and equity, to slay." The lawgiver took his assailant to his house, and having attended to his own wound set himself to heal the grievous condition, mental and moral, of the man who had assailed him without cause. At the end of a year or more Lycurgus entered the assembly with a man at his side and said, "People, you gave me a savage; I return to you a citizen." Heroic? Nay, normal. Try all your logic, your common sense, on it; you will find no other kind of action that would not have carried Lycurgus below his assailant.

When it was proposed in France to abolish the death penalty Alphonse Karr said, "Yes, let us stop it, but let the assassins set the example." But old Valence said, "Let us punish the assassin without imitating him." Had Lycurgus ordered that the man who destroyed his eye should also lose an eye, what had been the difference between them? All was in favour of the assailant, for he was not trained to teach men justice, but was a part of just that ferocity which it was the lawgiver's mission not to avenge, but to restrain and turn into useful force.

I remember across the years a sermon McClintock gave

us on the sense of the Greek word for sin, — ἁμαρτία, — a missing of one's end. It is failure to reach happiness, which consists in bearing our fruit. Our own fruit! Deep is that truth taught us of old that each heart must have an inward experience of its own; each mind, too, must have a work of thought go on in it by which it passes from ignorance to knowledge, from the traditional to the personal apprehension of things. Life gives each a several and particular experience, — trials of our own, events pertaining to ourself, — and these ought to correspond to an individual character and development by which, though we arrive at the same point with others, we can contribute something gathered on the special path we have travelled. And even the common road may be made special by the more exact observation, the more cheerful spirit, recognition of the supreme importance of the passing hour.

Youth gazes on the hills so blue in the distance, their blanched precipices seeming fretted silver, and knows not that when in later life it climbs the rugged heights it will look back and see its early path winding through a fairy-land, unrecognized till lost, the old campus abloom with romance, the old school and college resplendent with neglected opportunities.

One called the wisest of men said, "Let no flower of the spring pass by thee!" What would we, your gray forerunners, young men, what would we not spare from our declining years to have even one more year of our youthful college life, with wisdom enough to see its beauty and opportunity as we see them now, and to redeem our failures and mistakes? As the proverb says, you cannot put old heads on young shoulders; nor is it desirable. But may we not demand of youth a living mental life proportionate to that of the body? Happy the souls equal to their bodies!

I heard a handsome preacher discoursing ascetic platitudes about the vileness of the flesh. Robust, rosy, clear-eyed, his contrasted cant suggested that had his soul even approximated the perfection of his disowned flesh we should have heard a grand sermon. In that body thousands of valves were opening and closing with precision; harp-strings of the ear, lenses of the eye, exquisite network of vibrant nerves, all fulfilling their functions in the living day, while the morbid soul was groping in mediæval deserts.

It is the distinction of man from animals that he seeks perfection. But a babe with perfection of a man would be a monster. In the garden of mental and moral culture the aim should be that each stage of growth shall have its several perfections, — the perfect bud, the perfect blossom, not inferior in their perfection to the fruitling or to the ripe fruit in which the series of perfections are garnered.

And this development in the early education corresponds to the growing needs of the great world, where each talent has its potential value. Have we but one? All the more should it be made the most of. He who buried his talent buried himself with it. Two talents improved gained the same joy as ten, and the one might have done the same. Darkness for that unprofitable bond-servant, but light and happiness for even the poor, the halt, the invalid, who sigh not for the unattainable, but distil every drop of sweetness and every virtue that courage and thought can win from any and every condition, and love bestow in benefit.

There is no situation that does not admit of doing one's best. I suppose that if there was one person in Jerusalem who might have despaired of doing any service to Jesus in his hour of pain and peril it was that poor woman, sometimes confused with Mary Magdalene, whose heart led her

to his feet. She had a flask of spikenard to break, and she had a broken heart. She gave what she had. "She hath done what she could," He said. "The house was filled with the odour of the ointment," and every house in all time is filled with it. Because the fragrance was her great love. Had there been no spikenard, but a cup of water, a tear of sympathy, only a loving look to sustain the suffering heart, the perfume would all have been there, as it this day fills the lowliest abode where affection and sweetness are poured out, and amid the sorrows of life hearts are loving much and doing all they can to diffuse around them happiness and peace.

WILLIAM PENN MEMORIAL DAY

DICKINSON COLLEGE

COMMEMORATIVE OF THE 225TH ANNIVERSARY

OF

THE FRAME OF GOVERNMENT FOR PENNSYLVANIA

ADDRESS BY

MONCURE D. CONWAY, L. H. D.

(Alumnus, Class of '49)

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WILLIAM PENN[1]

THE parable of the leaven hid in the measures of meal is well illustrated in history by the influence of Quakerism on the political evolution of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Before the time of George Fox, with his gospel of the inner "Light that enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world," a moral nature was ascribed to Christians alone. When George Fox visited America the clergy opposed his doctrine of some divine quality innate in all mankind. Once when in controversy with a clergyman on this subject, he settled it by summoning from the neighbourhood a red, "unconverted" native and demanding through an interpreter whether, if he committed any wrong, such as theft, he felt that he was doing wrong. Was there anything in him that seemed to tell him that he was guilty? The red man answered yes. Then the great apostle asked the clergyman how he could explain that inward monitor, and the clergyman was quite unable to escape the force of this argument. The logic of such an admission may seem very easy from an academic point of view.

The genius of George Fox has never been appreciated. The greatest imaginative intellect of America, Nathaniel Hawthorne, descendant of judges who sentenced Quakers at Salem, has described George Fox as "the truest apostle

[1] Address delivered before the Faculty and students of Dickinson College, and townspeople of Carlisle, Pennsylvania, on the occasion of the celebration of the 225th anniversary of William Penn's Frame of Government for the People of Pennsylvania, Thursday, April 25, 1907.

that has appeared on earth for these eighteen hundred years." In the breast of that Quaker founder the inner light was also an inner fire. All forms, formulas, ceremonies were consumed by that flame. Its influence on the social and political world in any direct way was impossible. "Soup is not eaten so hot as it 's cooked." The utilization of this transcendent force was inevitably relegated to a race of statesmanlike prophets and reformers. Of this race the first and foremost was the great friend and disciple of George Fox, William Penn. Fired by the really revolutionary faith in the divine nature of every human being, implying as it did the equality and brotherhood of all, William Penn bore in himself also the measures of meal which his "inner light" was to leaven. Of gentle birth, son of a knighted Admiral, surrounded by persons of rank and wealth, Oxonian, lawyer, soldier, courtier, and at every step and phase trying to practise the principles of Quakerism, — even going to prison now and then, — he was thus steadily trained to become an autocratic governor with a democratic ideal.

William Penn discovered, however, before he was thirty, when his brilliant writings landed him six months in Newgate prison, that the British meal was so mixed with pulverized pebble that his leaven would fare better among the exiles and aborigines in America.

We have over here popular traditions about the English kings of the seventeenth century, in which they appear as terrible oppressors. No doubt, it was very oppressive to the magistrates of Massachusetts that Charles I reached his sceptre across the ocean and prevented the murder of witches and Quakers, and the American clergy no doubt thought it an outrage that Charles II should establish a protectorate under a Quaker, and that James II should

confirm that grant of the Province of Pennsylvania. Whatever our political philosophy may think of Royalty, we have to guard ourselves from ascribing to them any monopoly of the faults and injustices of their time. It was not in the spirit of a courtier that William Penn, in framing a government for New Jersey and for Pennsylvania, took care that the masses of the people, notwithstanding the divine spark in each, should not swamp the more enlightened.

The Constitution, dated April 25, 1682, was preceded by a preface which bears somewhat the same relation to Penn's Constitution that the Declaration of Independence, 1776, bears to our Constitution as framed in 1787. There is a difference between the pattern seen in the Mount and the practical embodiment of it devised by expediency. I cannot better occupy a few moments than by quoting some declarations of this preface, in which is reflected the composite heart and soul of William Penn: —

When the great and wise God had made the world, of all his creatures it pleased him to choose man his deputy to rule it.

Such as would not be conformable to the holy law within should fall under the reproof of the just law without.

Government seems to be a part of religion itself, a thing sound in its institution and end.

Government is as capable of kindness, goodness, and charity, as a more private society.

For particular frames and models, it will become me to say little; and comparatively I will say nothing. My reasons are: —

First. That the age is too difficult and nice for it, there being nothing the wits of men are more busy and divided upon. It is true they seem to agree to the end, to wit, happiness; but in the means, they differ as to divine, so to this human felicity; and the cause is much the same, not always want of light and knowledge, but want of using

them rightly. Men side with their passions against their reason, and their sinister interests have so strong a bias upon their minds that they lean to them against the good of the things they know.

Secondly. I do not find a model in the world that time, place, and some singular emergencies have not necessarily altered; nor is it easy to frame a civil government that shall serve all places alike.

Thirdly. I know what is said by the several admirers of *monarchy*, *aristocracy*, and *democracy*, which are the rule of one, a few, and many, and are the three common ideas of government when men discourse on the subject. But I choose to solve the controversy with this small distinction; and it belongs to all three: *Any government is free to the people under it* (whatever be the frame) *when the laws rule, and the people are a party to those laws;* and more than this is tyranny, oligarchy, or confusion.

But, lastly, when all is said, there is hardly one frame of government in the world so ill designed by its first founders that, in good hands, would not do well enough; and, story tells us, the best in ill ones can do nothing that is great or good; witness the *Jewish* and *Roman* states. Governments, like clocks, go from the motion men give them; and as governments are made and moved by men, so by them they are ruined, too. Wherefore, governments rather depend upon men, than men upon governments. Let men be good and the government cannot be bad; if it be ill, they will cure it. But, if men be bad, let the government be never so good, they will endeavour to warp and spoil it to their turn.

I know some say, let us have good laws, and no matter for the men that execute them; but let them consider, that though good laws do well, good men do better; for good laws may want good men, and be abolished or evaded by ill men; but good men will never want good laws, nor suffer ill ones. It is true good laws have some awe upon ill ministers, but that is when they have not power to escape or abolish them, and the people are generally well and good; but a loose and depraved people (which is the question) love laws and an administration

like themselves. That, therefore, which makes a good Constitution, must keep it, viz., men of wisdom and virtue, qualities that, because they descend not with worldly inheritances, must be carefully propagated by a virtuous education of youth; for which after ages will owe more to the care and prudence of founders and the successive magistracy, than to their parents, for their private patrimonies.

These considerations of the weight of government, and the nice and various opinions about it, made it uneasy to me to think of publishing the ensuing frame and conditional laws, foreseeing both the censures they will meet with, from men of differing humours and engagements, and the occasion they may give of discourse beyond my design.

But, next to the power of necessity (which is a solicitor that will take no denial), this induced me to a compliance, that we have (with reverence to God, and good conscience to men) to the best of our skill contrived and composed the *frame* and *laws* of this government, to the great end of all government, viz.: *To support power in reverence with the people, and to secure the people from the abuse of power;* that they may be free by their just obedience, and the magistrates honourable for their just administration; for liberty without obedience is confusion, and obedience without liberty is slavery. To carry this evenness is partly owing to the Constitution and partly to the magistracy; where either of these fail, government will be subject to convulsions; but where both are wanting, it must be totally subverted; then where both meet, the government is like to endure, which I humbly pray and hope God will please to make the lot of this *Pensilvania.*

It is interesting to compare his Pennsylvania Constitutions with that prepared by Penn for an entirely Quaker community (West Jersey), five years before he came to America, as represented in the provision for religious liberty.

That no men, nor number of Men upon Earth, hath Power or Authority to rule over Men's Consciences in

religious Matters, therefore it is consented, agreed, and ordained that no Person or Persons whatsoever within the said Province, at any Time or Times hereafter, shall be any ways upon any pretence whatsoever called in Question, or in the least punished or hurt, either in Person, Estate, or Privilege, for the sake of his Opinion, Judgment, Faith, or Worship towards God in Matters of Religion. But that all and every such Person, and Persons, may from Time to Time, and at all Times, freely and fully have and enjoy his and their Judgments, and the exercise of their Consciences in Matters of religious Worship throughout all the said Province.

This was too broad a note for the government of his Province of Pennsylvania, where his colonists must face the preponderant power of the English church, and needed its coöperation. The great point here was, and it was vital for his government, that people should be relieved of the legal obligation to go to church. For security of this practical point — "nor be compelled to frequent or maintain any religious worship" — it was surrounded by the requirement that all must acknowledge one deity; and the bold inclusiveness of that provision was shown by the added provision that belief in "Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the World," is required in official servants. These conditions were promulgated in 1701, and represented the happy fraternization described by Gabriel Thomas in 1698. "They," he says of the Pennsylvanians, "pay no Tithes, and their Taxes are inconsiderable; the Place is free for all Persecution, in a Sober and Civil way; for the Church of England and the Quaker bear equal Share in the Government. They live Friendly and Well together; there is no persuasion for Religion, nor ever like to be; 't is this that knocks all Commerce on the Head, together with high Imports, strict Laws, and cramping Orders."

We generally think of William Penn as subduing the so-called "savages" by his gentle justice, but I find it more wonderful that he could subdue the immigrant persecutors. The first provision in the Charter given him by Charles II was that he was to "promote such useful comodities as may bee of benefitt to us and our Dominions, as also to reduce the Savage Natives by gentle and just manners to the love of civill Societie and Christian Religion." But his chief energies in the direction of civility had to be directed to the imported savagery. He framed "a committee of manners, education, and arts, that all wicked and scandalous living may be prevented, and that youth may be successively trained up in virtue and useful knowledge and arts."

Is there now any school in America where good manners are taught? There was one in the eighteenth century, that in which George Washington was taught, at Fredericksburg, Virginia.

Some English scholar has recently written a book entitled "Civilization; its Cause and Cure." The humble tribes of the earth and coloured people of this country would appreciate that volume if they could read it.

When William Penn came to Pennsylvania two hundred and twenty-five years ago, he came to cure Civilization. It was at that time considered essential to Civilization to hang men and women for any theft amounting to three dollars. Penn's royal charter required him to bring here the principles of English Common Law, but not its parasitic growth; so he preserved only two death penalties out of the two hundred, treason and murder. He summoned the aborigines to a grand Council. Deputies from all their tribes in this region met him on the site of what is now Philadelphia. They all came armed. They for the

first time saw white men approaching them without any weapons at all. Thereupon the red men threw away all their bows and arrows and tomahawks and knives. Through an interpreter Penn addressed them. First of all, he identified the Great Spirit of their faith with his own divine Father. "The Great Spirit who rules the heavens and the earth, the Father of all men, bears witness to the sincerity of our wish to dwell with you in peace and friendship, and to serve you with all our power. We have met you unarmed, because our religion forbids the use of hostile weapons against our fellow creatures. We come not to injure others, — that is offensive to the Great Spirit, — but to do good, in which He delights. Having met in the broad way of truth and benevolence, we ought all to disdain deception, and regulate our conduct by candour, fraternity, and love." He then unrolled the parchment of his treaty, securing their equal rights with the whites, — pledging them equal share in the court of arbitration then established, equality in all mercantile transactions, and treatment "as of one flesh and blood with the Christians." The Indians responded in the same spirit, and so was made what Voltaire describes as "the only treaty between these natives and the Christians which was not ratified by an oath and which was never broken." So long as the colonial government founded by Penn lasted, that is, over seventy years, peace and good-will to men reigned in Pennsylvania. Never was any Quaker slain by an Indian, never an Indian slain. When the war with England had broken out, the Continental Congress sent out a commission which utilized the traditional friendship between Quakers and Indians, by the conference with the tribes held at Easton, Pennsylvania.

This brightest page in American history, Penn's Treaty,

contrasts with the history of colonization in Virginia, whose tercentenary will be celebrated this year. The first colony sent by Sir Walter Raleigh to Virginia consisted of a fine fleet of seven vessels, under the command of Sir Richard Grenville. They sailed in 1585, and were kindly received by the Indians, who were gentle and without crimes or vices. Governor Randolph, Washington's first attorney-general, in a history of Virginia never published, writes of this Sir Richard Grenville as follows: —

Justice and philanthropy might have erased cruelty and robbery from the catalogue of expedients for establishing the dominion of England. It might have been fixed on the stable foundation of affection in the habits of a people as yet almost without a crime. Then the parade of an ardour to diffuse Christianity might have been, and ought to have been, exchanged for some of its best dictates, mercy, peace, and good-will. But Grenville, while he remained in Virginia, possessed power uncontrolled, which is too often insensible to better motives than the short and nervous system of terror. A silver cup having been stolen from him by an Indian, the theft was expiated by burning the towns, and destruction of the corn of the nation. This greatly disproportionate revenge was speedily communicated throughout the Indian confederacies, and replaced the first impressions of attachment to the colony by an unrelenting hatred to every Englishman. The supplies which the Indians had furnished in the most afflicting emergencies were withheld. Confusion and broils ensued among the colonists from being straitened in provisions; and Lane was obliged to canton them into small parties in quest of roots, oysters, and other accidental sustenance; and fearing extremities of the most dangerous kind, he resolved to transport to England his enfeebled remnant of men whenever he should have the means of doing so.

This famous and most infamous Grenville, still called "gallant knight" in history, soon left the people he brought over, and carried a cargo of skins and furs to England,

and then devoted himself to fighting Spain. In 1591 he was mortally wounded, and in dying on a Spanish deck is said to have uttered words which have become a sort of epitaph: "Here I, Richard Grenville, die with a joyous and quiet mind, for that I have ended my life as a true soldier ought to do, fighting for his country, queen, religion, and honour, my soul willingly departing from this body, leaving behind the lasting fame of having behaved as every valiant soldier is in his duty bound to do."

Few men have ever done more evil than that self-satisfied coward, who devastated the peaceful villages of gentle tribes, comparatively unarmed, who had nourished his colonists without payment, slaying men, women, and children because of a small personal loss. It was a crime that never ended. The gentle natives were transformed into avengers. The colony was destroyed.

Virginia and Maryland received the name and title of the Virgin Mary long before the English ascribed the names to royal English women. The only being now visible as a Madonna, in all that scene of colonial cruelty extending over twenty years, is an Indian princess called Pocahontas, who repeatedly rescued the whites from the retribution they deserved. For it was not John Smith alone that she saved from execution, but when King Powhatan, her father, terrified by the diabolical force of gunpowder, resolved to exterminate the colony by craft, — the natural weapon of the weak against the strong, — it was Pocahontas who sped to Jamestown and gave warning to the English. It is difficult to find among those colonists any really lovable or even honourable figure. The best of them is John Smith, whose injustices were partly due to the feud bequeathed by Grenville and other predecessors.

The loud and wide protest which has been made by the

friends of peace against the amazing plan of making the Jamestown Exposition mainly a display of what its programme calls "The Splendours of War," at the very moment when the whole world is endeavouring to brand the horrors of War, has been defended on the ground that the colony was planted by the naval and military greatness of Great Britain. But what military or naval event in the colony of Virginia does not represent rather the shame of Great Britain?

It is painful for an old son of Virginia to recall such events. The proverb that bids us say nothing of the dead but good is not applicable to evil-doers who do not remain dead, but rise from their graves after three hundred years to raise aloft the standard of the pirate and the slave-ship expanded into the "splendours of war," — that is, the destructive armaments which so largely absorb the wealth of nations.

Quakerism was not in spirit a religion of public service aiming to reform mankind, it was a mystical individualism; and it was because the outside world would not leave those private consciences in peace, but insisted that they should conform, — take the oath in courts, remove the hat before magistrates, marry in "steeple-houses," pay tithes, pay tribute to war and slavery, — that they were compelled in self-defence to arraign the outside world. Great Britain had to stop their arraignment by surrender. It had to concede legitimacy to their self-marriages, allow them affirmation instead of oath, relieve them of church and war taxes. Quakers became a privileged class. But at length large intellects among them discovered that their unconventional dress and fads were trivial compared with the world-wide wrongs revealed in their persecutions; so the spiritual power in it went outside the Quaker conventicle; the inner

light of George Fox passed beyond William Penn, and in such Quakers as John Dickinson and Thomas Paine in the past, in Whittier, John Bright, Lucretia Mott of our time, became a pillar of fire in political reformation. "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die it bringeth forth much fruit." When the rule of organized Quakerism ceased in this State, its influence became all the more potent in every church. The regular Meetings disowned members for uniting in outside societies, even those against slavery, but what Quakerism had wrought through its proprietary threescore years and ten made Pennsylvania leader in the moral nation. The first anti-slavery society was formed in Philadelphia before the Declaration of Independence. Pennsylvania was the first State to abolish slavery (1781). Pennsylvania established the first unsectarian colleges, — one at Philadelphia in 1756, and one in Carlisle in 1783. There was cherished here not only the name and honour of Dickinson, who before the Revolution was the most eminent writer in America, but his humane spirit. I remember well about the middle of last century, on our college platform and at our anniversaries, utterances of lofty American ideals transfused with the spirit of Penn and Dickinson. The very soul of Pennsylvania flowered in one memorable oration by a preacher of genius, afterwards United States attorney in this, his native State.

Although a satisfactory biography of William Penn remains to be written, enough of his life-work is accessible to enable us to realize that he, William Penn, had to deal with the most complex and menacing problems besetting the inauguration of self-government among a people trained in arbitrary misgovernment in the Old World; and if one studies Provost Stillé's excellent Life of John

Dickinson, one of the most admirable contributions to American history, he may realize that the overthrow of Penn's republic, by the militarism evoked by frontier war against the French and their red allies, bequeathed to the finest statesman and jurist of that time a complex task similar to that of Penn, his achievement being in turn overthrown by the militarism of the Revolution. The student will find that the Pontiac War and the Revolution broke out while all the best men and women were pleading for peace, as they plead to-day; and if he carefully considers the present situation of our country, he will find that the task of thinkers and statesmen is as complex and difficult as any that in the three preceding centuries culminated in wars.

Every American who mingled in public affairs fifty years ago now finds himself in a new country. At that time we were concerned with only one evil, Slavery. The scandal and outrage that such an institution should exist in our great republic gave us some compensation in the splendid orators, poets, prophets evoked, and the moral inspiration of multitudes who for the first time conceived some passion for personal Liberty. In one of Hawthorne's tales a scientific chemist resolved to remove a birthmark from the face of his bride. The potent liquid acts on her cheek like a charm; the face lies faultless before him. But alas, she is dead! The America of antebellum time exists no more. In our southern region there had been developed many fine leaders of men, because they were brought up and lived as country gentlemen, far away from fashionable dissipations; and because their slaves worked for them and supported their families, had the leisure to study history and politics and to consult with the best people of neighbouring estates. These were the

Clays and Calhouns and Randolphs, who indeed were only the especially eloquent among a large race of statesmen remarkable for their distinctive personalities. That race has gone with the birthmark in which it was rooted. For our nation generally the operation bequeathed another disfigurement, — an increase of military ambition and lust of empire, a consecration of the instrument by which slavery was removed, — the Sword, on whose hilt even when sheathed our hand ever rests, is a menace to the world.

I witnessed seven years ago the unveiling in Paris of the equestrian statue of George Washington. He has his hat in his left hand and his right uplifts his sword towards which his face is raised. The Daughters of the Revolution who presented the statue to France intended it to mean Washington invoking the blessing of heaven on his sword, but some puzzled French gentlemen who sat near me disputed whether Washington was worshipping his sword or defying the heavens like Ajax. So differently may people see things. Our government may send out battleships, pronouncing each one a messenger of Peace; but other nations respond with effusive flatteries which hardly conceal their fear or distrust. It is now utopian to think of the white native of America approaching foreigners as Penn approached the aborigines, unarmed, and trusting the moral forces to draw like a new star all human hearts, bringing not bow and spear, but gold, frankincense, and myrrh to a new-born Prince of Peace.

It may appear a very simple thing that our Alma Mater here in Carlisle, originally founded as a fortress against the Indians, whose descendants are now taught on the very spot where the military barracks stood, should establish anew the cult of Peace. Peace? Why, everybody is in favor of Peace; even our warriors declare that they fight

for it. But the sentiment of Peace, seemingly simple as light, is, like light, one of the most complex of things. A prism will reveal in your simple sunbeam its rainbow, and if it be followed into the wonders of spectrum analysis you find a distinctive rainbow for everything in nature, from grass-blade to planet. And war is not simple, — not more than the dark spectrum fringing the bright one, invisible, stored with consuming heat. From infusoria devouring each other in a water-drop to men devouring each other's states, the dark and destructive forces have had their evil evolution. Insomuch that there is a war-philosophy claiming that all the steps of progress have been achieved by war. It is the cock with proud crow announcing to the farmyard at dawn that he has just brought up the sun.

It is probable that the department founded here this day, "Peace and Public Service," is the first of its kind in any institution. It is surely not founded in the interest of that "Statutory Patriotism" which Governor Hoch of Kansas has rebuked, by vetoing a bill to set up a flag at every school-door for every child to salute. There is to be anticipated here not the ceremonial cult, but the fruitful culture of that genuine love of country which seeks to understand its faults as well as its virtues, to heal the defects and foster the excellencies of the Commonwealth wherein our influence can be exerted. The task is, I think, heavier in our own country than in any other; partly because of our geographical irresponsibility to other countries, and partly because of the rapidity with which are weakened the laws which our founders set as dikes against the flood of that Mobocracy which arrests the development of a Democracy entitled to govern itself, because of ability to govern itself.

Here we are, with ninety million masters, themselves

mastered by the superstition that the Voice of the People is the Voice of God. It is worship of the god Majority: if forty millions vote one way, and forty millions and one vote the other way, that one binds the defeated to accept the verdict of that one voter against their principles. There is no utility in any lamentations over political conditions, which are really inorganic as our mountains. When some one said to John Wesley the Voice of the People is the Voice of God, he answered that he could not believe it was the Voice of God that cried "Crucify him! Crucify him!" Somebody has disguised the motto in Latin, — "Vox Populi, Vox Dei," — but it is modern; classic antiquity had no such notion. For many centuries our ideas of government have been so warped and adulterated by pious prejudices and local or transient interests, that it is difficult to find any really great and unbiassed work on politics this side of the wonderful treatise of Aristotle. Let us read what Aristotle says of Law: "He who wishes the Law to command seems to recognize no other authority than that of God himself and reason; but he who holds that it is for man to command, adds the power of the fierce beast. For the passions have something of that violence, and wrath corrupts and degrades even the most virtuous of men when invested with power. One may say then of Law, that it is an intelligence without passion."

Here we find more than three centuries before our era the same gangrene affecting authority which afflicts the world to-day. Robespierre, when a young judge, resigned his seat on the bench rather than sentence a criminal to death; Marat was a gentle physician and scientific author: presently made chiefs of the revolutionary Convention, they decapitated their political opponents. When Napoleon Bonaparte became emperor he said to a friend:

"Men deserve the contempt with which they inspire me. I have only to put some gold lace on the coat of my virtuous republicans, and they immediately become just what I wish them."

The multiplication of offices, agents, commissions in this country is a great evil, and it sets the example for the whole of society. Wherever two, or at any rate three, are anywhere gathered together, one must be president and the others secretary and treasurer. George A. Coffey, in the Union Philosophical oration of 1849 already alluded to, prophesied the advent of "Social Democracy." It was, perhaps, the first time that phrase was used in this country; it has since become domesticated in Europe, while in America here we have an amalgam of socialisms resolved apparently to turn half the male population of the country into official rulers of the other half. Socialistic philosophers assure us that when their system is established we shall all be not only equal but free; but trade unions in their treatment of non-union men are not encouraging to the individualist, and no record of strikes, when troops are absent, warrants a belief that wings will sprout on the shoulders of Socialist officials, and that they will represent that "intelligence without passion" which Aristotle declares Law to be. Ah, the splendid young intellects I have known in my time sink into commonplace functionaries! It is hard, where all offices are elective and even judges must cater to the majority, — to which no educated man would think of submitting his religious or ethical opinions, — it is hard enough for a man to enter into the Public Service without some loss to his genius and personal character. Sainte-Beuve says, "There is in most men a dead young poet whom the man survives." The young poet generally dies of collectivism. The brave

effort to serve the people gravitates towards the fatal rôle of servility. We have a large and flourishing Authors Club in New York, with most members of which I have long had some intimacy, and sometimes I am induced to think that there is as much talent among our young writers as there was among their more famous elders, although no successors to the great figures of literature appear on our horizon. These men, who fill the magazines of the country, feel that there is no longer an audience for grave and profound thought. Their genius is like the seed fallen on stony ground, — that is, on a population interested only in political, military, and commercial interests. The young poet sometimes withers away because his ideals have not what Jesus called "depth of earth." It wastes away in the illusive dream of seeing its ideal realised, instead of devoting its art to see that the real shall be idealized. Although a spirit that longs for a fairer world is within, the vision on which its eye is fixed is traditional. The ardent reformer is passionate because there is surviving in him the religious sentiment of a Promised Land, of the Millennium. A great spiritual revolution has taken place in the last hundred years, — a revolution in the popular heart, and a corresponding one in its intellectual leaders; this revolution is first, that the hopes of the masses have shifted largely from heaven to earth, religion, reinforced by suffering, exciting them to seize the kingdom of Heaven by violence; and secondly, the philanthropic theories of visionaries devising schemes for universal bliss.

Ah, I dread these terrestrial Promised Lands! Socialist, Social Democratic, Social Coöperative, and the rest; whatever their name, and however varied the vision, they all lie beyond Red Sea, — blood red. In the French Convention in 1792 there was a German baron, Anacharsis

Clootz, to whom is ascribed the saying that "the Democratic Principle is so precious that it might fairly be purchased by the destruction of the entire human race." And now there is a philosophical Russian Prince (Kropotkin) who, in his latest book, "The Conquest of Bread," declares that the present social constitution of the whole world must be destroyed, — not one stone left on another, — and then Constructive Anarchism will begin its happy era, and show that mankind are naturally good, social, mutually helpful, peaceful. In fact, most people are that when they have all they want; but Prince Kropotkin, whom I have heard, is so fascinated by his Land of Promise that the intervening bloody sea seems only an ornamental pond of rose-water. What the brilliant Russian ignores is the inevitable deterioration of any people by wading through the blood of others who stand in their way, relapsing into the same habits and methods of their worst tyrants, familiarizing themselves with all the brutalities of nature, — sting, fang, claw, beak, serpent craft, — reviving in actuality the ferocities symbolized in the animal crests of their barbarian conquerors. Something might be said, perhaps, for anarchism, even with this menagerie of recruits, were it certain that the Promised Land of milk and honey would be attained. But never in all history has violent revolution achieved any such result. Of course, historians of their own country, when writing of its wars and warriors, use pens from the peacock's tail; but we have discovered gradually the enormities of Cromwell's insurrection, and those of the French Revolution; we can recognize that neither the British nor the French have ever recovered from those epochs of massacre. But, as the psalmist says, who can understand his own errors? Of late a few critical and exact historians, like Sidney G. Fisher, McMaster,

and Rhodes, have cautiously revealed the seamy side of the American Revolution. That war, which has done more than any historic event to consecrate the sword, is the very war of all others that illustrates the truth of what a Quaker (Mifflin) said to George Washington. It was towards the close of Washington's career that the Quaker said to him, "General, the worst peace is better than the best war." After a few moment's silence Washington said, "Mr. Mifflin, there is more truth in what you say than most people are willing to admit." Franklin, too, had witnessed the Revolution, and said "there never was a good war or a bad peace." When the excitement about the tax on tea occurred, Franklin, then representing the colonies in London, wrote over to the leading patriots, telling them that the tax had been imposed by a ministry and would be soon removed by the ministry. A succession of such taxes had been removed by the ministry, — taxes on glass, paints, stamps, and other things, — on petitions from America. The only remaining tax, though it did not raise as much as a thousand dollars, and that not compulsory, — there being practically no burden on the colonies at all, — involved a law question of the nicest kind; whether Great Britain, which was under the necessity of protecting its colonies against invasion from the French and the western tribes, had the right to exact from the colonies so protected contributions for the large and continuous expenses. Some of the best and most patriotic jurists in this country maintained that such taxation was just, others claiming that the contributions should be volunteered by the colonial councils. But a small mob in Boston, masked and disguised as red men, lynched an English ship and destroyed its cargo of tea. Those ignorant rioters took a great state question out of the hands

of great statesmen, — Franklin, Dickinson, Adams, Jefferson, Peyton Randolph, — trained lawyers calmly considering a momentous law question judicially, just as our Supreme Court might now consider a question of taxing our distant colonies. And we have been hitherto expected to celebrate as heroes those lynchers who brought on the military occupation of Boston by British soldiers; that in turn bringing on the fury and panic of country folk around, one of whom at Lexington disobeying his captain flashed his musket at a peaceful British company; these in panic replying with a volley that killed seven or eight; violence breeding violence, into the eight years' bloodshed wherein we are taught to see a Saint George Washington spearing a George Third dragon. But "Independence" is an equivocal word; the winning of colonial independence of England involved during that war a frightful trampling of that personal independence extolled in the Declaration of Independence. Many of the finest men in America, who as magistrates and officials regarded it as perjury to help overthrow a Crown they had sworn to support, were exiled from the country, their estates confiscated. They fled to England, to the Bermudas, and sixty thousand sought refuge in Canada, where they were supported by compassion. It was then that the lawlessness called lynching began. As these gentlemen bound by their sworn loyalty to England, and Quakers bound by their religion, had the existing codes on their side, the mob extemporized a lawless code for them, and although the victims were rarely if ever slain, many influential gentlemen were tarred and ridden on rails.

Who was to blame? Nobody. When men take up arms for any cause, good or bad, individual reason is merged in an irresponsible force, freedom of will is lost, the mass

acts inorganically, like the earthquake. As was written of old, "the Lord was not in the earthquake." And where the earthquake takes the form of prolonged manslaughter, the ferocious forces evoked can never be controlled. That same Revolutionary War, universally applauded, is a salient illustration of the fact that a war never ends. The victory exhausted our resources, military and pecuniary, leaving humiliated Britain still wealthy, still mistress of the seas, possessed of more territory in America than ours, and in command of six warlike Indian nations on our northwestern frontiers. The colonies had engaged by the treaty of peace to pay their large English debts, and were too impoverished to fulfil the treaty. Repudiation was imminent. The danger that Britain would recover her lost colonies seemed so great that the colonies, though sharply divided and jealous of each other, were jealous enough of their several sovereignties to form a league for defence against their common enemy. But two colonies refused to enter the union unless the others agreed to protect slavery and the slave-trade. Thus, the danger resulting from the defeat of England put slavery and twenty more years of free slave-trading into our Constitution. The War of Independence bequeathed us a feud which led to the War of 1812, and by necessitating compromises with slavery bequeathed us the Mexican War, the Kansas War, and seventy years of sectional strife culminating in a Civil War wherein a half million men were slain. And that old Revolution, — prolonged by the wars it bred, — has it ended yet?

The mob-murder called "lynching" is an aggravated relic of the Revolution; also the fact that now, fortified by the sea, in a time of peace, so dominant is military pomp and pride that the United States is paying annually

in its swollen and largely fraudulent pension-roll, and its army and navy, more than France and Germany put together. The masses of people in other lands associate our prosperity and power with our continuous war; and while culture is living in an era of Evolution, the multitude believe in Revolution, and many that dynamite is the divinity that shapes the ends of progress. The murderous method having steadily failed in the Old World, because leading brains are no longer revolutionary, their populations are swarming over here. They can be subjected to some kind of selection as to their health and resources, and each is gravely asked, "Are you an Anarchist?" But further filtration is impossible; nor is it desirable so long as the official filters are mostly appointed without any wisdom of selection.

It is not a pleasant or a pleasing task to question critically national traditions which have come to have heroic and poetic associations in the young American mind. Why disperse these past illusions? Because, alas, they are not past. They come, and they were never the real past: like the ghost of Hamlet's father, they come in armour from head to foot, inciting to vengeance and murder. So concrete and fatal may a fable or fantasy become.

When historic wars are traced to their main sources, the common answer is fatalistic. "It had to come." Of course it will come if men believe it inevitable, and submit in advance. But that fatalism is the abdication of reason. "Man," said William Penn, — "Man is the deputy of God on earth." Penn weighed his words. This vicegerent Man was not to him the mere biped animal sometimes crowned and sceptred, but a being incarnating the qualities distinctive of Man, — reason, love, freedom, justice. These make the spirit of light forever brooding over the

realm of darkness, and by strong enforcement of gentleness subduing the powers of darkness. There are many old pictures of the archangel spearing dragon or demon, but one I saw at Sorrento in which a hideous Satan lies prostrate at the feet of a little white-robed child: no weapon is there, but the little hand points upward to a white dove, from whose wings emanate the rays that no demon can resist.

In our American history we see mailed soldiers spearing adversaries that seemed to them diabolical, entailing on their successors a heritage of violence; but among the founders of this nation shines one — just one — unarmed, save by a white-winged dove above him: William Penn. And although that dove was at last laid low by the arrow of war, it remains in history that after the constitutional consecration of this State to the Spirit of Peace, Pennsylvania remained for seventy years the only domain on the face of the earth in which no battle occurred. And, indeed, the dove itself, though vanished from the political sky, took refuge in the Pennsylvania breast.

There is nothing gained by mourning over the might-have-beens of the past, or crowing over yesterday's sunrise, but much utility in comprehending them, — their root and fruit. For this day we are surrounded by evils and perils as serious as any that besieged our forerunners, while we possess the advantages of experience and science which they had not. The experience of the world long ago realized that "War is Hell," but of late is discovering that it is also inglorious.

A philosopher said, "Civilization is a chick in the egg." Sometimes there seems reason to fear that the egg is rotten and the chick dead; but listening close one hears a chirp or two. One sounds in the fact that there is not

now, either in Europe or in America, any military man of whom even his countrymen are proud on account of his military career. General Picquart has become Minister of War in France because he exposed the crimes of the military chieftains in the Dreyfus case, the lies and forgeries with which they convicted and kept in exile and years of torture an innocent man. Those chieftains cast Picquart also into prison; but now he is commander over them all, and is engaged in abolishing court-martial trials in time of peace. Lies and forgeries are, of course, highly moral in war, where they are called strategy; and the French generals now in disgrace are overwhelmed with dismay at finding themselves in a country where such militarist methods, — falsehood and forgery, — virtuous against hostile foreigners, become crimes when used in peaceful communities even to support the infallibility of military courts.

To remember again that description of civilization as a chick in the egg, another hopeful chirp of that unborn chick is audible in the new kind of literature which Industrialism has unintentionally inaugurated. It is not so brilliant as the literature passing away, but it searches behind the scenes where the splendours of war are mounted, and sees the famous warriors in document apart from the halos time has given them. The statue of Frederick, called the Great, presented by the present Emperor of Germany, is set up in Washington. Frederick, because of his secret hatred of George the Third, induced France to recognize American independence, pledging himself to follow; France did so; Frederick broke his word and would not follow even George the Third in recognizing our independence. Against all French protests he allowed the Hessian troops to reinforce the British; he refused to see

a commissioner from Congress, but allowed his valise of papers to be stolen by the British agent in Berlin. Historically, nothing could be more preposterous than homage at Washington to the one ruler of that era who refused pointedly the recognition either of General Washington or this Republic, which his French correspondents long endeavoured to elicit from him. There is a story of a lawyer in Kentucky rising to a point of order and exclaiming, "May it please your honour, the plaintiff's counsel is presuming on the ignorance of this court!" The Emperor William seems to have presumed successfully in the same way, but perhaps we may have first presumed on his ignorance with our old fable that Frederick presented a sword to George Washington.

Carlyle took up Frederick as a hero, and wrote a great history in which that hero dwindles into a man by no means great, but of meannesses that caused the great-hearted biographer regret that he had written the work. What Carlyle did for Frederick, a great French historian, Frederic Masson, has done for Napoleon Bonaparte. Masson, the last author of genius clinging to Bonaparte, is so truthful that he has explored every fact and brought to light every document bearing on the subject. The facts prove that Bonaparte, lifted into power by the revolutionary cry for Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, not only betrayed every principle of that revolution by assuming a despotic crown, but utilized all the military forces of France to secure his crown by putting his brothers and sisters on the thrones of Europe. About six of that Corsican family were raised in this way, — in Spain, Rome, Naples, and other captured places, — but unfortunately for the chieftain of the clan, treason was the family trait. Bonaparte loved none of them, but no

doubt supposed they had brains enough to know that if he fell they would all fall, too. But they had not his brains, only his selfishness. It was a duel between allied monarchs fighting for their crowns and one man fighting for his crown; and each brother, considering it the supreme thing to make his own crown safe, bargained with the Allies. The historian Masson cannot yet give up his idol. Bonaparte remains for him an invincible war-god, whom it took six Judases to defeat. But the lesson remains that the greatest military man was overthrown by his petty personal ambition to make all Europe his throne, by seating on each throne captured a kinsman, however incompetent or treacherous.

The legend that Rome was once saved by the cackling of geese sounds like a fable grown up among world conquerors of the way in which, amid the disorders of war, stupidity avails more than intelligence. A remarkable example of this occurred in the American Civil War. The Confederate commander, Robert E. Lee, was certainly the most accomplished military man in this country on either side. An English officer detailed to follow closely the Confederate operations wrote a manual, now used in English military schools, showing the marvellous skill of General Lee, with his inferior numbers, culminating in his overwhelming repulse of the Army of the Potomac at Fredericksburg.

But then and there the victorious General Lee lost his cause forever. The routed Federal army lay penned up in Fredericksburg, under the Confederate guns on the impregnable heights just beyond the town. The bridges across the Rappahannock were gone; there was no retreat possible for the vast Army of the Potomac. It might have been destroyed, and in that case a Napoleonic intervention would probably have reinforced the anti-war party in the North,

and the Union could hardly have gathered another army vast enough to conquer.

But Lee's guns remained silent. The victory was not followed up. The Army of the Potomac reconstructed its pontoons and escaped in good order, and from that day and night the Confederacy was a "lost cause."

A great many conjectures have been made as to why Lee did not fire on that demoralized army. But lately I had some correspondence with Charles Francis Adams, now president of the Massachusetts Historical Society, who was a soldier in the Union army, and is the best informed man living on the details of that struggle. He tells me that he had asked the officer most intimate with the events at Fredericksburg why Lee had not destroyed the Federal army. The answer was that Lee could not conceive of any general being fool enough to get his army into such a fix. He believed that Burnside must have laid a trap, and that his Confederate army would have fallen into a trap if they had tried to pursue. As a matter of fact, Burnside, incapable of any plan or trap, was far away, ignorant of what had occurred to his army. There is no officer in the annals of that war to whose skill this Union owes so much as it owes to the idiocy of that general, — an idiocy so immeasurable that it staggered the imagination of the most accomplished commander of his time, and brought to naught all the cleverness, skill, sacrifices of the able founders and managers of the Confederacy.

Even in the course of affairs directed by intelligence, and not by the chaotic forces of blind passion, it sometimes happens that good actions seem to work evil results, and bad actions work good results; but the object of our culture, intellectual and moral, is to attain the wisdom which can control in most cases the conditions amid which we have

to work. In public service for which the educated youth of this country must be trained, it is of the utmost importance that it should be an actual service to a real public, and not a waste of force upon some ideal non-existent public. The fine seed must not be sown on clouds, however rosy. Every government has faults, but raging cannot heal them. It is a disgrace that women should be politically disfranchished along with lunatics; the disgrace, however, is not that of the women but of the governments. They confess that they are as the pitch which hands cannot touch without being defiled. The English "suffragettes," in their violent invasion of Parliament, are wasting a force which in another direction might gradually be effectual. They are at this very moment, when the hope of peace is widespread, reminded that they may not vote because they cannot fight. Very well: suppose then that women should quietly resolve that they will not assist in the continuance of the military violence for which they are unfit. If all those "suffragettes," and the multitudes of their sex who quietly sympathize with them, should resolve that in no case will they ever marry any man whose profession is manslaughter, the social stigma of inability to vote would be transferred to the sex which supports its monopoly of suffrage on its monopoly of legalized murder. I do not advise any league of that kind, but simply indicate such divorce from the brutal and preference for the human passions, as in the direction of the organizing forces. So far as the suffrage is concerned, women are practically not in any different situation from the enlightened and refined men, who vote if at all under duress of the boss to make ignorant masses his dictators. If women are made voters, would we get the real voice of the woman, — or that of her husband, brother, or priest? Whatever may be the case in that arena of contending par-

ties and bosses, in the circles of intelligence there is neither male nor female. The cultured gentleman knows that his individual preference — the real vote of his heart and mind — cannot be cast any more than that of his wife. Meanwhile, as there is a vast difference between the voices that count and the voices that weigh, let women reflect that for the very reason of their exclusion from the ballot-counting machine they have been trained to use the influences that weigh, — insomuch that their appeals to reason and justice have outweighed the prejudices and traditions of ages, and cleared from our codes the barbarous statutes by which that sex was oppressed.

In that long struggle the sentimentality was on man's side, the logic on woman's. Now that it is over, men recognize that those burdens were as heavy on them as on women. And now women are demonstrating that the agonies of war pierce their souls even more sharply than those of the soldiers, falling in dashing battles that arouse all the animal in them, and leave no place for tender thoughts of the anguish tearing helpless hearts of women left in solitude. Last week, at the Peace Congress in New York, — the greatest ever held, — Tuesday morning was set apart for the addresses of women, and no other meeting of the three days was comparable to it for eloquence, exaltation, sublimity. Forty-one years ago (February 10, 1866) Queen Victoria, after many years of mourning for the Prince, resumed her public functions by opening Parliament. The peers and peeresses gathered to welcome her with an unprecedented display; fullest court-dress was worn, and it was said that every gem, necklace, coronet, decoration belonging to the nobility was in the House of Lords that day. After witnessing that scene, I wrote in my note-book: "For once I have seen the ideal legislative assembly, the

ancient Witenagemote, with both men and women in consultation." But that splendid scene of lords and ladies surrounding the Queen on her throne rose last week in my memory as an antique foreshadowing of the assembly of American Queens, with their coronets of culture, their brilliants of thought and feeling, and the daughters of song lifting us up to a height where we caught a vision of the beautiful world with which the genius of woman is in travail.

For creeds written in poetry and song there is no scepticism, no heresy. Who cared that it was a Unitarian who wrote the prayer set to Handel's music with which thousands of voices opened the meeting?

> O God, the darkness roll away,
> Which clouds the human soul,
> And let the bright, the perfect day
> Speed onward to its goal.

Or what Protestant was not happier for the hymn to the Madonna sung by the white-robed choir. Where the voice of the dove is heard, there is a harmony of hearts before which all hateful passions and prejudices flee away. Isaiah was there singing in the strains of Mendelssohn, — "How lovely are the messengers that preach us the gospel of Peace!"

Thus these ladies from many regions had with finest art twined together our varied heartstrings, to create in that multitude one great heart, — also a sympathetic spirit of intelligence able to appreciate the words of wisdom, as well as the good tidings brought by these lovely messengers on the mountains of their special experience and hope. I listened with wonder at the calm reasoning, the learning, the eloquence carrying its point without rant or rhetoric, and asked myself why these ladies gave us clearer prac-

tical views than the official statesmen we had heard the day before.

But at that opening session there was one very remarkable speech. As I was slowly moving out with the throng, a lady whom I did not know, intellectual in appearance, wearing the delegate's badge, heard me say to a friend that the last speech outweighed all the others, and she said with emotion, "I thought it worth more than all the others put together." It was a speech of the chairman, Andrew Carnegie. The remarkable character of it was this: he had been preceded by eminent official men, — a letter read from President Roosevelt, and addresses by the Secretary of State, the Governor of New York, the Mayor of New York City. Although the speeches of Secretary Root and Governor Hughes were full of thought, and at times eloquent, there were in both one or two points that jarred upon the audience; and President Roosevelt's letter contained a passage indicating that he had not mastered the subject: "It is 'righteousness that exalteth a nation,' and though normally peace is the handmaid of righteousness, yet if they are ever at odds it is righteousness whose cause we must espouse." The implication here is that every nation has the right to decide in a dispute that its own side is righteous, and its neighbour's side unrighteous, even if this one-sided decision involves breaking the peace. Chairman Carnegie, recognizing that this notion might be fatal to our cause, politely pointed out the fallacy; and then, after applauding Roosevelt, referred to the speeches of the Secretary of State and the Governor, paying homage to them and crossing out their mistakes, — each having admitted in some way the admissibility of war, albeit deplorable, in certain cases. Of course these cases were not indicated, for war can settle only which combatant is the

strongest, never which is right. This indefiniteness of the men in offices was significant. In each such utterance it was the official who spoke, and not the man. Each revealed the almost invisible yet unbreakable thread tied around his foot to keep him from moving too freely or too far from the official cage. But here was a man without any official thread to check his freedom. That veracity and gentle inflexibility of Andrew Carnegie, planted on the principle that there can be no honour nor justice in a man or a nation being the judge in his own case, sounded the exact and true note for the whole congress. It was that perfect moral freedom that reached the heart of the unknown lady delegate who said to me, "I thought that speech worth more than all the others put together"; and it was that same freedom that inspired her eloquent sisters who, next day, illustrated the inspiration and eloquence which can proceed only from minds and hearts untrammelled by any official bonds. In other words, young ladies, you have, by reason of your exclusion from political orders, an advantage morally equal to that of the man whose fortune enables him to organize his freedom — and yours — into a new army of Peace, so potent that the armies of War begin to surrender.

The wealth has nothing to do with this phenomenal direction of its power; that depends on character. The poorest can do his best, and a millionaire can do no more; an angel can do no more than his best. But wealth has so usually been associated with luxurious selfishness, and, on the other hand, poverty has led to so much crime, that the wise have prayed with Agur, — "Give me neither poverty nor riches." In both there is peril to that freedom of soul characteristic of the disfranchised sex, and of that Commoner of the International Nation whom France has made

a Commander of her Legion of Honour, — a decoration that no amount of wealth ever won or can win.

Such freedom of the best self in each of us is the immediate jewel of our soul; the aim of education is to refine it, polish it, and guard it from all tempters besetting the pathway of life. These perils are especially menacing for men to whom official prizes are offered in a political arena, where partisan service easily disguises itself as public service. Many sad historic examples illustrate Aristotle's warning about the liability of a virtuous man to corruption by possession of power, and Shakespeare's picture of proud man "dressed in a little brief authority" playing tricks that make angels weep, though mortals may laugh.

The importance of this new department, "Peace and Public Service," deeply considered, would not be found in any theory, but in a condition. The enormous masses of people deposited or born in this country — paupers suddenly become sovereigns, lords by mere birth — represent a many-handed power that can never be escaped. The single-handed aristocracy of intelligence cannot disfranchise those swarming lords, and the intellectuals are placed between the alternatives of either catering to the mass or developing from it individuals who can represent the heart of the people enough to add the head.

I remember well at a dinner of old Dickinsonians many years ago at Philadelphia, at which our beloved President Reed was present, that Dr. Crooks, discussing the time given in colleges to sports, said impressively, "The object of a college is to make leaders of men." These words I now remember as the last exhortation of a venerable teacher to the college with which he was so long and honourably connected.

Popularity has various meanings. It is not very difficult

for a man to gain certain popularity by partisan services, or by paraded patriotism, — the cheapest of all virtues, only requiring a noisy tongue, — but a popularity based on the higher nature of the people, which has an instinct for sincerity, can be gained by a high-minded scholar, without compromise, provided there is in him the spirit of service and not of selfishness. Nevertheless, it is a very fine art, this of intellectual or moral or social leadership, and it cannot be effectual in the vast ways which ambition may suggest. In the great days of the English Parliament, over forty years ago, when Cobden and Bright and Palmerston and Gladstone and Disraeli were carrying England from the largely feudal to a democratic régime, I often attended in the House of Commons, and used to feel that one secret of the wonderful effectiveness of the speakers was the smallness of the room. They could talk easily and audibly to each other, without any loudness, and the slightest inflections, the subtlest tones, could be used, even expressions of the eye might be felt. There it was that we heard great and true ideas and convictions. Occasionally I heard Gladstone speaking to thousands in public halls, and also John Bright and others, and the vast audiences were filled with enthusiasm; but it was largely because they were returning to the people in rhetorical form the party prejudices of those people. Their real eloquence I now remember only in the little House of Commons. The "measures of meal" spoken of in the parable are supposed to be each larger than a bushel, and it looks as if care had been taken not to make them more than three; otherwise, perhaps, the leaven that the woman hid might have been weakened by over-expansion.

The man whom Thomas Carlyle described in my hearing as "the cleanest intellect on this planet," Ralph Waldo

Emerson, told me in my youth that most of the religious polemics of that time, and theological troubles in churches, impressed him as resulting from a lack in pulpits of the art of putting things. He believed that a preacher could preach any doctrine whatever to any congregation in Boston if he knew how to state his thought and feeling in the exactly right form, instead of the rhetorical and doctrinaire style which often passes for eloquence. Now, after a half century of experience as a public teacher, I remember that talk with Emerson in the campus at Cambridge as if Cardinal Wolsey had spoken again through the pen of Shakespeare, "Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition. By that sin fell the angels."

The department we are founding is in a historic college, the first-born of Peace after the Revolution. The legislative charter of the institution declares: "Whereas, after a long and bloody contest with a great and powerful kingdom, it has pleased Almighty God to restore to the United States of America the blessings of a general peace, whereby the good people of this State, relieved from the burthens of war, are placed in a condition to attend to useful arts, sciences, and literature. . . . Be it therefore enacted, and is hereby enacted by the Representatives of the Freemen of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in General Assembly met, and by the authority of the same, That there be erected, and hereby is erected and established, in the Borough of Carlisle, in the County of Cumberland, in this state, a College for the education of youth in the learned and foreign languages, the useful arts, sciences, and literature." The purpose of the new department you have already heard outlined sufficiently for its inauguration. It is certain, however, to grow as new occasions assign new tasks. For the present it is inevitable that studies of the methods

of terminating war shall be preëminent. I emphasize the word *methods:* whatever a man's creed, he should be just now in the Peace movement a methodist as distinguished from a sentimentalist. I have already said that the sentiment of peace is ancient and universal, but that it has been practically inoperative because there has been no sociological James Watt to convert all that humanitarian steam into a world-renovating force. The Hague tribunal is only a first step towards the realization longed for by the Moral Nation distributed through the geographical nations, and it is significant that the man who wrote the life of "the maker of the steam-engine, out of which he had made fortune," should be now presenting to the world an engine for working the universal revolution necessary to render a true civilization possible. For so long as international laws and usages recognize as a duty the slaughter by men of their fellow men, "civilization" is an illusion of provincial conceit. Mr. Carnegie's plan is to have a permanent international court, before which all nations shall agree to submit disputes they are unable to settle by negotiation. It is then to be determined that any nation which breaks the peace without having submitted its case to the tribunal shall be "boycotted," left without the provisions and supplies necessary for a war. In addition to this, in order to prevent swift attacks of one nation on another without notice, or outrages on weak and helpless tribes, there shall be selected from the armaments of the world a combination armament to act as the international police.

It is to my mind one of the best features of Mr. Carnegie's plan that he escapes the dilemma in which the simple sentiment of peace places the governments with regard to armaments. In our horror of war — justly called hell

— we naturally regard the armaments as machinery of man-slaughter; but each of those armaments has grown out of immemorial ages of pre-human and tribal struggle; manners, usages, and inheritances of all kinds have grown around them; millions of young men have devoted their lives to military studies, and see in war opportunities for promotion and fame; to abolish the armaments entirely would be to pauperize millions of families. Impossible! But as before our Civil War the American army and navy were practically coast-surveying, scientific, and exploring bodies, so now they can be turned to other purposes than those of destruction; they can be utilized to keep the peace; and that simply by their existence. All history shows that a refusal by any nation to submit to the consequences of an arbitration to which it has consented is extremely improbable; and were there an international military and naval force organized to repress any violence consequent on such a refusal, it would be impossible. Even if in the last resort there were needed such united force of mankind to prevent any one nation from breaking the peace in which the interests of all nations are involved, that would not be an act of war, but civilization's self-defence. Self-defence is not war, although the phrase is often used to disguise aggression.

Mr. Carnegie, having recently occasion to write me a note, mentioned that a certain paragraph in one of my books expressed his own thought. The circumstances of this moment are too serious for me to hesitate to quote you that paragraph, especially as it really was suggested by the English author alluded to in it. It is as follows: —

And now, at the end of my work, I offer yet a new plan for ending war, — namely, that the friends of peace and justice shall insist on a demand that every declaration of

war shall be regarded as a sentence of death by one people on another, and shall be made only after a full and formal judicial inquiry and trial, at which the accused people shall be fairly represented. This was suggested to me by my old friend Professor Newman, who remarked that no war in history had been preceded by a judicial trial of the issue. The meanest prisoner cannot be executed without a trial. A declaration of war is the most terrible of sentences; it sentences a people to be slain and mutilated, their women to be widowed, their children orphaned, their cities burned, their commerce destroyed. The real motives of every declaration of war are unavowed and unavowable; let them be dragged into light. No war would ever occur after a fair judicial trial by a tribunal in any country open to its citizens.

There can arise no important literature nor art, nor real freedom nor happiness among any people until they feel military uniform a livery, and see in every battlefield an inglorious arena of human degradation.

There are signs that the era of this new conscience and consciousness is at hand. Every king, emperor, president is longing for peace; commerce and prosperity feel their dependence on peace; there is a conjunction of happy omens, as of morning stars singing the old carol, "Peace on earth, good will to men," at the nativity of a new religion. The Powers of darkness are moved. They are heard in high places, even in pulpits. While one of the wealthiest business men lavishes his gold, frankincense, and myrrh on the infant cause in its manger, the rector of the wealthiest church — Trinity, New York — defends what he declares "the ancient, honourable, and necessary art of war." 'T is the voice of the surviving crusader who for two centuries devasted Palestine, where he heard Sinai thundering, "Thou shalt kill," and heard his Christ saying, "If thine enemy hunger starve him, if he thirst give him

molten lead." There must be a great deal of education yet before many are freed from the heritage of superstitions that sanctify the barbarisms of antiquity. It is in colleges that young eyes, which never looked on war, can yet learn to pierce its glamour, and to perceive that the fine courages and heroisms imagined in armed violence are qualities that can reach their flower and fruitage only when they rise to the victories of love and the achievements of peace. You of the young generation may witness the advent "with observation" of this real civilization; we aged ones must be satisfied with the substance of things hoped for; and this day, as I am honoured by the opportunity to assist in the foundation of the new Department, I have before me the vision of a noble temple of Peace clasping the circle of edifices, in which successive generations of youth shall be equipped for the knightly services of souls consecrated to Peace.

Implora pace, O my friend from whom I now part. Entreat for peace not of deified thunderclouds, but of every man, woman, and child thou shalt meet. Do not merely offer the prayer "Give peace in our time," but do thy part to answer it! Then, though the whole world be at strife, there shall be peace in thee.

Farewell!

HYMN

A STORM sped over sea and land;
Harvest and bloom are beaten low,
And many a treasure on the strand
Marks the wild track with loss and woe.

Where in the solitude it searched
A child hath hung his one harp string:
The blast to melody is touched,
Prelude to blessings it would bring.

O heart, my heart, when clouds of fate
Shroud thy fair sky and on thee beat,
With childlike trust attunèd wait,
Win from each storm its music sweet!

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1907. A revised publication of some of the sermons contained in the volumes, of the same title, published in 1883. As a preface to this reprint (later somewhat changed as printed) the author wrote these words, with which this volume may fitly close: —

"I have found a personal significance in Dante Rossetti's mystical picture *How they met themselves*. In a lonely place the lovers meet themselves: in look and dress the two pairs, facing each other, are so identical that one distinguishes reality from wraith only by the Knight's hand seizing the hilt of his sword.

"At the age of seventy-five, meeting myself in these lectures written at fifty, my hand flew to the hilt of my pen. But erect Fifty held the arm of stooping Seventy-five, and said, 'If one of us must be run through, should it not be you?' In fact, this former lecturer proceeded to argue ingeniously that he is my more real self, and that I must sit at his feet rather than he at mine. My *alter ego* was conciliated by finding that my pen was not unsheathed to retract any ideas or principles in his utterances, but to improve them, to develop one or another point more fully. . . .

"I am content also because I have arrived at an age when the shadows lengthen, and some of them might steal into the happy and hopeful time that collaborated with me in these pages were I to tamper with the text. Their most real value is likely to be less as 'Lessons for the Day' than as lessons taught by the days as they passed during great and historic years."

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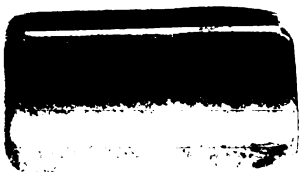
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